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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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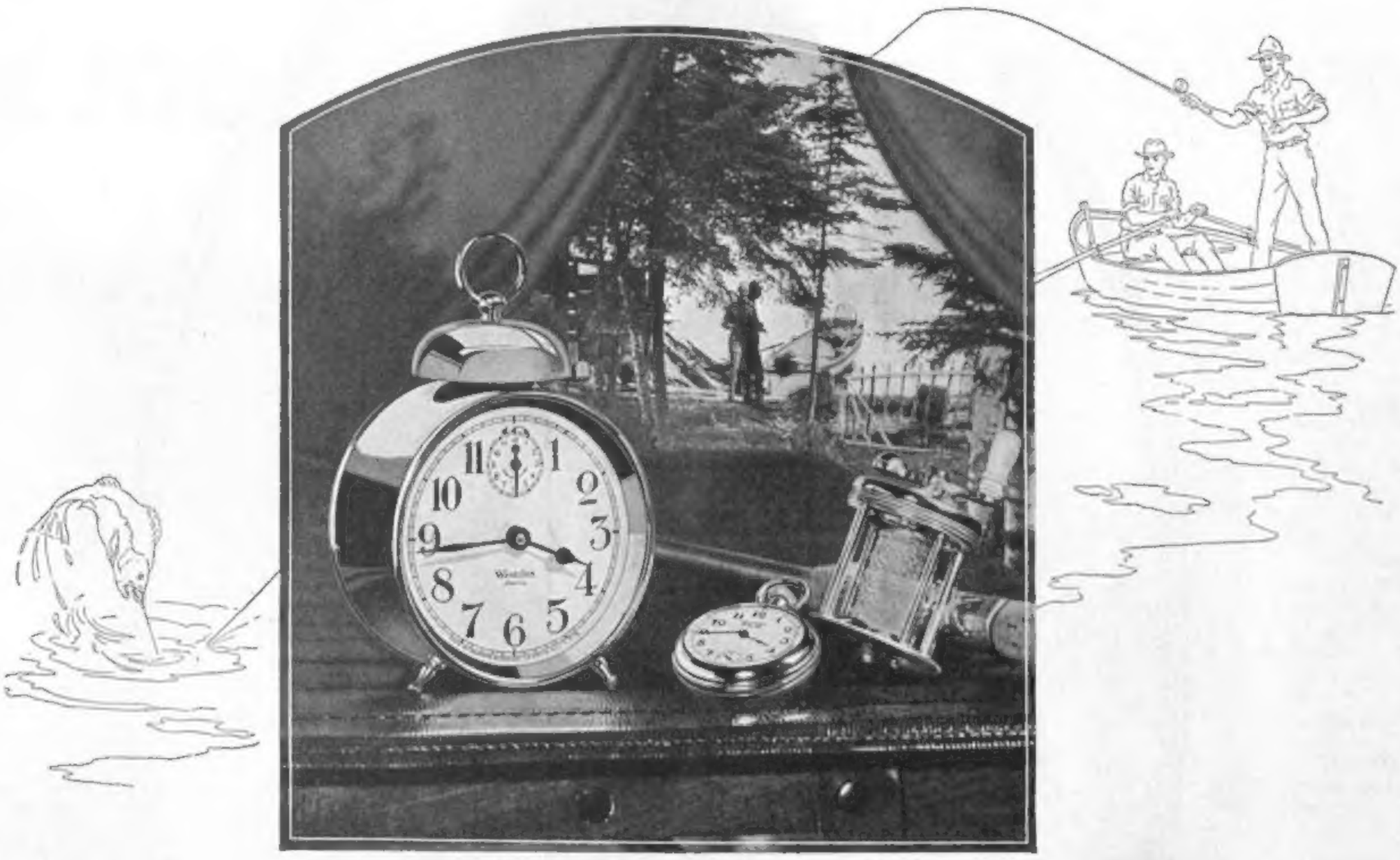

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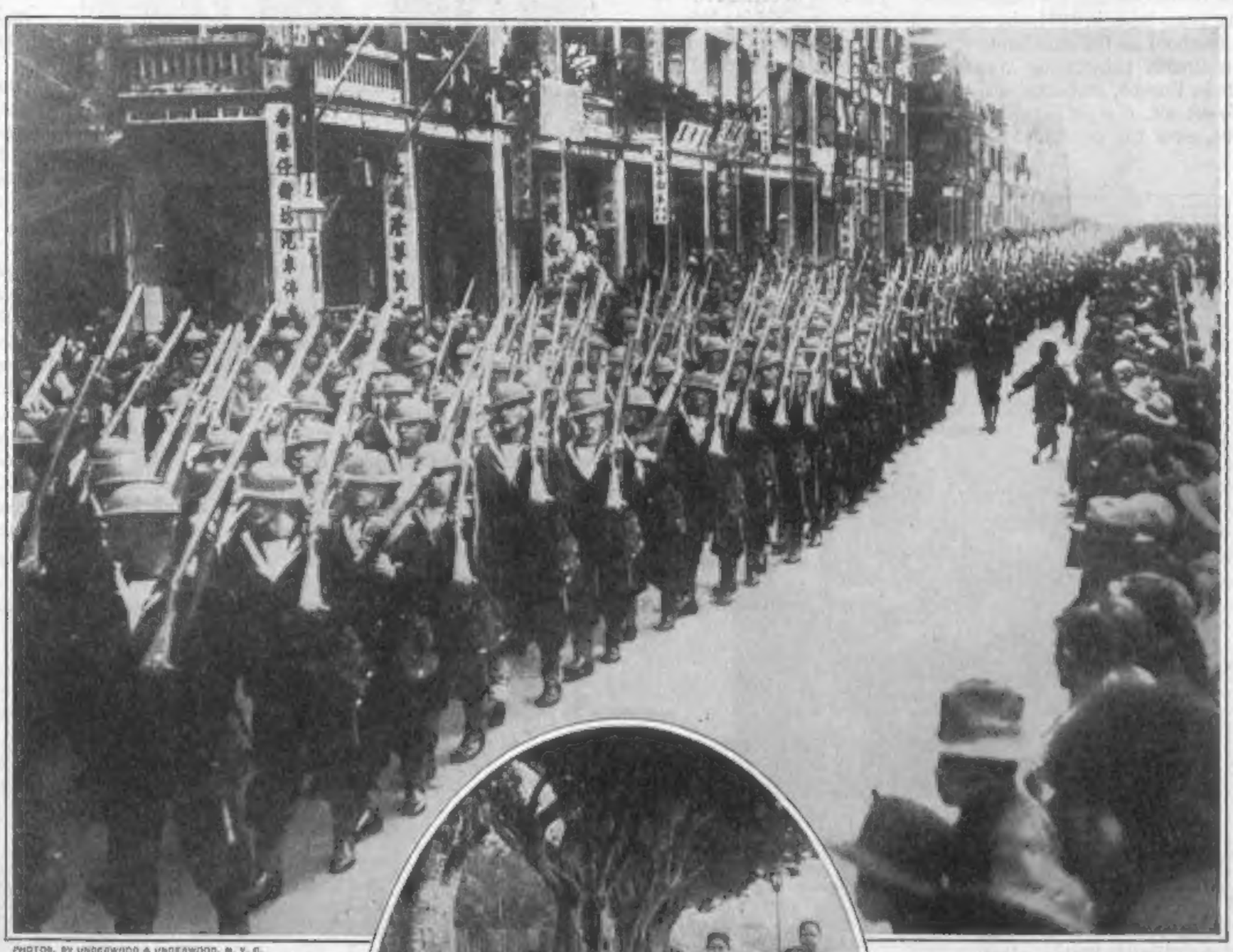
THE HIDDEN FORCES IN CHINA

By F. Britten Austin

THE Western world has become vaguely aware that something is brewing in China which may conceivably threaten Occidental civilization with a catastrophe comparable to that of 1914–1918. The chancelleries of the nations are more than vaguely aware of it—in the past few months they have awakened to an acute realization of a peril they hope to conjure away—but the peoples, and particularly the English-speaking peoples, who are most concerned, perceive that menace only mistily, blurred and distorted, through a cloud of diligently emitted world-wide preparatory propaganda which had no parallel in 1914, nor, indeed, at any other period. They are exhorted to believe—and have extensively been made to believe—that the Chinese upheaval is but the convulsive movement of a great people stirring from long slumber to a consciousness of its nationality—that and nothing more. Other nations are invited to be not only patient but sympathetic with their nationalistic aspirations.



PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

British Bluejackets Marching Through Hong-Kong Shortly After They Had Landed

At Left—Chinese Mission Children With an American Girl in the Canton Foreign Quarter

Democracy's Safeguard of Public Opinion

THERE is some truth in this. A section, proportionately small but disproportionately articulate, of the Chinese myriads has, indeed, wakened to a sense of nationality and a sense of more or less justified grievance; and they have received much sympathy. Peoples "nobly struggling to be free" have evoked the instinctive good will of the English-speaking peoples at least ever since the eighteenth-century day that "freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell"; Corsicans, Greeks, Spanish Americans, Italians, Poles, Armenians, Turks have all in turn aroused it and to a greater or less degree benefited by it.

The idea of China a nation, in full sovereignty as such, has nothing in it which is repugnant to the English-speaking nations—emphatically the reverse. But there is much more to it than that. And even the Nationalist movement is not quite so simple as at first sight it seems. Some of the most formidable ambitions that ever devastated the happiness of humanity are busy at the witches' caldron which, after simmering for the past few years, is now rapidly bubbling up to boiling point in China.

It is the purpose of this article to elucidate the main outlines of those ambitions, in a humble contribution to the extremely urgent task of thwarting them. Democracy provides but one—although the most potent—safeguard against the obscure machinations of those who plot war in the hope that it will lead to a chaos synonymous with much loot. That safeguard is an enlightened public opinion.

Foreigners

LET us survey the field. For many centuries China was a vast empire of heterogeneous Mongol peoples governed by superimposed and often alien dynasties, and maintaining a tradition of walled-in isolation that dated from the thwarted conquest raids of the Huns at the beginning of the Christian Era and of Jenghiz Khan some 1200 years later. It became a people essentially static, breeding within its rigid frontiers up to the limit of subsistence and therefore accustomed to acquiesce hopelessly in a permanence of grinding poverty for the majority, despising the military virtues—*pace* the pacifists; they may be virtues—enslaved in a perpetually inculcated tradition of scorn for every innovation and an equal contempt and hatred for the barbarian foreigner held for ages beyond the walls of the Celestial Land.

The alien Manchu dynasty which in the seventeenth century seized empire over the diverse and often mutually incomprehensible Chinese peoples maintained every item of that ingrained tradition in full force; it was the condition of its survival. China remained immune from that great awakening of the outside world which commenced in the fifteenth century and became more and more accentuated through the centuries to that nineteenth century when Occidental civilization was transformed by the utilization of steam power. Missionaries and traders indeed went there, invariably to be treated as foreign devils and held aloof, and in the eighteenth century they began to acquire a precarious foothold.

But not until the first half of the nineteenth century, thanks to steam gunboats, were the gates really forced and the Chinese compelled to admit the hateful foreign trader

to dwell among them. He was not, however, allowed to dwell in the Chinese cities. He was segregated to outside areas, often unhealthy swamps or sand bars in the vicinity of the ports. That was the origin of the foreign concessions and settlements which, now that they contain magnificent foreign-built cities, are the object of such bitter Chinese hatred—not to say covetousness.

That same nineteenth century also saw a transformation in China's position relative to her geographical neighbors. For ages she had been stolidly remote in an isolation surrounded by authentically barbarian peoples. But with the nineteenth century the great inland power of Russia, debarred from access to warm water at Constantinople, came sweeping across the Asiatic wastes with the definite aspiration of reaching warm water at the Pacific. And across the narrow sea to the eastward, the island and equally hermit kingdom of Japan was startled out of its age-long sleep by the guns of Commodore Perry in 1854.

Japan awoke with a strange new youth to an immense new ambition—the eventual hegemony of the Orient and the control of the gigantic neighbor which had been the parent of her ancient civilization. In pursuance of that ambition, Japan spoke somewhat sharply to China in 1874, found the Chinese colossus unapt for war, and annexed the Riu-kiu Islands—the first step in a series of annexations which was to convert the China Sea into the Japanese lake which it now is. Twenty years later, in 1894, she captured Port Arthur and got a foothold on the mainland.

But Russia was then already penetrating Manchuria; she spoke to her friends in Europe, and a collective note politely invited Japan to get out. She got out—and waited for ten years. In 1904, over the prostrate body of a fatalistically inert China, she fought and beat Russia, cleared her out of Manchuria, reassumed possession of Port Arthur and of much else besides. It was an immense achievement which invested Japan with an immense prestige, but conspicuously failed to make Japan popular with the Chinese. She found herself, particularly with powerful British and German naval bases established on Chinese soil, yet a long way from that dreamed-of hegemony of the Orient.

But that victory had epoch-making effects none the less. It directly provoked the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, which was the dress rehearsal for the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. It inspired in the Oriental, and particularly in the Japanese, a novel sense of potential military equality with the Westerner, which, in the case of the Japanese, has increased until it amounts to a conviction. It paved the way for the Chinese revolution of 1911, which hurled the Manchu dynasty from the Peacock Throne and made China a republic. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

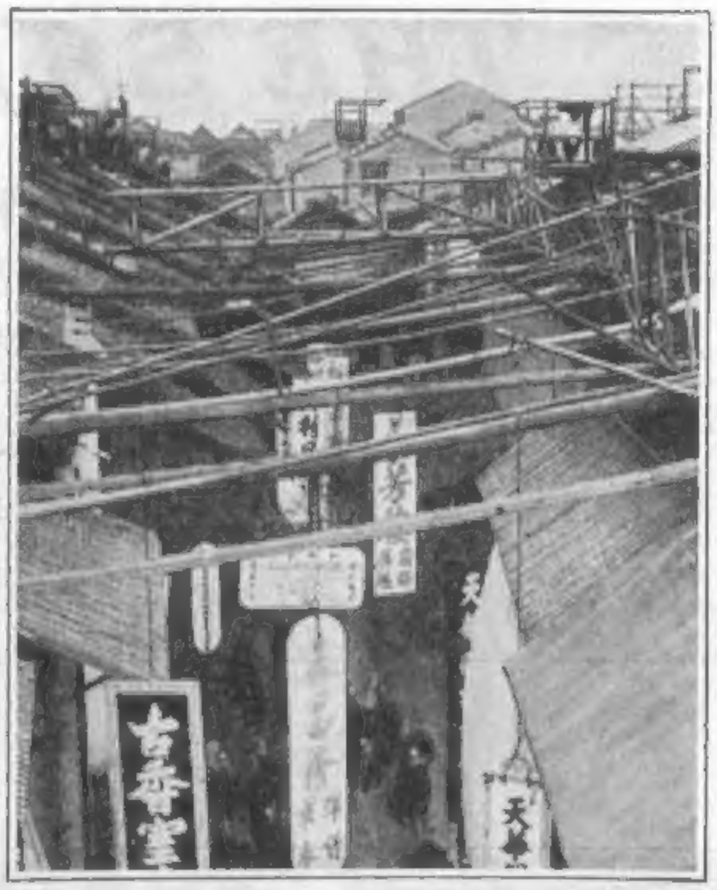
The Start of Chinese Revolts

THE prime mover in the revolution of 1911 was Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. Western educated, by profession a revolutionary, he was one of that type of eloquent idealists—personified by Lafayette and Mirabeau in France, by Kerensky in Russia, by Karolyi in Hungary—who prepare the way for the men of action and of loot. He had a little more to him than these, perhaps; he had a genius for conspiracy. The Manchu dynasty, badly shaken sixty years before by the Tai-ping Rebellion—made by Cantonese, and curiously like the Cantonese eruption of today—and by the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, was a disintegrating monument of corruption, ineptitude and bland conceit. Financed largely by Chinese merchants who had come in contact with European efficiency and who hoped for better things from a Westernized China, financed also to some extent—it is alleged—by Japan, the Chinese revolution took place and the Chinese pigtail disappeared forever.

It is one thing to summon spirits from the vasty deep; it is another to make them obedient when they come. Conspicuously unable to control the forces he had released, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen more or less graciously made way for President Yuan Shi-Kai, a strong man who proved most disappointingly antipathetic to ardent revolutionaries. China practically split then and there into its two natural and hostile divisions of North and South. Sun Yat-Sen went to Canton and established his own brand of republic there, thanks to distance and the difficulty of communications happily immune from the attentions of the central government. Yuan Shi-Kai went to join his ancestors, and a host of generals set up in business for themselves. Their business in most instances was anarchy and loot, and they prosecuted it with energy and profit. China lapsed into a chaos from which only the treaty ports and international settlements and concessions were exempt; rents therein rose amazingly as Chinese merchants flocked thither for safety.

Such was the ironically named Celestial Land which Japan and Russia, by no means cured of their long-cherished ambitions, looked upon at the close of the Great War. During the war Japan had eliminated the German base of Tsing-tao, had seized the Shan-tung Peninsula, and in 1915 had presented to Peking a little matter of twenty-one demands which were equivalent to making China a Japanese province.

In this, however, she had bitten off more than could be chewed. The European powers and the United States were not so occupied that they had to acquiesce in this calm annexation. Their only interest in China was the open door for trade with a population of some 400,000,000, and in Korea and in Manchuria—where Japan had already a sphere of influence—the open door was conspicuously absent. They said a few words, and the twenty-one demands were discreetly dropped, more especially perhaps because those demands had provoked a furious anti-Japanese storm in China.



Looking Into Shappat-po Street, Canton, From One of the Night-Watch Bridges

Russia Enters the Picture

THE war terminated, and the great powers chiefly interested had a little more leisure to look into affairs in the Western Pacific. Most politely, the Washington Conference was convened, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was canceled, and with all the courtesies of correct diplomacy Japan found herself invited to sit back and be good.

Russia, in the meantime, was looking at China from another angle. The immediate result of the Bolshevik coup was the dissolution of the old Czarist empire; in 1918 Russia had shrunk into approximately the limits left by Peter the Great. According to the strict tenets of the

(Continued on Page 189)

PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A View of Hankow, Showing the Curious Little Hovels, Dwelling Places of the Chinese Working Classes. Above—Canton, From the Pagoda on the Northern Wall

PSYCHOLOGY STUFF

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE McQuibigaskie, so runs a well-worn tale, dwelt somewhere in the Hieland fastnesses above Moray Firth. The pride of his heart was his magnificent collie, Chiel o' Lomond. A Yankee millionaire offered him $5000 for the dog, to take home to his New York kennels. Indignantly the McQuibigaskie refused to part with his loved canine chum.

Soon thereafter the Yankee learned that Chiel o' Lomond had just been sold to a rich Scot living on the opposite side of the firth. Moreover, he had been sold for a paltry half of the sum offered by the American. Indignantly he sought out the McQuibigaskie in his home, there to demand why such discrimination had been shown.

He found the Hielander sitting on his front steps. At the laird's feet lay the grand collie, Chiel o' Lomond, his heavy coat soaking wet.

"Why did I sell him across the firth when I wouldna sell him across the ocean?" the McQuibigaskie repeated with his best export-quality heather-blossom dialect, in answer to the guest's explosive question. "'Twas because I kenned fu' weel the puir tike couldna hope to swim a' the way back to me across the Atlantic."

Being a Hielandman, and therefore wise in dog traits, the McQuibigaskie had known that a few-mile water obstacle like Moray Firth could not block his trained collie's homing instinct—an instinct as strong and as sure in some dogs of all breeds as in the carrier pigeon.

And this queer homing instinct is one of the hundred normally racial things about dogs—not supernatural in any way—that neither I nor anyone else can hope to explain by the square and angle of mere human logic. I have traced and verified more than forty instances of it. Here is the most interesting of the lot.

COPYRIGHT BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

Some of the Sunnybank Collies Starting Out on Their Morning Run With the Master. In Oval—A Photograph of Sunnybank Coltness Chaeroplane Snapped as He Was Romping. Both Hind Feet are Several Inches Off the Ground

Through Unknown Country

A MAN was leaving his old home to take up his abode in a city nearly a thousand miles away. He and his sister-in-law owned a collie together. The man decided to take the dog along with him to his new home, although it was devoted to the lady and not to him.

The collie made the journey in a crate in a closed baggage car. Thus he saw nothing of the country through which the train passed. Arrived at his destination he moped around for a week or two. Then he disappeared. That was in November. One July day eight months later his former mistress was sitting in her office in the city where the dog had previously lived. The office was on the ground floor and its door stood wide open. In across the threshold stumbled the collie. He was bone-thin. His bur-matted muddy coat was scored in a dozen places by gash and scar. His feet were in hideous condition. He was so weak with fatigue and hunger that he was barely able to stand. The luckless collie had traversed nearly a thousand miles of foreign territory, hundreds of its miles composed of trackless desert. He had swum wide rivers and he had climbed high mountains. He had had no way—known to humans—of guiding his tired steps, for the land was unfamiliar to him, and his acute sense of smell could not have helped him at that distance. But he had kept on; and he did not collapse until he reached the home he loved and the woman who was his deity.

How did he do it? Naturally he could have covered the nine hundred-odd miles in much less than eight months, if he had been allowed to go his own gait. The delay must have meant that at one or more places where he sought food he had been caught and tied up, and had had to wait in assumed patience for the chance to get loose again and to take up the broken thread of his seemingly hopeless journey. Perhaps, too, he had had to lie by in some impromptu lair to recover strength after sickness or battle. But not once had he swerved from his purpose.

Wolf Fights

THIS dog's mistress wrote me that her only clew to any of his experiences on the trip was his habit thereafter of lurching to his feet and snarling horribly whenever the howl of one of the wolves in the zoo reached his ears. Evidently wolf fights were responsible for some of the scars on his emaciated body.

I took the trouble to verify this story past any doubt.

Watch the newspapers for a few months, and you can pick up half a dozen similar tales of dogs that have won their way homeward across strange territory.

There is such a story on record at the British War Office—the story of Prince, a little terrier, who was left in England when his soldier master went to the Front. Prince appeared at his master's tent in France a few weeks later. Nobody knows how he crossed the Channel—probably he stowed away

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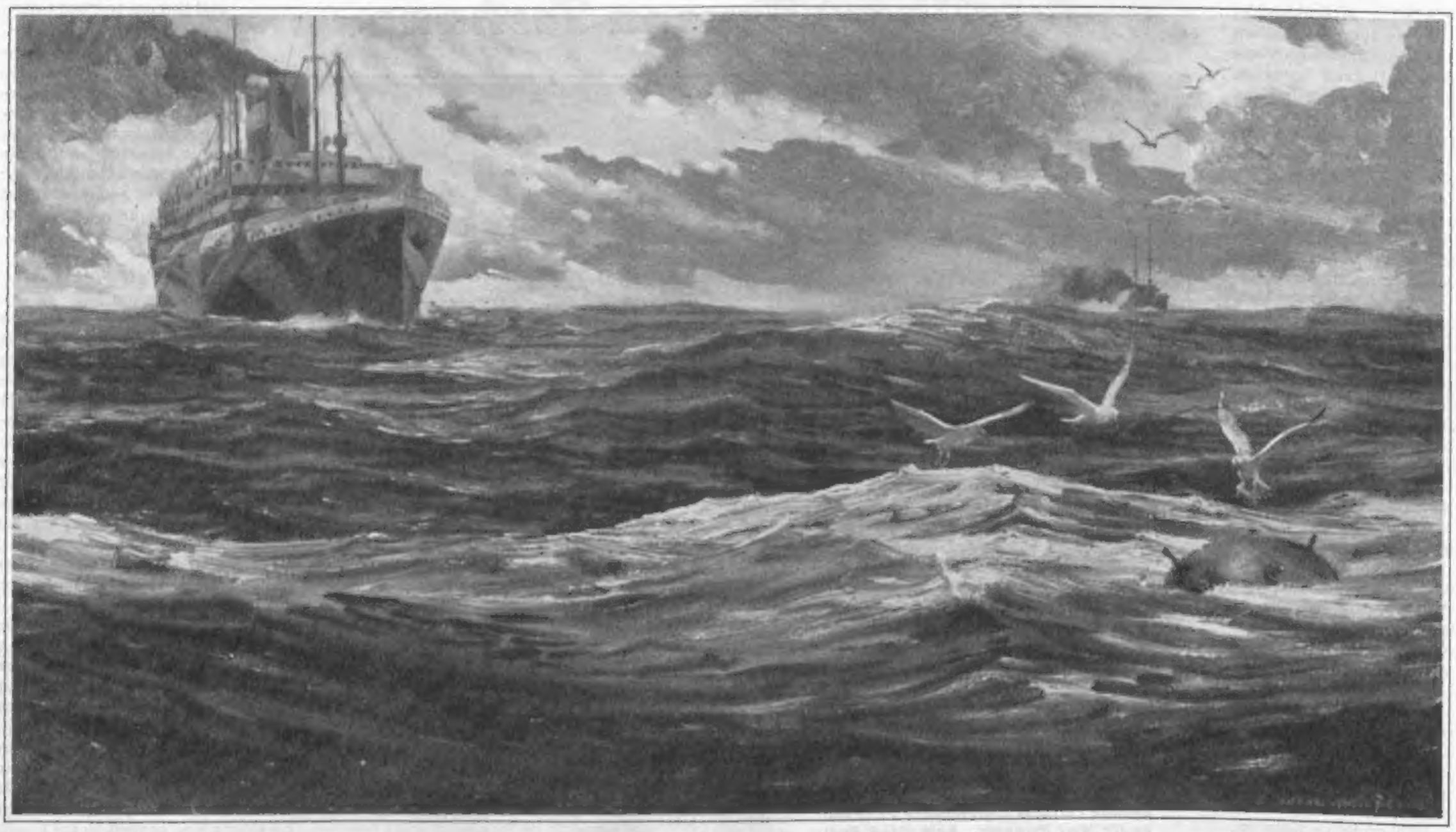
PHOTO. FROM DREW-DYKUM-PETERS, NEW JERSEY NEWS SERVICE

Sunnybank Sigurdson and Sunnybank Explorer

Gray Dawn in Mid-Air, and Treve Galloping Around at About 30 Miles an Hour. Dawn is Jumping for a Toy Held Out of His Reach

A GENTLEMAN OF BLADES



By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

YESSIR," said the barber. "We've been in the zone since midnight larst night, but 'tain't nothink to git fidgety abaht, sir. I knows 'ow you feels but 't won't do you no good to worry abaht it none. If we gits it we gits it. If we doesn't, we doesn't—an' the Old Man's the best the line's got fer gittin' a ship through."

The man in the chair turned and looked at the barber.

"I suppose you've been torpedoed before?" he said.

"Me?" The barber paused in his stropping and raised his head sharply as if someone had accused him of theft. "Not arf!" he snorted. "Hi was hon the Punic when she was blowed in arf, sir. Blowed in arf, mind you—not fifty bloomin' feet abaft the barber shop!" He resumed his stropping slowly and thoughtfully. "An' then agyne I was aboard the Sonia—but that weren't much of a show, as you might sye. She floated an hour an' a arf, she did. Old J. G. Gannon were in the chair. He were a proper old un, he were. We run out into the passage t'gether an' up on deck. Him with lather on his fyce an' the towel still abaht his neck. An' when we see 'em milling abaht the boats an' goin' cryzy like, old J. G. 'e says to me, 'e says, 'Barber, you hain't finished the left side of m' chin. This hooker'll float a bit yet.' An' he plops hisself into a deck chair and so help me I shyves him like we was in his suit at the Ritz-Carleyton. Old J. G. were proper, an' a man wot knew his ships, 'e were!" The barber sighed. "The line ain't been run the syme since J. G. retired." He squinted at the edge of the razor. "Now then, sir."

The man in the chair relaxed. His hands trembled slightly on the chair arms to the vibration of the throbbing engines and his eyes moved as the woodwork squeaked and whispered overhead. He wondered how the barber shop would look under water, with seaweed clinging to the chair and fish swimming beside the mirror.

"Nossir," said the barber. "'Tain't a bit o' use to worry. Jest keep everything packed and ready like, an' if it comes it comes. Git your mind fixed on the things you want to tyke an' don't wyste no time. I mind Carmen Sorelli on the old Mersey. She didn't know wot she wanted. So she ups and tykes four coat 'angers an' a walkin' stick an' leaves her wiolin behind, 'cause she hadn't concentrated on the wiolin before it 'appened. It were a Straddlevarious too."

The razor sighed softly down the man's lathered cheek.

A wisp of wind-whipped spray lashed across the deadlight. The barber flicked the razor at the basin, wiped it and turned again to the chair. The man opened his eyes.

"I suppose if it came while you were shaving me, I'd have my throat cut?"

The barber stared at him coldly and straightened his shoulders.

"If you please, sir. I hain't never so much as nicked anyone yet. An' me a blue-water barber fer thirty-one years. I mind on the Spittlegate Castle—there were a man in the chair, and the torpedo blew the side right out of me shop. Afterwards when we was all haboard of the Amelia H. Swenson 'e comes to me an' shows me a cut on his fyce an' says 'e's glad it's no worse. I looks at it an' so help me, it's a splinter as done it! You can always tell a ryzor cut, 'cause the edges is stryght, but this un—the splinter were still in it!"

"H'm," said the man in the chair.

"Yessir. Besides, you most always gits a sort o' feelin' just a moment or so before. You sort o' brace yourself when you feels hit coming. It's a hinstinct like."

"Yes," said the man. "I've had it for three days now."

The barber looked frightened. "Beggin' yer pardon, sir. You mustn't say that. It's wery bad luck. It's sure to come if you talks that way." He walked over to the spray-washed deadlight and squinted out at the gray heave of sea and sky. The tumbled horizon wove upward and downward as he stared at it. He shrugged his shoulders.

"'Twas a day like this they got the Cape o' Birkencliff. Me an' the third orficer an' the pantryman was all that got clear o' her." He shook his head. "'Twere a bad un, the Cape. Fuse caps she 'ad. Ripped open endways, she did, like a cracked nut—s' help me—an' s' help me agyne, if we didn't git it agyne three days later on the Joseph Gleason after they picked us up. But the Gleason floated a bit so's we could clear awye the stabbord boats. Well, sir, I wouldn't worry none. Just concentrate on wot yer want to tyke along an' eat yer meals regular like, 'cause you never knows when you'll 'ave to miss a few. An' don't get into no fights abaht the boats. Grab a gratin' an' shove off in a hurry an' don't depend on no life belt. Only thing I ever seed floatin' in life belts is corpses and they floats anyways. This is a wery special tonic, sir. The Juke o' Bordane uses it exclusive. Used to 'ave it myde special in Paris for hisself, 'e did. An' me usin' it for nigh twenty years meself." The barber laughed confidentially.

The man got up and reached for his collar and tie.

"Well," he said, "thanks a lot. I suppose the best thing a fellow can do is to stay home."

"Nossir. Hi don't believe in hit, sir. I believes in showin' hopposition an' keepin' up business as usual an' not mindin' it a bit, sir." He rubbed his hand gently across his slicked curl in front and passed it down the thinning gray hair at the back. "Yessir. When someone says you carn't and you don't—then you carn't. But when someone says you carn't and you goes right on—then you can! That's m' belief, sir. An' I ain't agoin' to go back on it at my ayge.

"I mind once they had some marbles—a whole heap—in a shop winder in Seattle, and m' myte 'e says to me, 'I'll bet you arf a guinea you carn't guess 'ow many they is.' They was offering a prize if you could. I ups and guesses and writes m' nyme on the pyper in the shop and 'tain't till a year lyter when I'm in the Platte that I gets the bowler 'at."

"The bowler hat?"

"Yessir, the bowler 'at! And it took another twelve months to collect the arf guinea, but I done hit, sir, orl-right. O' course the 'at didn't fit well, as you might sye, but wiv a bit o' pyper in it, I done wiv it for six years. Hit's the principle o' the thing, I says."

"Why a bowler hat, though?"

"It were the prize, sir!"

"Oh."

"Yessir," the barber sighed. "Well, torpedoin' ain't wot it used to be in the early months, wot wiv guns and them nyvy orficers ashoutin' and pynting the whole ship up like a cryzy quilt. Thankee, sir. That's right royal of you, sir." He pocketed the coin. "Jest keep concentrated on wot you want to tyke most, an' if nothink 'appens I'll 'old the chair for you at ten agyne tomorrow. Good day, sir."

MacGlennon leaned heavily against the bridge rail and squinted through the murky darkness at the dim bulk of the foc'sle head and beyond. There was a faint, continued sigh in the air about him. It rippled along the weather curtains and clung to the signal halyards at the mastheads. It danced in the low-whipped smoke that smudged from the whining funnels and lay flat upon the black sea behind. It buzzed in his ears and whispered in the wet folds of his oilskins. Light—shortly now. He was cold and hungry. Twenty feet from him another figure loomed in the darkness. The gunnery officer who always shaved before going on watch. Royal Navy to the core, with the stamp of the service all over him. MacGlennon grunted.

He could see the foc'sle head presently and the back of the lookout standing with his legs braced and his hands in his slicker pockets. He could see the wireless antenna overhead, etched against the graying sky, swaying with the masts in a slow, narrow ellipse. There was a man standing in the glory-hole passage—a man in an undershirt and wrinkled pants. He came out on the well deck and sloshed his face and hands in a bucket. He stood for a moment staring stupidly across the rail at the soapy scud of the sea. MacGlennon swept the widening horizon with his glasses—nervous now with the dawn.

Many decks below him, Jordan, the first assistant, lit the heel of shag in his ancient brier and stood up. His carpet slippers shuffled against the oily grating underfoot. He leaned over the nickeled rail and stared into the maze of pulsating, flashing steel below him. Thum-thump-kerthum—plump. Thum-thump-kerthum—plump.

Jordan nodded to himself in approval and went over to the board to read the formal, mathematical story of his turbines—a story hardly necessary as long as his ear approved of them. He rubbed his hands together and ran the nail of his little finger under the nail of the index finger of his left hand. With his thumb he snapped the pellet of grease and dirt to the grating. He turned back to his desk again and picked up the last bit of a very stale sandwich. It was half in and half out of his mouth, when he thought to look upward to see if the vent shaft was clear and the gratings open to the boat deck.

Frantically a bell crashed and the speaking tube screamed at his elbow: "Full speed ast——"

The ship leaped to starboard, reeling madly. There was an infernal collapse of everything and a blasting roar streaked with red light. Below Jordan, clinging to the vent shaft ladder, a piston bent like a hairpin, sheared through its cylinder as a can opener rips through a soup tin, tore free, and ground his desk into powder. Men rushed through the biting steam, black sooty men in heavy boots leaped from nowhere and swarmed up the ladders.

The man who had been shaved that morning scrambled up from the floor of his cabin spitting blood and teeth from his mouth. He looked around wildly, grabbed a coat and a pair of trousers and barged out into the careening passageway into the arms of a very stout lady who held a toothbrush before her and stared at it wild-eyed. The man was not sure what a grating was, but it was the only thing in his mind at the moment. He gave the stout lady a vicious prod and chased her along the passage before him. Suddenly he roared with laughter. "She's got a toothbrush!" he screamed.

Stewards were routing them above decks now, lashing and slapping at them, shoving them up companionways like schoolboys encouraging a team. They burst forth upon the sloping promenade.

"Now then—not you!" someone bellowed in his ear. He was hurled headlong into the scuppers. "Women first." He scrambled up and raced aft to the crowd of men, still clutching his coat and trousers. Over the rail he saw the choked boats going slowly down to the water. In the nearest one was the fat dowager screaming in paced periods meanwhile she still stared at her toothbrush. People milled about him, pounding his breath from his body, shoving and grinding him against the rail. He squirmed away from them and crawled out. "Grating," he muttered, "and shove off." And he was wondering furiously whether there were three steps or four to the porch of his cottage at Lake Hopatcong.

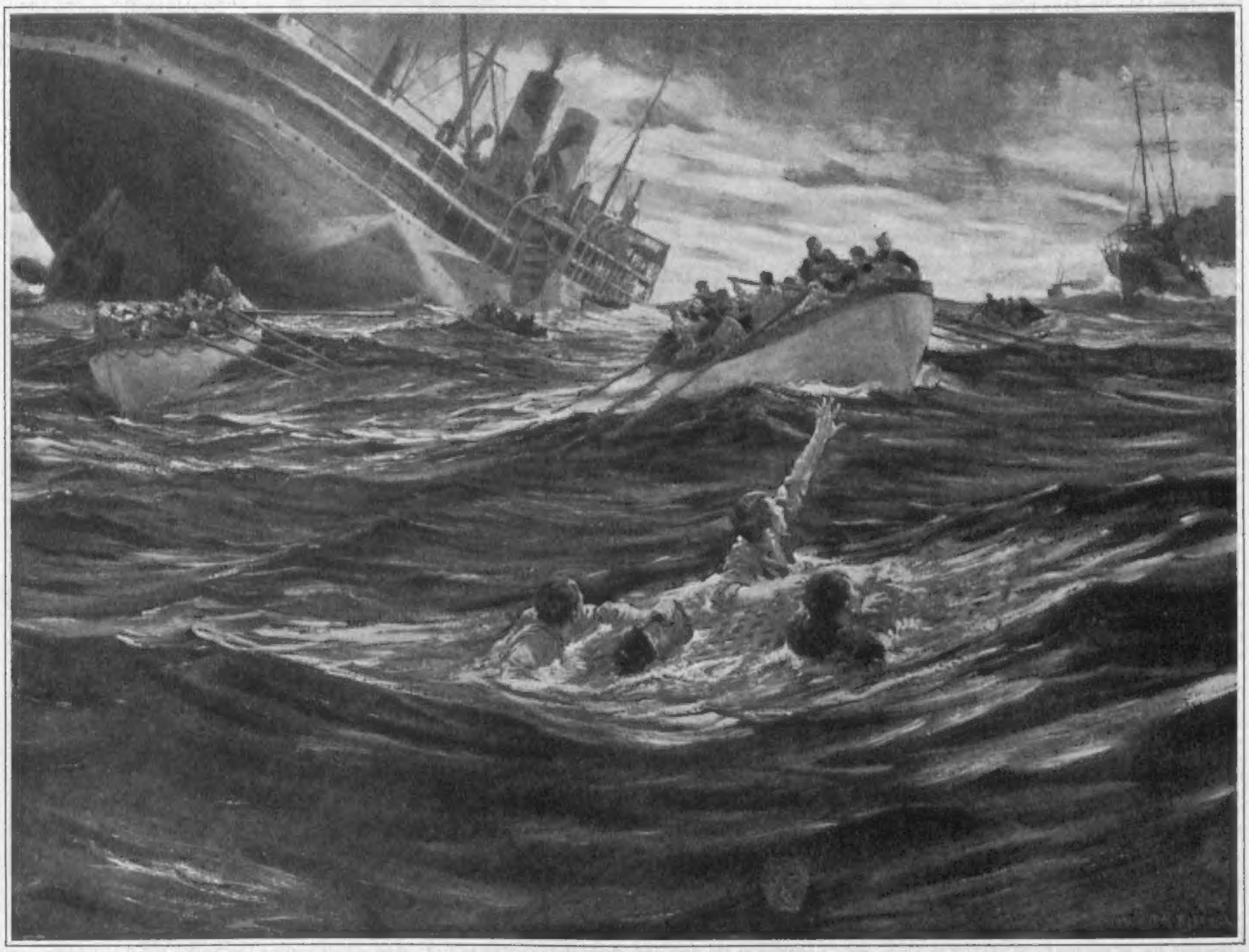
Someone grabbed his arm. "Now then, if you please, sir!" He felt a ladder under him, a ladder that his feet groped and fumbled for vainly, in wild aimless thrashings. His knee shrieked with pain as he brought up suddenly, flat on his face on the after well deck. He was running again, still clutching his clothing—running and scrambling up another ladder behind a man in stocking feet.

"'Arf a mo, sir. Slip into them things—quick now!"

He put on the trousers and was amazed to find that they ended below his knees. He snorted "Golf knickers!" and shrugged into the coat. It didn't meet in front. He thought of the dowager with the toothbrush. Golf knickers and a tail coat! The barber had a grating loose now and he was knotting a line to the after rail. The grating struck the water with a loud, flat splash and slithered away from the overhang. "Now then, quick, sir—don't tyke no charnces on wyting. When they goes they goes sudden an' complete."

The man slid down the rope, burning his hands fiendishly and remembering a day long ago when he had climbed a rope to the rafters of the gymnasium at school to peek into the cobwebby shells that had carried the crew four lengths ahead of the Navy in '97 or '98. The water was cold and oily. He plomped into it clumsily. It stung in his eyes and seared his bruised mouth. He shook his head and struck out for the grating. The rudder and a huge propeller blade were quite close to him. He slapped the water furiously to get away. His fingers touched the edge of the grating.

(Continued on Page 121)



The Liner Rolled Slowly, Lazily as a Man Turns Over in Bed on a Warmish Spring Morning. The Dead Funnels Swept Around to Starboard

THE TEXAS TWINS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

AT THE Box Elder stage station, the big event of the day was over. An hour before, Red Raymond had expertly popped his far-reaching whiplash over the backs of his eager relay and made the coach hard to overtake on its way northward. The stocktender, having conscientiously finished his rubbing down of the team that had been driven in and otherwise provided for their immediate needs, now felt himself entitled to a little rest and relaxation, and accordingly joined the group seated beneath the spread cottonwood. Here he dexterously overturned the rawhide-covered cot upon which Guy Chandler of the Z-Bell was reclining, readjusted it and took the young man's place.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Tip," he said courteously to the red-bearded person who had been speaking. "Go right on with what you was a-saying. . . . No, wait until I massacre——" There was a scuffling diversion that ended in an unequal division of the space on the cot. "Now about this," the stocktender resumed. "Who was it you was talking about?"

"Old Man Somarindyk," Tip Yoakum informed him, "and he a-talking about Abe Morton. 'Abe's a friend of mine,' says the old man, 'and there ain't nobody that's more so, s' far's I know. He ain't a liar and he ain't a thief; no, sir, the trouble with Abe's that his mem'ry is onreliable. He gets things sort of tangled up when he tells 'em, account of forgetting how they happened or didn't happen; and same way about promising to do this or that—promising solemn and faithful—and then not doing 'em. Just forgets; and that short mem'ry of his is what made him butcher that stray hog of Batley's and salt it down. He prob'ly thought the hog belonged to him, forgetting that he didn't own no hog. Abe's a friend of mine, and I stand by my friends every time. It may be that he's pretty cussed mean in some respects, and I don't hold with his loafing habits, nor yet with him beating up his woman the way he does every time he gets drunk; but then we've all got our faults, and he sure ain't to blame for his poor mem'ry.'"

The Z-Bell boy offered to bet that Abe would remember to the last day of his life the licking that Batley gave him before causing his arrest. "But it's sure mighty nice to have a friend to stand by you," said Guy.

"There ain't nothing in the world like a good friend," Yoakum agreed. "I know, because I got more of 'em than a popular Quaker. You take a real friend and he won't soft-soap or slaver you none; but he'll tell you what there is wrong with you, honest and straightforward, and keep you from getting all swelled up with pride and self-respect, for your own good. And he'll stand up for you—like Old Man Somarindyk done for Abe. Ain't that right, Sam—or are you asleep?"

Samuel Stegg, the ancient bullwhacker from up creek, now retired, was leaning against the trunk of the cottonwood, his chair tilted and the edge of his hat brim resting on the end of his nose. He answered with a grunt; and then, shifting his position to strike a match on his trousers, said more explicitly, "Well-l-l, yes, and no.

"There's friends," he continued, after a few tentative puffs at his corncob, "and then again there's friends. There's friends in need that the more they need the friendlier they are; there's friends that you're in the hands of when you ain't sure about the nomination; friends that'll stand up for you and put up for you and put up with you; there's girls that is willing to be good friends but not nothing more; there's sick friends that you set up with and friends that you set in with—all kinds. Ever I tell you about Joe Simpson and Tony Beck?"

There was a general chorus of assent, but the old bullwhacker knew better. There was two friends—he said—real, close, sure-enough friends. Anywhere you seen Tony alone you'd know that Joe wasn't far off and wouldn't be gone long, and similar the other way about. If you wanted a fuss with Joe, all you had to do was pick on Tony; and if you felt wishful of having Tony climb your frame, you could make your wish come true the easiest kind by making slighting remarks about Joe. They worked together and they played together, and the only thing they didn't agree on was which of 'em was to get the best end of anything that was going. Tony wanted Joe to have it and Joe was set it should go to Tony—every time. It was sure beautiful to watch 'em.

Her Black Eyes Was Just a-Snapping, and if Joe and Tony Didn't Crawl Under the Table It Was Prob'bly Because They Was Paralyzed

They was both punchers, and good ones. They come up from Texas together with horses for Milligan & Traut. Andy Traut hired 'em, promising 'em a season's job when they got up here; but Andy's mem'ry was like Abe's—sort of onreliable—and when he got them cayuses on the range he forgot and gave the boys their time. There was some trouble about it. Tony told him he didn't care so much about himself, but he hated to see any lying, white-livered, mangy coyote try to do Joe dirt, and he was a-going to try to discourage sech doings in the painfulest way possible. He started to shed his coat, but Joe edged him off, being quicker in his motions, and without more'n a few words he landed his right fist in Andy's left eye.

There was two of Andy's outfit present and they was foolish enough to try to prevent Tony from claiming his right to finish what he'd started. It was foolish, because all it done was irritate him and they had themselves to blame for what happened to 'em in the mêlée. Maybe if Joe and Tony had stayed they might have got a chance to work after all—until Andy and his henchmen got recuperated and convalesced, anyway; but they didn't. They left them three wrecks of what was once strong and able-bodied men and come on to the W G, where I was a-working at the time, and offered their services to Rod Harper, who was running the outfit then.

They come into Rod's office together; Tony, a big husky, red-faced, light-complected somebody, kind of slow-spoken, and Joe, gabby and black-eyed, with black, curly hair and coming up to Tony's shoulder, almost but not quite. They was a team, all right, but they sure didn't look to be matched. You couldn't have picked a couple of men that looked less alike.

Rod looked 'em over kind of careful. "The long and the short of it," he says.

"Huh?" says Tony, bending over the desk and frowning.

"The long and the short of it is that I've got all the men I need," says Rod—"unless it was an extry-good, all-around, topnotch, gilt-edge, well-conducted, moderate-priced man that naturally loved to work."

"There he stands," says Tony, waving his hand toward Joe. "All but the moderate price, if that means anything less'n the best punchers' wages in this section. If there's anything about a cow critter he don't know, I don't know it nor you don't nor nobody else. And me, I'm tol'able good myself."

"Tol'able good!" says Joe with a big laugh. "Well, I should snicker! Yes, I reckon you'd stack up tol'able well with the common run of waddies, considering everything. Mister, you hear this fellow talk, don't you? Well, listen, you get you a fine-tooth comb and rake over the Panhandle and New Mexico and Arizona up to Nebraska and Wyoming real careful, taking your time to be thorough, and if you can scratch up a cow hand that's more'n half as good as Tony Beck, you can have my horse and saddle and bridle and my spurs and gun—and my shirt. That's all I got to say."

"You certainly give each other a tol'able good recommend," says Rod. "I don't skassly know which one of you I ought to take."

"You'll take the both of us, if either," says Tony. "I can wash dishes if ness'ry."

"You can," says Joe. "Sure! You can do anything you want to turn your hand to; but you ain't a-going to do that. If one of the jobs is pot wrastling, I'm going to be the one to do it, and I won't take no silk handkerchief to scour the kettles, which is what it would amount to if you was used for kitchen purposes. Talk sense."

"Quit your fussing," says Harper. "I don't want no disturbance in here. Here's what I'll do: You can work for me a week if you want, the both of you, and by that time I can tell whether you're much worse than the bungling, boneheaded, bedridden farm hands I've already got. If you are, I'll pay you for your time and let you go; and if you ain't, I'll maybe keep you on for a while longer. Forty a month. How about it?"

"Seems fair," says Tony.

"He's getting you too cheap," says Joe, "but I reckon we might take him up on it."

So they went to work for the W G, and if they wasn't the best in the land, they was a-plenty good enough to hold their jobs. Of course, they flocked together all the time; but they wasn't no ways unsociable with the rest of the outfit, and Joe took quite a shine to me. It was him told me how come they got to be so thick. He'd been working for some outfit in Dona Ana, down in New Mexico, and when he got paid off, him and some more of the boys went to El Paso to get a touch of high life and see the sights and find out what there was to all this talk about fancy drinks and such. Maybe it was the gas lamps or the racket on the streets or the dude way all the folks dressed that got him discontented; but anyway, one of the boys allowed that there wasn't nothing like foreign travel to broaden and expand the mind, so why not cross the rolling Rio Grande

and improve themselves by studying conditions in Mexico just for a start?

Well, that sounded reasonable, so they jumped a horse car and went over the bridge to Juarez and went to studying hard. In the course of the evening most of the boys got mislaid one place or another, and finally Joe and another fellow found themselves in a sort of a dance hall, where they was grabbed by a couple of soft-eyed señoritas and kindly welcomed. Joe says it was so smoky in there that he couldn't see nothing, and the guitars and the conversation and the shuffling and stamping was such that he couldn't hear nothing, so he couldn't give no exact account of how what happened. He might have had one or two, and he might not; but anyway, it wasn't that, because whenever he had one or two it made him love his fellow man and want to be kind and beneficial to him, regardless of race, color or whether he wore his pants split from the knee down, with silver buttons along the edges, or plain straight pants. Joe was used to greasers too. They was his *amigos*.

He spoke the lingo right well—like *si*, *señor*, and *bueno* and *pronto* and *dos reales* and *chile con carne*—even if he didn't understand it as fluent as some. This *hombre* got it up his nose about something, seemed like; anyway, the first thing Joe knew he was a-fighting, not only this particular *caballero* but all the other *caballeros* that could get close enough to him, and he caught a glimpse of his pardner making a break for the door—and his gun at the hotel in El Paso.

"I'd got what was left of a chair," Joe told me, "and was a-doing my best with it; but I'd got one or two cuts that was a-bleeding free, and it didn't seem reasonable to s'pose that my best would have been good enough, with all that crowd a-thirsting for my gore. I don't reckon I could have lasted more'n a few minutes longer, when here come Tony Beck, a perfect stranger to me, a-charging in. Seemed like an answer to prayer, only that I'd been too busy to pray. Well, Tony was a-whooping like a calliope and a-mowing a swath tords me with a bench. A chair was too trifling for Tony; he had to use a six-foot bench of two-inch plank. Gosh! I wish you could have seen him and the way they went down every swing. All the same, he got a cut or two himself, and I want to tell you that a greaser ain't as easy discouraged when it comes to a ruckus as you might think, and I wasn't sorry a particle when we got out into the cool night air.

"We run. Yes, sir, I reckon you'd have admitted it was running. We slowed down at the bridge some, account of it prob'ly being against the rules to pass over it faster than sixty miles an hour; but at that, we was on the American side before the Mex guard got fairly started after us. Then, as there wasn't no hurry, we took a hack to the hotel and Tony tied up the worst of my cuts on the way, not mentioning his own; and then as we got out of the hack he keeled right over and the hackman and the night clerk had to carry him in. I wasn't in none too good shape myself. But that shows you what kind of a cauliflower Tony is. Didn't know me from Adam's off ox, but he waltzes right into that hornets' nest and resks his life on the chance of getting me out of it. I wish you could have seen him a-swinging that bench! Well, that's three years ago, and him and me have been pardners ever since."

"I don't blame you," I says. "It's these here little attentions that make you like a man. But what I'm wondering about is what makes him like you. I reckon he just feels sorry for you."

"Maybe that's it," says Joe. "Not but what there's others around here, and not a hundred miles away from the sound of my voice, that he might feel a heap sorrier for."

Some time after that Tony and me got to talking and I mentioned that little fracas at Juarez. Tony said that what Joe had told me was a plumb exaggeration, concerning of the part he took.

All there was to it, he happened to be a-walking past this joint and he was feeling mean, having a sore tooth and needing exercise anyway, when he heard the racket inside, the señoritas a-squalling and all, and when he looked in it seemed like a godsend. But Joe didn't really need no help.

"Shucks, that little rooster had the crowd licked even then!" says Tony. "He was working like a ball in a bowling alley. I reckon he didn't tell you how he saved my life the time I fell into the arroyo at El Almozada. No, he wouldn't. For all he'd tell you, you'd never begin to realize what a little lallapaloosa Joe is in every respect. Here am I, with no more sense than to ride up to the edge of that arroyo with the water a-coming down it from a cloudburst worse'n it ever did at Lodore, and of course the bank caved in and I went a-whirling down that flood, sucked under and jammed against rocks and what-all, and not knowing how to swim a lick, even if swimming would have done any good.

"And what do you reckon Joe done? Raced his cayuse till he was about forty rods ahead of me and then jumped in and grabbed me as I went by. Had it all figured out, mind you. That boy's brainy. There was a clump of mesquite a little lower down he'd noticed, and he made out to catch a branch and hold on when we come to it. In a minute or two I reelized what he was doing and I seen it couldn't be done. That branch wasn't never a-goin' to hold the both of us. It cracked every time there was an extra rush of the water, and then I seen it begun to part from the limb above.

"I yelled to Joe to let loose of me. He could have made it up the bank easy if he had, him being a lightweight, but he hung on to me like grim death to a dead nigger until the branch parted and off we went again, hurrah boys. Well, he had the luck to come to another mesquite bush, and it was where the bank had caved and we could climb out, but it was a close call.

"Well, that's Joe. He'd drown if necessary, but he wouldn't let loose of his pardner. They don't make many like Joe."

I didn't argue about it. As long as them two was satisfied with each other it was all right with me, and the rest of the boys felt the same way. Rod Harper wasn't long finding out that Joe and Tony worked better together, and whenever he could he let 'em. When they went to a dance, you'd always see them in the same set in the squares; and if they went to town you couldn't pry 'em apart. One time when Joe was a little extra dry, the both of them got pretty well organized, and after they left the Eagle Bird

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"I Wish You Could Have Seen Him and the Way They Went Down Every Swing. All the Same, He Got a Cut or Two Himself"

ALIMENTATION'S ARTFUL AID

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

IT IS curious to think of Pamela walking up Fifth Avenue that radiant June day as straight from the bow as if she had made appointment to join John Ogden at Fifty-fifth Street and there fall in love with him. She was quite unaware of what she went to meet, having come out for no better reason than that the sparkling sunshine had got into her very veins.

Let there be never so many banks where thyme and oxlips and all the catalogued favorites may blow, there is something about spring in the city that has a pungency of exhilaration beyond all rustic blitheness, when the very stones cry out. Gold-flecked warmth eddied in the canyon, mysteriously exciting; the steps of the passers-by sounded quick and light; and so far as one could hear there was laughter riding the currents of the air like spindrift.

Pamela was very worthily abroad, on a day like this. There was no radiance in the cloudless azure bluer than her Irish eyes. Her lovely soft dark hair blew about in tendrils, as the most fitting medium to make the June breeze visible. Her cheeks glowed, up to the smudge of that eerie darkness where her black lashes lay, and her red lips looked ready for song. In her trig plain frock, her figure showed slim as a girl in her teens. And so nearly dancing were her feet that they carried her almost past John Ogden before she saw him there, hat in hand, smiling. She came to an almost breathless halt.

"I was just having a most amusing conversation with John Ogden," was his greeting. "'Look at this!' said he to me as you hove in sight. And said I, 'She is a widow, the stepmother of a girl nineteen, she is thirty-two.' 'You are a liar!' said he. Give you my word."

Pamela Shere gasped. "You shouldn't have told him I was thirty-two!"

"It doesn't in the least matter. He doesn't believe it."

If she looked at him for that instant of miraculous length and breadth with a feeling of blindness, it was because revelation had swept her into a sudden void. In that startling moment something that Pamela had thought was spring had become quite simply John. Her lovely color brightened, and a delicious sense of delight deepened in her heart.

"I suppose," she heard him saying, "they wouldn't let us have a picnic tea here on the church steps? It seems quite abandoned to go indoors a day like this. But I'd like to celebrate the luck of meeting you."

Pamela would have gone with him to Siberia if he had suggested it. They crossed the Avenue. The palm-set room of the hotel was happily almost empty. She followed the head waiter to a little table by an open window, feeling like a little girl at her first party. Her gloves pulled off, she put her hands beneath her chin and loved him across the table.

"Is that your new spring hat?" asked Ogden, with an air of interest.

"Naturally," said she. It wasn't. Jocelyn was wearing the new hat somewhere. What on earth did it matter? What did anything matter? She felt that she would like to tell John she had just fallen in love with him, but her heart had closed warmly about it as a secret joy. She wondered why this had not happened long ago. For how many years had she known John? Why, she had inherited his father and mother, among all that quaintly ill-assorted congress of her father's friends—writers, actors, painters, idlers and workers, rich and poor.

"Just what was it you used to do that kept you so much away from home?" she asked with sudden irrelevance.

"I still do it. Father's dirty work, you know. Oil, concessions and quieting trouble at the depots. Why?"

"Is That Your New Spring Hat?" Asked Ogden, With an Air of Interest

"I just wondered—I'd forgotten," she murmured absently.

He smiled at her through the smoke of his cigarette. It was just like Pamela to have forgotten that the elder Ogden purveyed to the habitable globe most of its petrolic supplies. There was always a ready twitch in his lips, a gleam of waiting amusement in his long gray eyes; but as he took in her quite honest lapse of recollection of his father's incredible wealth, he almost laughed aloud.

"It's been interesting," he said in dismissal. "Though it has, as you say, kept me away from home a great deal. Every time I come back I find changes in everything but you. How Jocelyn has grown up, hasn't she? I see her about a lot, at places—she's very like her father in some ways."

"Yes, isn't she?" Pamela seemed to be looking at the picture he evoked of the two faces. "The same coloring. But, of course, Anthony was quite gray when I married him."

"You don't seem to get about much with her set."

"Well, John, you know how it is," she answered. "For goodness' sake, don't give me any of those insane mint leaves in my tea. When I want catnip I'll take it straight. . . . No, I never did care one rackstraw for sassiety. I've added my own collection to the circus dad left me. We just drop in on one another when the spirit moves, and if the dropped-on is busy, one genial 'Get out, idiot, I'm working' ends that little bit. I couldn't stand that feeling of social life as an obligation. And I couldn't, for instance, play bridge before luncheon. It's my belief they think the weeks of the year were ticked off to agree with the number of cards in a deck."

"How's the work going?"

Pamela made a face slowly. "It's gone, vanished, off on a spree," she said. "I haven't written a line. Awful, isn't it? Not an idea in my head for months."

"Well, lots of authors don't stop writing on that account," said Ogden cheerfully.

"Of course I love to hear you say so. As a matter of fact, I envy 'em. But unless I have a copper-bottomed plot I am speechless. I really must look inside this sandwich—what's it made of? Cresson and pâté and some dark secret. . . . Oh, John, what a lovely tea I am having."

"You make it so," said Ogden. "But tea is such an ephemeral wassail. If you are at a loose end tonight, I think it would be awfully decent of you to let me take you to dinner somewhere."

Pamela shook her head. "No can do it tonight. My ends are tied in a knot. Jocelyn is giving a little dinner to Judith Marriot-Smith."

"Well, but!" demurred Ogden on a note of protest. "You don't mean to tell me there's any chaperoning done these days?"

She gave a merry lilting laugh. There was no music like Pamela's Irish voice on a chiming laugh. "Bless you, no. I am only the cook."

His eyes took this in with a vague shadowing. "Could you tell me a little more about that?" he asked, after an exceedingly dry little pause.

"I can tell you all about it, my dear lad. You must know that Jocelyn and I could never live the way we do—the way we like to—on my bit of an income." She stopped a moment to smile at him. "It is a long story, but you asked for it! There is our apartment—which is truly noble, you know—and two expensive females to live in it. Luckily, every once in so often, a bolt strikes from the blue; I get an idea for a funny story, and a nice fat check plops into the bank. I could wish it happened oftener, but I am too grateful for even an occasional plot to complain. We get along beautifully with one maid, but when Jocelyn entertains her school friends—pullet luncheons or mixed dinners—there must be a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen. Why not? I enjoy it. When I entertain there are about six caterers—we all cook and waiter and scullionate. To tell you the truth, I think we have the jollier parties, but we are so much younger than our children."

He pushed aside his plate with a touch of considering impatience and leaned toward her with his arms on the table.

"You are not spoiling Jocelyn, are you?"

"Nothing could spoil her," said she. "There never was a dearer girl in the world. Why shouldn't she give dinners? Goodness is aware, she accepts hundreds of 'em from the others. Jocelyn is very popular, you know, and her girl friends at that fashionable school are mostly quartered in those fifty-thousand-a-year slums on Park Avenue. I should be perfectly miserable if she couldn't keep up her end. It is not snobbish pretense, John. I don't care who knows I cook her parties—it tickles me to be able to feed her pals better than their own French chefs."

A vision of John's own millions gave him a mortal twinge. If only Pamela were not so self-sufficient! He absently offered her a cigarette, and sat turning his case

around between his fingers the while he honored it with a wholly undeserved attention.

Pamela and her stepdaughter; Pamela and her circus; Pamela rooted in her well-loved life at home—how could he think to make her happy, rending her from all this, and dragging her around the world with only John Ogden for company much of the time? The last thing likely was that she could care two straws for a man like himself. Her second husband—it wasn't sane to think of him as anything but inevitable—would be like her first: Some brilliant chap, the devil seize him, a writer of crisp comedies, perhaps, with first nights and gala triumphs to lay at her feet. There was nothing he could offer her except his heart and his money; and Pamela, if she cared little to have millions, might care less for his love, which was only three parts wanting her for himself, after all! Many a man must know that natural craving who could offer to raise her present happiness in the life she knew and loved. He was perfectly aware that one day he would have to tell her his story, but he had no hope it would do more than distress her. Well, this was being too long silent for a host. He glanced up at her and forced a smile.

The look of him brought an ache of tenderness into her throat. She had no idea that he was thinking about her, but there was a wistfulness in his eyes that she felt would, in another moment, lead her into the temptation of telling him how dear he was. She pushed back her chair and caught up her gloves.

"Must go," she said, smiling. "The very next bridge that Jocelyn gives shall be graced with plagiarized sandwiches, and I shall think of you while I make them."

"Well, that's something," said Ogden with a grim laugh.

The vehicle that bore her home, when she had resolutely shaken him off, was presumably a homely bus, but Pamela Shere felt as must have Cinderella in her golden coach. She had several wasted years to make up when she might have known that John Ogden, for all he might be way off in the Pacific Ocean somewhere, was what made the world go round; but she was rapidly balancing the budget by loving him now to double-quick time. She bought an armful of lilacs and white and pink tulips, and entered her apartment looking like spring personified.

It was, as she had said, a truly notable housing, her one great extravagance. The huge studio living room, with its walls of dull gilt Japanese grass cloth, its big hooded fireplace of Caen stone, was finely proportioned, and its tapestries and mellow Norman furniture chosen with a discriminating restraint. Outside the long mullioned open windows, an iron balcony held boxes of many-colored anchusæ; the wall which faced them at a generous distance carried the quaint oaken gallery and stair that led to the bedrooms. In the lower part of this duplex space her maid was already setting forth the table for Jocelyn's dinner. The mistress made a rapid change abovestairs into a white uniform, stuck the cook's cap that so amused Jocelyn upon her excited head, and ran down to begin her cheffing.

She worked with that crisp precision that characterized her lightest duty, and by the time Jocelyn came in her preparations were complete. A thin luscious cream of mushroom soup remained at its esoteric temperature in a *bain-marie*, awaiting its infusion of egg yolks; the boned and breaded smelts lay ready coiled to receive each one in its broiled embrace a hot spiced fig; twelve round fat squabs, duly stuffed with Virginia ham, pimentos, nuts and brown bread steeped in sherry, reposed in their bacon shrouds on toast rings in an oiled casserole; paper-thin sliced cucumbers luxuriated in acidulated sour cream sprinkled with chives; the greenest of peas steamed slowly in a nest of lettuce leaves before their bath of butter, salt and a dribble of honey; and the strawberry mousse had frozen lightly in its electrically iced container. The little cheese balloons to be served hot with the salad were a last-minute job, accomplished by her standing on a chair to drop tiny globules from her batter spoon into the seething fat far below, while Mary stood by with a ready skimmer. More than one past-master gourmet had met these hollow miracles, which melted in the mouth, with the startled palate of gratified inexperience.

The girl's voice calling abovestairs brought a gay hail in answer, and Pamela, free for another hour, ran up to gossip. "I have time for a bath, too, when you finish," she said. "Oh, Jocelyn Shere, if you aren't the prettiest thing!" She gave her stepdaughter, seated at the dressing table, an ecstatic hug from behind. "I declare your hair is just like candy!"

Jocelyn laughed, but she had more important things to talk of than her quite customary looks. Her sleek straight golden hair, springing thick from a side parting, was cut short but brushed to cling about her head like a glistening yellow cap. Her brown eyes looked out between lashes almost as dark as Pamela's own. Her round face had none of Pamela's exquisite chiseling, but it was as fair and candid as a little child's. She had always looked like that, but her stepmother was given to voicing her admiration as if she saw the girl for the first time.

"What do you think?" cried Jocelyn explosively. "Judith has asked me for a visit, right now. Darling, we are going to have the most gorgeous house party, out at her mother's place on Long Island. Pam, angel, have we got any money?"

Pamela fell into a chair. "Oh, not a cent!" she wailed. "Jocelyn, how awful! You will need simply scads of clothes. What shall we do?"

"Something," said Jocelyn, undaunted. "There is one beneficent thing—sports clothes do for any time of day, and with what I shall lift of yours, I'll be outfitted quite nicely till six o'clock. But"—a little line appeared between her brows as her voice dropped about an octave to a thoughtful musing tone—"I really should have at least one new evening rig."

Pamela got to her feet, tearing off her cook's cap dramatically. "Why on earth can't I give birth to a good fat bouncing story?" she cried. "I never went so long as this before without the most diaphanous ghost of an inspiration."

"Are we really broke to the wide?"

"Completely. I have been thanking my stars that I paid six months' rent ahead with part of my last big check, because, nice as the weather is, with the park full of carbon monoxide it is no place to sleep. And that demon at the

(Continued on Page 177)

Ogden Hesitated. "Pamela, You are Not Going to be a Stuffy Parent, are You?"

THE MAN MERRIWELL

By James M. Cain

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THROUGH the streets of a little town in the state of Maine, on a winter night in the early 80's, a woman was running madly. Behind her, in half-hearted fashion, lumbered a man. As he puffed for breath he besought her to ease the pace. "There's no hurry," he kept repeating, and in between times he tried to reason with her.

Of course, he admitted, he was glad Willie had come home. Any man would be glad if his only son had run away and then come back again. But shucks, if the boy had kept body and soul together for six months, all on his own, it stood to reason he wouldn't up and die in the time it would take them to walk home. And another thing—just because a fellow had poked his head in the door and said Willie was back, why had they left the meeting and lit out this way hell-bent for election? They ought to have stayed until the meeting was over. It wouldn't hurt Willie to wait a little while. It would teach him a lesson. Maybe then he would get it through his head that when he ran away from home he might have to whittle his chips awhile before he saw his folks.

And as he argued thus the voice of Patten père sounded the least bit wistful; for as it happened, Brother Nickerson was to expound the Book of Revelation at the meeting tonight, with the aid of a great chart whereon would be depicted all the queer creatures of the Apocalypse. And when Brother Nickerson expounded the Book of Revelation, a man didn't stay away if he could help it.

"I Was Hoping He Would be a Preacher," Said the Mother Sadly

The Prodigal

HIS wife paid him no heed whatever. Leaving him far behind, she ran on, plunging through snowdrifts and scrambling over icy pavements. In a few minutes she was flinging open a door, racing down a hall and bursting into a kitchen, there to fly into the arms of a tall, lank youth who had been thawing himself out by the parental stove.

Her joy was brief. For this boy of sixteen, who had ideas so strange that he must needs run away from a home where he had always been cock of the walk, had come home with ideas stranger still. No penitent prodigal, he, ready to atone for his transgression by settling down into the first useful occupation that might present itself. Not at all. He pleaded guilty to nothing; he had money in his pocket and clothes on his back; and these, he seemed to think, proved that he had not wasted his time. As for a useful occupation—poof! He had loftier aspirations. His lordly dreams, it appeared, were filled with the screech of bullets, the snorting of buffaloes and the whooping of Comanches. In brief, he would an author be, and sign his name to books.

Far, far into the night his father and mother talked over the blow that had befallen them. "How'd he get that fool idea in his head?" fretted the father. "Seems like to me after he spent six months out in the world he would of learnt some sense."

"I was hoping he would be a preacher," said the mother sadly.

"I was hoping he would be a carpenter, and maybe earn enough to pay for his keep," replied the father. "I know where I can get him a job at a dollar and a half a day right now, and he can make two and a half as soon as he learns the trade." His voice grew warm as the full enormity of the situation began to dawn on him. "Dog-gone it!" he exclaimed. "I got a notion to take him over to that job tomorrow anyhow. I got a notion to put him to work and see if that don't beat some sense in his head." And as he stood six feet three, and was so huge in proportion that Abraham Lincoln had once singled him out of a crowd and challenged him to a rail-splitting contest, it seemed that he was able to make good on his notion.

"No, you can't do that," said the mother quickly.

"What's going to stop me?"

"He might run away again."

"Yeah, he sure is bull-headed." The father was silent a few minutes. "Well," he reflected after a time, "you got to admit he's got the pluck." Dark though the future might appear, he could not resist a sneaking pride that his son had gone over to Biddeford, the mill town, and held his own there without asking help from anybody. "He sure ain't afraid of nothing," he mused.

The mother sighed. The pluck in question seemed a long way from the ministry and the Book of Revelation.

"Guess we better leave him alone," said the father. "I don't know much about this writing business; it ain't in my line. But it's a cinch he ain't like no other boy that we ever seen, so maybe he knows what he's doing."

"Yes, I guess we better leave him be," said the mother sadly.

And the decision, no doubt, was a momentous one for the boy who was snoring away in another part of the house. For this William Gilbert Patten was presently to rewrite his eminent name as Burt L. Standish, and in no great length of time to give a waiting world that noblest Roman of them all, the Hon. Frank Merriwell, A.B., Yale.

He did not, of course, call for an ax and have the prodigious Frank cloven full-grown from his brow at one fell swipe. He had not, in fact, even thought of Frank at this time: other matters were more pressing. For one thing, although his parents were committed for the moment to an attitude of watchful waiting, they were practical folk; and if the usufructs of literature were not visible pretty soon, they might deliver an ultimatum that would mean the ministry, the carpentry, or another trip into the cold, cold world. For another thing, there was a little affair of honor with Mr. Gooch, boss of the mill at Biddeford.

"A Bad Man"

MR. GOOCH, in firing him, had not only refused to give him the raise he demanded but had bidden him go get some hair on his face, else be thankful to work for the ninety cents a day he was getting. And it had become his ambition first to get some hair on his face, and second to make enough money to go over to Biddeford and snap haughty fingers at Mr. Gooch and Mr. Gooch's $1800 a year. So heigh-ho for the inkpot.

After three weeks, however, things looked black indeed. His first story, A Bad Man, had hardly been dry on the paper before he shipped it off to the Banner Weekly, a publication of the Messrs. Beadle & Adams, in New York, and it was rejected by return mail. What was almost as distressing, it had not come back with the note of rejection. With heavy heart young Patten went to work on another, The Pride of Sandy Flat. To his father, who made inquiries a little more pointed than mere courtesy demanded, he made evasive replies, neglecting to mention the note of rejection.

"It always takes a little time," he explained. "A whole lot of editors have got to read the stuff before they take it."

By the time The Pride of Sandy Flat was done he was blue indeed, and when he sent the story off he inclosed a very humble letter to the editor of the Banner Weekly, Mr. Orville J. Victor, in which he respectfully asked whether he revealed any talent as a writer. And P. S.—where was his other story?

He trembled when he opened the reply. Yes, said Mr. Victor, literary talent was plainly visible. The Pride of Sandy Flat was accepted. Through some oversight A Bad Man had not been returned, but now that it had had a second reading it, too, was accepted. Check was inclosed to pay for both stories—for six dollars.

He drew a long breath. Perhaps out of that moment he got something which enabled him to describe so feelingly, in later years, how Merriwell felt when the plotters had been foiled and our friends would breathe freely at last.

"Heard from those stories today," he said nonchalantly, tossing the check to his father as he sat down to the supper table that night.

Long and hard did the elder Patten stare at it. "How long did it take you to do them stories?" he asked.

"Oh, couple of days apiece, I guess."

"H'm!" said the elder Patten, in the manner of a man who makes mental calculations.

The third story, which was really a short novel, sold for seventy-five dollars. The check he showed not only to his father but to Henry Clark, a friend. And that night a boy pedaled frantically up to the village store on his high-wheeled bicycle and burst into the room where men were buying cut plug, twist and loose chewing.

"Willie Patten got seventy-five dollars for one of them stories he's writing!" exclaimed the boy.

Up spoke Hosea Rackliff, the school-teacher. "Henry Clark," he said sternly, "you shut up with that foolishness. Willie Patten ain't got sense enough to make seventy-five dollars even if he worked for it, let alone making it by something he wrote."

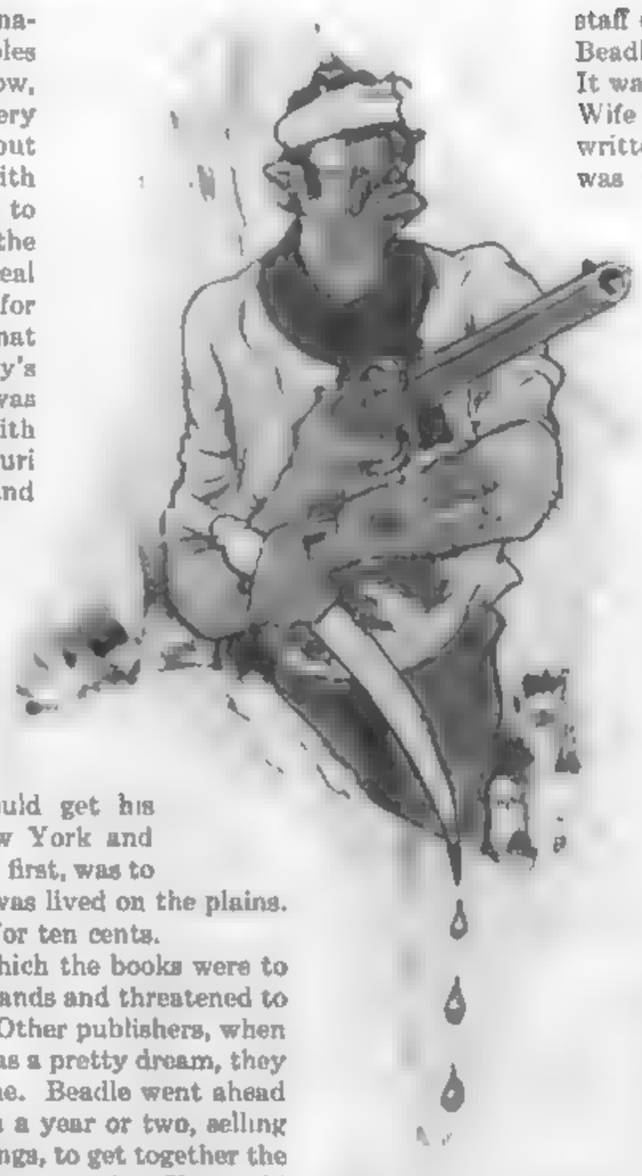
But Henry Clark insisted that he had seen the check; and later on Bill Patten came in and confirmed the great news about his son, and excitement was intense in Corinna that night. The fourth story, a full-length novel, sold for $150, and by that time Willie Patten felt himself seasoned for a venture he had had in mind for some time. He would try his hand at dime novels.

The Birth of the Dime Novel

A SINGULAR ambition? Not at that time. It is now quite forgotten that the dime novel has an ancient and thoroughly honorable history. In the beginning it was not the biographer of detectives, horse thieves and train robbers at all, but the historian of an epic achievement—the conquest of a continent. Its originator was Erastus F. Beadle, a native of Otsego, New York.

In 1857, when he was in his thirties, Beadle made a trip from Buffalo, where he had set up shop as a printer, to Nebraska, where he had taken up land and expected to settle. For various reasons his enterprise did not turn out very well, and he was forced to come back. But he had seen things that opened his eyes. He had found out first hand what was happening on the plains; he had had his own provisions stolen by Indians and had come into uncomfortably close contact with a scalping expedition.

What he saw convinced him that there was something radically wrong with the literature that his country was producing. The imaginative tales turned out by the disciples of Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier and Poe might be all very fine in a literary way, he reasoned, but they were woefully out of touch with the times. Such stuff, it seemed to him, gaped at the clouds while the elephants were marching by; the real romance of America, the great field for her literature, lay in the West. That was the land that was on everybody's tongue; that was the land that was forever on the floor of Congress, with great debates on whether Missouri should be admitted slave or free, and whether we should insist on fifty-four forty or fight; that was the land where supermen were rolling back a frontier on Indians and buffaloes; that was the land where the excitement was, where life had color, flavor and zip; that was the land that people wanted to read about.



"Parfax Del Norte Was the Greatest Villain of All Literature"

Accordingly, as soon as he could get his affairs in order, he moved to New York and prepared to sing its saga. His plan, first, was to publish novels based on life as it was lived on the plains. His plan, second, was to sell them for ten cents.

When they heard the price at which the books were to be sold, his friends threw up their hands and threatened to have him put in the booby hatch. Other publishers, when rumors reached them, smiled. It was a pretty dream, they said, but the thing couldn't be done. Beadle went ahead with his preparations. It took him a year or two, selling joke books, song books and such things, to get together the necessary money, but presently he was ready. He would need a printer, he realized, so he engaged Robert Adams, who had set type for him in Buffalo. He would need an editor, so he engaged a shrewd young man named Orville J. Victor, the same Victor who many years later was to write a letter of encouragement to a very discouraged young man living in Corinna, Maine.

Victor soon made connections with a staff of writers; and on June 15, 1860, Beadle published his first dime novel. It was called Malaeska, or the Indian Wife of the White Hunter, and it was written by Ann S. W. Stephens, who was to follow it with a number of others. It set the pattern for Beadle publications for a long time to come. In format it was a little booklet of 128 pages, about the size of a baseball guide. The printing was on white rag paper and compares favorably with good printing today. The cover was of heavy salmon-colored paper, bearing on the front a steel engraving of the heroine. The story itself was most dignified. Several of the chapters start off with quotations from poetry; the style is rather literary; there is no suggestion of cheapness anywhere in it. It had a sale, in its first year, of 300,000 copies, and within a few years it had been translated into five languages.

Foreign Influence

MALAESKA was followed by others in rapid succession. Some of them, in their day, were celebrated. Seth Jones, or the Captives of the Frontier, by Edward S. Ellis, published also in 1860, had a sale of 750,000 copies, and was translated into seven languages. Maum Guinea, or Christmas Among the Slaves, by Mrs. Metta Victor, wife of the editor, caused almost as much talk during the war as Uncle Tom's Cabin. When Henry Ward Beecher came back from England, where he had gone as Lincoln's representative, he wrote that this little book had done much to influence British public opinion. Lincoln himself, after Beadle had sent him a little package of samples, became a dime-novel fan. The soldiers in camp, finding that dime novels helped to while away many a tedious day,

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Frank Merriwell Won All the Harvard Games Single-Handed in the Last Minute of Play

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK

"I'm Just Blowing My Nose," He Snapped. "I Suppose a Man Has the Right to Blow His Own Nose Without Being Asked to Explain His Actions"

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IT WAS shortly before five o'clock and I had just thrown into the wastebasket a circular inviting me to invest in some South American oil wells, and was engaged in wondering what Willa would say on being told of my prospective raise and consequent effect on our joint building fund, when Mr. Burfield opened the door and, in his customary hard-boiled manner, said, "Ennis, I wish you would step in here a minute."

There was something depressing about the way he made this remark, but having a clear conscience, I got up at once and, with a fearless step, crossed the threshold into Mr. Burfield's private office.

"Ennis," said Mr. Burfield, looking larger and more hard-boiled than usual, "this gentleman is Professor Smith of the Imagination, Inc. Corporation of New York. I have called him in to find out why we are not doing bigger and better business."

Professor Smith, who looked to be cultured, but also rather hard-boiled, in spite of his bald head, nodded to me in a pleasant manner.

"Yes, I have been discussing things with Professor Smith, Ennis, and he has shown me conclusively what we lack."

"Oh," was my simple comment.

"Professor Smith, Ennis, is a psychology expert who specializes in the imagination. Without imagination there is no vision, and where there is no vision, business cannot realize its richest opportunities."

I said "Oh," again, that seeming to be the most appropriate remark.

"The professor has not only gone to the seat of the trouble but he is ready to show us how to remedy it. That is why, first of all, he will give you a little test to see whether or not you have need of his expert advice."

As the professor opened his leather bag I could not help hitching back my chair, because I was afraid he might pull out some surgical instruments and try to operate on my head. I was much relieved when he produced nothing but a stop watch and a pad of paper.

"Now, Mr. Ennis," said the professor, "on looking over the newspapers no doubt you have often observed what are called personal advertisements; as, for instance, from a party signing himself A. B. C. to another whom he calls X. Y. or some such assumed appellation. Now, if you saw an advertisement of this sort you would wonder, I am sure, just who A. B. C. was and why he sent the message in question to X. Y."

"No, professor," I said, after thinking a minute, "I would not do any wondering like that, because it would be simply wasting valuable time."

In making this reply I had thought I would be getting in right with Mr. Burfield, who had been nuts about not wasting time ever since six months before when he had hired the efficiency expert.

To my surprise, Mr. Burfield remarked in a severe voice, "Ennis, this is not the time or place for kidding. Either you appreciate the importance of imagination in the modern business world or you had better trade your typewriter for a shovel. Kindly give the professor the proper answers and refrain from making any more wise cracks."

Though not aware of having made a wise crack, I saw I was in wrong and that the less general conversation indulged in, the better. Therefore I decided to follow directions as closely as possible.

"Now then," said the professor, "here is a little personal advertisement clipped from the great London Times. Take your fountain pen and this pad of paper. I will read the message and give you five minutes to call your imagination into play and write down your conception of the person who inserted the message, the person for whom it was intended, and what you think the message really said."

"And remember, Ennis," Mr. Burfield interrupted, "this test involves no sentimental slop, so don't let your imagination work in that direction. Look at the ad as though you were a detective. Who sent the message? Who received it? What does it mean? Are you ready?"

I tried my fountain pen and found it worked as usual. "Yes, I am ready."

"Very well," said the professor. "This is what was printed in the Times: 'Jasper: Tick-tock, tick-tock. Sweetie.'"

"What was that again?" I asked.

He must have noticed my startled expression because he pressed the winder on his stop watch twice to send the hand back to zero. "The message reads: 'Jasper: Tick-tock, tick-tock. Sweetie.'"

"Before starting, professor, I would like to ask again what paper that was in."

"It was published in the London Times."

"London, Wisconsin?"

"No, no," snapped Mr. Burfield, "London, England—London, England."

"Well," I explained somewhat embarrassed, "before moving to this city my home was in London, Wisconsin, and I may as well admit, Mr. Burfield, though I have simply used initials and never mentioned the subject, my first name is Jasper."

"It would be," said Mr. Burfield in what can only be described as a snorting manner, while Professor Smith remarked, "Mr. Ennis should write down what the message suggests to his imagination without any more delay than is absolutely necessary. Suppose we start again. 'Jasper: Tick-tock, tick-tock. Sweetie.'"

A minute later Mr. Burfield said in an irritated way, "What is the matter, Ennis? Why don't you start?"

"I don't know where to start nor what to start," was my honest reply.

"Write down what the ad makes you think of."

"It doesn't make me think of anything," I said after two more minutes, and this was literally the truth.

The more I tried to use my imagination on this subject, the less it would work, and when the professor announced that the five minutes were up, the only writing on the pad was the string of *o's* by which I had tried out the fountain pen.

The professor interrupted Mr. Burfield, who had started to say something in a disgusted tone of voice: "Imagination, Mr. Burfield, is a psychological gift present in us all. Whatever he may think about it, Mr. Ennis here has imagination just like everybody else. It is only a question of its cultivation."

"In that case he had better start right in cultivating his gift," said Mr. Burfield in a hard-boiled voice, "because you have convinced me, professor, that what we need in this office is men of imagination and vision, and if we can't

With a Sudden Burst of Constructive Imagination I Replied as Follows: "Yes, Willa, I Have Solved the Problem"

develop them from the material we have, we will pick them where they are already developed. That will do, Ennis, but kindly remember, the fact that you are hard-working and put your money in savings-bank account doesn't mean that your present job is cinched. From now on when your imagination clamors to be heard, listen to it. Our entire force is to be reorganized and when the smoke of battle clears away, I hope, Ennis I *hope* you will still be with us."

II

"WHAT is the matter with you?" asked Willa that evening. "As your fiancée I demand to know why you keep muttering tick-tock, tick-tock. My best explanation is that somebody has hypnotized you and now you think you are a timepiece. Have you any idea what I was saying when you tick-tocked last?"

"You were saying," I answered, thinking quick, "that our joint building fund had now reached nine hundred and eighty dollars and would blossom like a rose in June, if I only got that raise." Then I added, "Tick-tock, tick-tock."

"There you go again, Jasper. It is time to tell all. Who hit you and with what?"

Concealment being of no further use, I now gave a full account of what had happened in Mr. Burfield's office.

"It is hopeless to dope out employers," she said when I had finished. "Probably they act the way they do because they were born like that. If Mr. Burfield, whose looks suggest he has as much imagination as a truckload of pig-iron, wants to make his help imaginative, quite probably he will; though in your case I fear he will be doing the wrong thing."

"How so, Willa?"

"Some people, Jasper, are helped by a dose of imagination; others are not. Like most of my male relatives, you belong to the second class. My grandfather in the South let his imagination run away with him in the case of Confederate money. My father might have saved something out of the wreck if he hadn't been persuaded that he had enough imagination to select winning race horses. And I took to you from the first, Jasper, because as nearly as I could make out, you had no imagination at all. If I were you I think I should let Mr. Burfield do his own tick-tocking and, if necessary, I should hunt another job. A man who can see straight and act on what he sees will often qualify for a pay envelope where an imagination king will get the gate. That is the way Sweetie's brain tick-tocks."

Fifteen minutes later we had practically quarreled, with the result that I left the house two hours earlier than intended and, considerably disheartened both by the imagination test and by Willa, began walking down one street after another.

Absorbed with my own thoughts, sometimes wondering whether I ought not to go back and ask Willa's pardon and sometimes trying to figure out what that personal ad meant, I was startled when a cultured but hard-boiled voice behind me said, "Well, well, Mr. Ennis; this is an evening conducive to the mental processes, is it not?"

It was Professor Smith who had thus addressed me and, without waiting for my response, he continued, "I have just left Mr. Burfield after giving him a private conference on the means of developing those qualities in us which make for a healthy constructive imagination—an imagination that enables us to realize our possibilities."

"Oh, is that so?" I said. "Good enough."

"Yes, Mr. Ennis, and remember we should distinguish between the lachrymose neurotic imagination that does no good to anybody and the sane imagination that builds for a realizable future. Now, for instance, look at that office building across the street and then, closing your eyes, see if you can imagine a vast establishment occupying the entire second floor." Closing eyes as directed, I was pleased to observe that after a couple of minutes I was able to imagine this without difficulty.

"That is splendid, Mr. Ennis. I have proved to you that you have a constructive imagination; you see possibilities. It is only a question of proper development. Now take the next step. Imagine yourself as the general manager, and the entire office on the floor working under your direction."

It took me a little longer to get all this, but was finally gratified to arrive at point where I could see myself bawling out one of my employes for coming late.

When I recounted this last detail to the professor, he said in a pleased voice, "What did I tell you! All you need is practice. Now try this: Close your eyes again and imagine that your vast enterprise not only pays you a big salary but also permits you to help those who have not been so successful in life. Do you see yourself, Mr. Ennis, a success financially, and in addition, a philanthropist of the highest type?"

I was imagining all this clearer and clearer when a nudge in the ribs made me open my eyes. Along the sidewalk a girl was advancing, turning her head from right to left as though she had lost something.

"A little imagination is what she needs," whispered the professor. "She must have dropped her purse when she was powdering her nose before the mirror in that show window."

Such had been the fact, as a glance in front of the store window proved; and walking to the spot, I picked up the purse in question just as the girl came opposite.

"I beg your pardon," I said in a polite way, "but is this what you lost?"

"Oh, thank you," she responded in a timid voice, at the same time extending her hand a little way as if afraid I might slap same. "Thank you. Yes, that is it." As she said this she looked at me and I had the opportunity to observe her face, which was the sweetest and saddest I had ever seen, the eyes and mouth being especially lachrymose.

"Well, all's well that ends well," remarked the professor. "Lucky for you, young lady, that your purse was found by a self-respecting, honest citizen."

The girl's expression changed as rapidly as though the professor had hit her with a sharp stone. Huddling up and shrinking and crossing her hands in front of her chest, she said, in a voice that was probably meant to be disagreeable, but which to me was merely sad and pathetic, "I have no confidence in either of you, and if you want to know my true opinion, I believe you are merely a pair of despicable mashers. So there."

I could hardly believe my ears. But she had hardly finished when her expression, changing once more, became as at first except even more so.

Her eyebrows lifted in the middle, her eyelids closed, and reaching out her hands while tears ran down her cheeks, she said in a trembling voice, "Oh, forgive me; please forgive me. I spoke without thinking. I am truly grateful, and if I spoke as I did, it was because of my unfortunate nature, which makes it impossible for me to trust anybody. Please, please forgive me."

She stood there for a minute, the tears still rolling down her cheeks, then, turning, hurried down the street in the direction from which she had come.

As she rounded the corner and while I was still blowing my nose, the professor laughed brutally, "As a pathological case that certainly takes the brown derby."

(Continued on Page 55)

Dropping Her Arms From the Professor's Neck, She Said, "Do You Mean You are Willing to Trust Me in the Same Way?"

ÆSTHETICS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE celebrated senator had a lot of white waistcoat that hit on red-and-blue bunting of a barrier around the speaker's stand when he leaned forward to puff a sentence at the crowd. Lupus felt that these impacts should make some sort of noise, but the big man kept roaring so vehemently and musically through the heat that his stomach's collisions with the draped rail were not audible. But it was very interesting. Lupus dangled his legs from the window sill above Judd's drug store and watched this eloquent being comfortably. Certainly nine-tenths of Couveris and the county had jammed Iroquois Street for the pageant and the unveiling of the new monument. Lupus looked down on wet necks rising from damp blue and white shirts, on female blouses moistened at the shoulder so that pink flesh showed through their tissues, and he thought how funny a crowd looked from above.

"A great wave of spurious criticism," the speaker bawled, "has engulfed the country, attacking our instytootions, our past and our present!"

Lupus blinked, and turned his head to see whether his wife was smiling. It seemed that this wasn't just the way to pronounce institutions, and Mary was smiling.

"I guess the fella ain't educated good," Lupus whispered, getting hold of her hand.

"Sh-h-h! He's charming, Lupus."

"He's got an awful pod on him," said Lupus. "Bet he weighs two hundred fifty, Mary."

"But he has a beautiful mind," Mary murmured. "I think it's the best Fourth of July speech I ever heard."

Beyond her Mr. Van Eck spat into his red silk handkerchief and purred, "Dumber'n I ever heard. Your woman's bein' sarcastic, boy."

"I know 'at, pop. I'm gettin' wiser every day. Bein' married again," Lupus explained, "is good for me."

Mary brushed some loops of hair back into the masses about her ears and said, "Sh-h! Listen to this eloquence, Lupus! I think he's hypnotized Caro. Look!"

Lupus hunted the muddle of the crowd and saw his son Carolus sitting with three other aborigines on the limb of a tree that lanced out close to the platform. Carolus had just been the most distinguished member of the Indian tribe which began the parade of the Couveris pageant. Everybody admired the kid stalking ahead of the other lads and young men down Iroquois Street. Now Carolus was straddling the dark limb of the maple and his amber legs glowed between streaks of colored paints. His funny headdress of fur, horns and feathers dulled his face, but you could see that he was giving the Western senator his full attention.

"If this country," the orator declared, thudding his waistcoat on the railing, "is to stand for the ideals it has cherished since Washin'ton resigned himself to the cold embrace of death, it cannot afford to listen to the criticisms of the discontented few. If the spirit of our ancestors ——"

Lupus got a cigarette out of his pocket and thought that Carolus was looking like a spirit of his ancestors. You couldn't get away from it. It was—well, distinguished to have Indian blood and to show it in your smooth, red skin and your eyes and hair. Carolus was the best-looking kid in town.

"The kid looked grand, I think," he yawned.

"Don't be so conceited," said Mary. "I think the Van Eck egoism is simply ferocious! Caro looks just like you and Rain-in-the-Face, and you know it!"

Mr. Van Eck said sleepily, "I don't mind, girl. Lupus is the best-lookin' out of the lot, but the Van Ecks have always been worth lookin' at. Carolus is a damn good-lookin' fella. I never seen nothin' in lookin' like a Greek god. Those Greek gods always look kind of dumb to me. The fella that's throwin' the discus looks like he'd die if he had to make a livin' with his head; and that Venus with no arms—hell!—a fella'd die if he seen her three times a day. All those Greek statues look dumb to me."

"A Great Wave of Spurious Criticism," the Speaker Bawled, "Has Engulfed the Country, Attacking Our Instytootions, Our Past and Our Present!"

Sidney Paramore stopped turning the leaves of a magazine and lightly said, "They're abstractions, Mr. Van Eck. They were an expression of a racial ideal of symmetry and they weren't meant to look intelligent. They were to express an esthetic. They were decorative emblems of the national taste in its most dignified form. Of course, they look dumb. That's the trouble with abstractions. I'm waiting to see if the war monument will be an abstraction or a realism, and then I'm going home to lunch. I wish this flood of *clichés* would stop."

"What's *clichés*, Sid?" Lupus asked.

"Stale expressions, Injun," the slim gray man said, smiling. He got out of his chair and strolled up the photographer's gallery to glance past Mr. Van Eck's blue shirt, toward the orator. "The monument looks pretty bulky. I hope it's not more than three figures. By the way, who did it?"

Mr. Van Eck spat absently into the street and drawled, "Dunno, Sid. They got up the subscription last fall an' the mayor made himself a committee of one to go to New York an' git us a monument. I bet it'll be grand."

Pop was being sarcastic, Lupus knew, because his voice seemed to be asleep in his throat and his narrow bronze face was motionless around his mouth. Pop was somehow tremendous today, although he was coatless and his faded blue shirt hung open all down his tough breast, and one white chicken feather clung to the brass ring at the end of his wooden peg that replaced the leg left in Cuba in 1898. But he was dreadfully imposing.

"It's awfully sad," Paramore said, "and it's the result of living abroad for two years; but I don't know who the mayor of Couveris, New York, is, just now."

"Nate Cotton, Siddy," Mr. Van Eck purred. "The feller that runs the furniture store beside the post office. That's him beside this howlin' wolf on the platform, next to Mattie Dodd."

Lupus examined Nate Cotton past the branches of two trees, and thought that the mayor was swollen today. He was a skinny fellow, but some emotion had puffed him up and his face glistened below his pinkish hair in a proud fashion. He was not the Nate Cotton of weekdays, sitting now among the grandees and politely fanning little Mrs. Dodd with a palm leaf.

"He sells frightful furniture," Paramore reflected. "I tried to find a typewriter desk in his place on Saturday. Everything that wasn't a dollar's worth of pine painted to look like bad Louis Seize was something in cheap walnut with lumps and bad ornaments on it."

"Thank the Lord," Mr. Van Eck drawled, "near everything out in our house was made before the Rebellion. I bet the bed in the spare room's the one old Peter Van Eck an' his Injun woman slep' in, back in the Rev'lution, when he was home from chasin' the British, or them chasin' him."

"Sachem," said Mary, "you mustn't be discontented and indulge in spurious criticism of your country's institutions."

"You're too sassy for a preacher's widder, girl. I'm more patriotic than most. I busted up the biggest bar in Saratoga in '92, when a fella from New York said that Lord Salisbury made a better speech than Grover Cleveland did. Never heard either of 'em speak, but I could be awful patriotic on three fingers of bourbon when Lupus was in diapers. Gimme a cig'rette, Lupus. . . . Hey, he's stopped talking!"

The Western statesman was bowing his stomach to the rails as the crowd applauded him. Lupus hoped that nobody would ever ask him what he thought of this speech, because he hadn't heard much of it. The only speech he had ever really listened to was some words of his colonel when the regiment broke up one morning on Long Island in 1919, and there hadn't been much of that. He recollected that the colonel hoped the regiment would think kindly of their year in France with him, and that was about all the old devil said. But the Western senator bowed and bowed and people clapped their hands. A prodigious smell of chewing gum, perfumes and sweat came up from the shifting bodies below Lupus, and over in the maple tree, Carolus stood on his branch with a heavier Indian balancing behind him. Then little Mrs. Dodd rose nervously from the chair on the platform and someone handed her a long silken rope. Three gold stars in a line on her black dress glittered nervously, and she nervously began to pull on the rope. A stark white sheet draping the new monument stirred back of the platform and the hidden bandsmen lifted The Star-Spangled Banner's first bars through the other noises. All at once Lupus felt silly and hot down his

back, because the sun glowed on all the flags and the red courthouse across the square had a head in every window And then the covering slipped from the monument and, behind Lupus, pop's stick grated on the floor.

"There she is," said Sidney Paramore

Lupus ground a fist on his ear and looked at a brown woman—bronze, she must be—in a kind of nightgown who was holding up a crumpled young doughboy. The doughboy had been hit somewhere and had torn open his shirt as he reeled back on the woman's arm. But he had thrown away his helmet and some of his belts, and that puzzled Lupus. But the woman's face was more puzzling, because she looked upward and beyond the curly metal of the boy's head. She really seemed to be looking at Carolus Van Eck, 2d, in the maple tree. Carolus had drawn in his legs and was squatting on the bough. Well, Carolus was inordinately cultured for an eighteen-year-old. Probably he knew what to think of this monument. Lupus did not know what to think. He looked timidly left at his wife and then squinted over his shoulder at Sidney Paramore, who'd been to Harvard and to some college in France when he was young. Then he looked back at the statue. It had cost ten thousand dollars; one thousand came from pop's bank account—price of a fine roan colt. So this was the monument! Tiny, among the standing men on the platform, Mrs. Dodd was still foolishly holding the silken rope. The band stopped playing The Star-Spangled Banner.

Mary

"Gee," said Lupus, "I think that's lousy!"

His wife gasped, "Oh, darling!"

"Well," Lupus said, "I do!" He was thirty-seven years and one month old and she was only twenty-nine, no matter how good her grammar might be. He wasn't going to let her walk on him. "I think it's rotten. There ain't any sense to it. Go on an' tell me I'm a barbarian or sumpin."

Sidney Paramore clapped his shoulder and said, "You've got the makings of a critic in you, Injun! It's abysmal! It's the quintessence of department-store art. . . . I say, Mrs. Lupus, who's responsible?"

Mary drawled, "The mayor. A few people tried to suggest that a committee ought to help him, but the aldermen made him a committee of one. I suppose it's just what we might have expected."

"Sure," Lupus said. "Nate Cotton's a fool. Always was. He was in my class at high school till I got expelled. He's as dumb as I am."

"My word," Paramore murmured, "think of it! Maverty had that thing at a show—some kind of charity bazaar—back in 1920. He called it Consolation, or Victory, or something, then. I remember getting a headache from looking at it. . . . Notice the draperies. Every fold straight from the best museums. Look at "

Mr. Van Eck asked drowsily, "You say this muss was in an exhibition back in 1920, Siddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dead sure?"

Paramore leaned past Lupus and stared at the glowing lady who seemed to be simpering at the Indians in the tree. A slow, colored movement began on the street; people went forward past the maple and the platform to look. Men were pulling coats together primly as they climbed the steps of the stage to shake hands with the senator; a leaf vibrated high in the heat and its shadow waltzed on the dying doughboy's nose.

"Gee," said Lupus, "that's a sick statue!"

Sid Paramore drew back and said, "Yes. It's the one Maverty showed in 1920. I've an excellent memory for bad statues. This is the same one. Why!"

"Then this town," Mr. Van Eck drawled, "has paid ten thousand dollars for a stale piece of fancy goods this sculpturer was tryin' to sell back then! I like that. That's interestin'. Well," he went on casually, having spat, "I see that Mattie Dodd's fainted. She would. You git a woman that lost three sons in a war an' have her unveil a statuary that looks like a label on a beer bottle an' the best thing she could do is to faint. Roos Dodd ain't ever been even to high school, but he can do drawin's of things that are worth ten of this contraption."

Mrs. Dodd had decently fallen on her face between two camp stools. The men on the platform became funny images of surprise, beings frozen and sprinkled with frothy shadows from the tree. A fellow dressed as a Revolutionary soldier was halfway up the steps before anybody really moved. This was Roosevelt Dodd, the tiny woman's last son. Lupus hadn't seen him in the parade of costumed folk, but he knew him now by an awkward, pitching stride. Then everything muddled up on the platform and the maple bough quivered as the Indians craned to see. After a minute Carolus Van Eck, 2d, dropped, with a flash of beads and paint, into the midst of dark coats, and Lupus flushed happily.

"The kid's goin' to help. Thing is to get her out of there! People always act like such fools when anybody faints."

"Who is the woman?" Paramore asked.

"Aw, you wouldn't know her, Sid. Their place is in back of ours, over the creek. Kinda hard-luck story. Dodd and his boys got this place—it was the old Perkinson farm. Goin' smooth after they bought it. Then Dodd died an' the boys went in the Army a year before he died, an' there ain't anybody but Roos—he's still a kid—to run the place. They made out somehow. They're doin' all right now, but they had a bad time! Lucky pop owned the mortgage. Hey, pop, I bet they still owe you five or six hundred back interest, huh?"

"Your father," said Paramore, "left us some time ago."

Mary mentioned, still watching the muddle on the platform, "It's so awful marrying into an Indian tribe, Mr. Paramore. They vanish, or they come around a tree just when you're fixing a garter or powdering a mosquito bite. . . . They're bringing her down. And there's Rain-in-the-Face. . . . Lupus, the Dodds haven't a car, have they?"

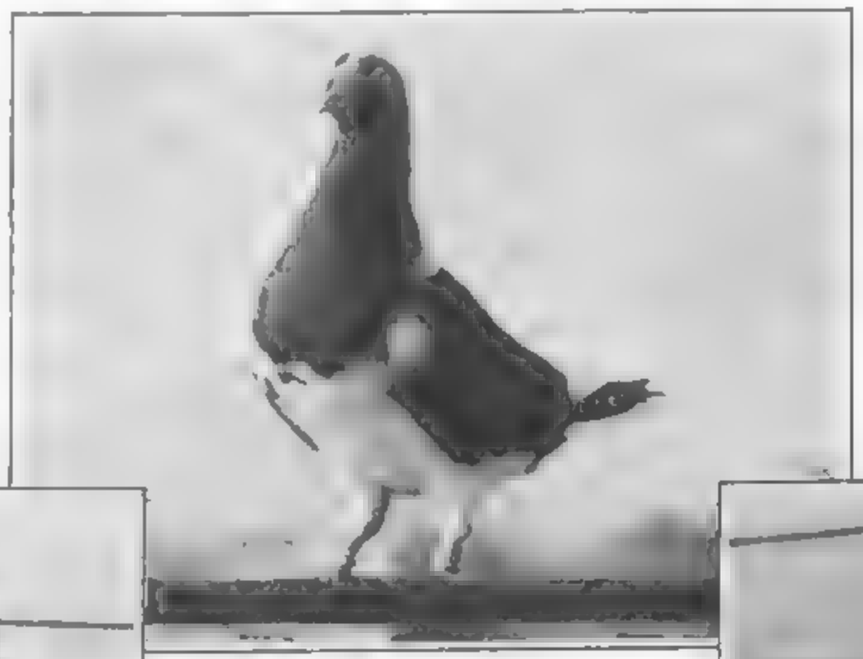
Lupus for one second admired pop's black head and blue shirt worming steadily toward the bottom of the steps among gaping people. Then he said, "'At's right," and made for the dirty stair. The big Van Eck machine was packed into an alley beside this building, and just as

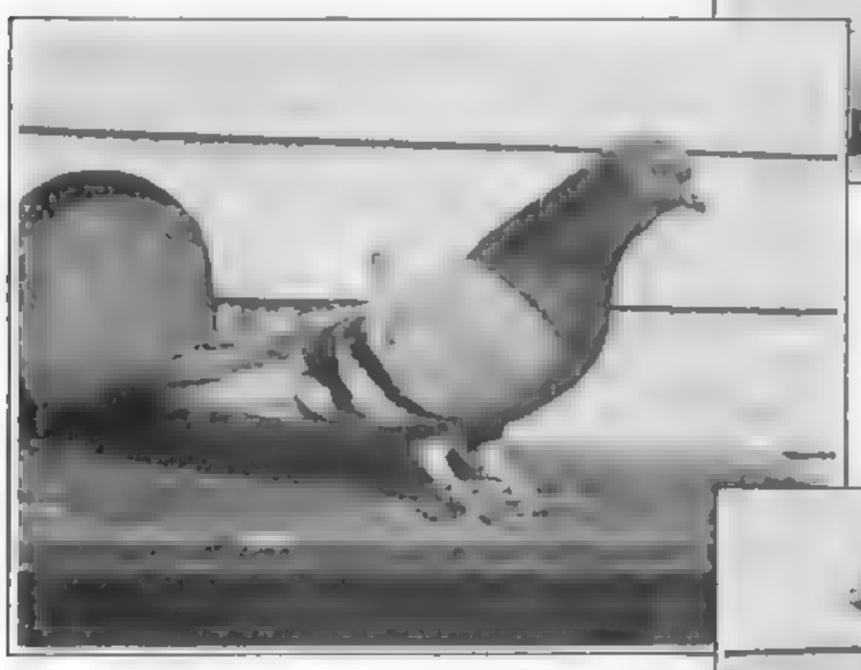
(Continued on Page 141)

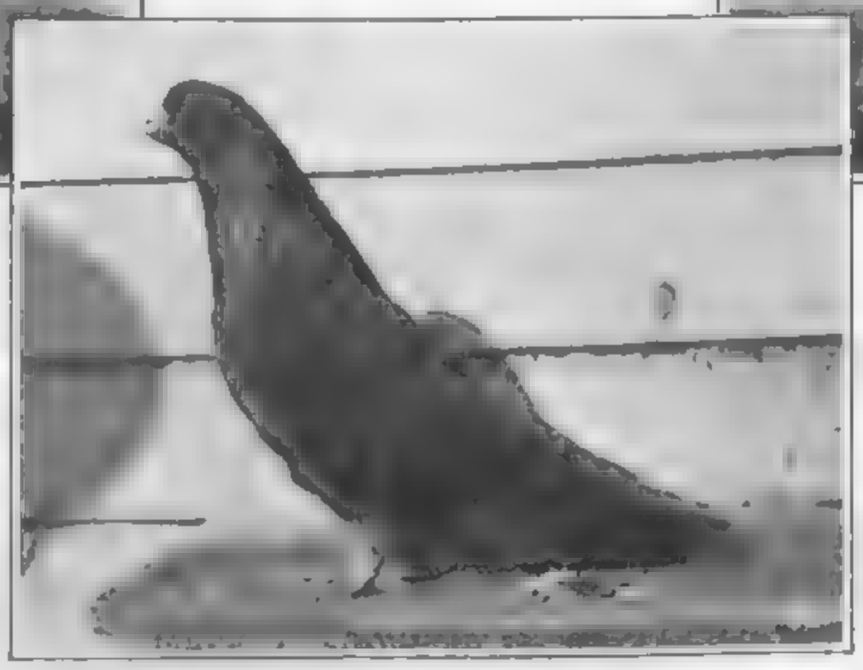
"Here, Red, What's This Intuition Thing?"

HOW COME PIGEONS?

By Coles Phillips







TYPES OF SQUABS PRODUCED ON MR. PHILLIPS' PIGEON FARM

Above—Hungarian
At Left—Silver King
At Right—White King
Below—Solid Red Carneaux

"THIS child wants pigeons for his birthday present." It was my mother speaking to my father.

"Why pigeons?"

That was the first time I had heard the question, but for thirty years more or less I have been trying to answer it. I am trying to do so now.

The above conversation preceded by a day my eighth birthday anniversary. It resulted in a carriage trip to the shop of a carpenter near my school. At large in the shop, among shavings and lumber and unfinished window frames and things, were three pigeons. They belonged to the son of the carpenter—Butch Yonkers, a boy in my grade at school. I had sat with Butch in the shop and watched them every afternoon after school since the term had begun that fall. Butch didn't want to sell them, but Butch's father, the carpenter, couldn't seem to cultivate much of a taste for them. They were for sale, and ten cents each was the consideration.

I acquired them and took them home, and no possession I have ever had since has given me so much pleasure. They were named at once Bill, Belle and John. Bill was pure white, big, bold and blustering, while Belle and John were a pair, blue, with black bars and wonderful iridescent necks. In my innocence I had provided the eternal triangle, and poor quiet John was the victim.

On my birthday the gardener and I built for them a cote, which we placed on the roof of the garden house where tools and lawn mowers and hose and such things were kept. It had little windows and a little door with a white porcelain knob.

Bill was a tyrant. I had clipped one wing of each bird, for the carpenter's boy had told me that they would not fly away if I did that. They lived and were fed and watered on the roof of the garden house, but life was scarcely worth the living to John. Bill took his wife away from him and then bullied him unmercifully. There was just one spot in which John was allowed to stay unmolested, and that was not a desirable spot from a pigeon point of view.

A Thrill That Can't be Equaled

BILL seemed to say to Belle, as they sat on the top of their box, "I abhor the sight of that John. I think I'll hunt him up and paste him a few just for luck." Belle was indifferent to the whole matter. John was, after all, a mean-spirited fellow, she seemed to consider, and it served him right.

Bill was her idea of a real pigeon. Bill would thereupon run John round and round the roof until John finally took refuge in his sanctuary—an exposed perch under the eaves. By and by all Bill had to do was to make a threatening motion and John would make for this perch—a poor, cowed, broken-spirited thing.

I felt immensely sorry for John, but I didn't know how to help matters. Even if it had occurred to me to get him a mate, I didn't know where to find any more pigeons. I got up early and watched them, and I hurried home after school and watched them, and I learned about pigeons. After a time the stumps of their cut feathers dropped out and new feathers one by one replaced the stumps. They began making trips to the ground and ended by flying clear to the roof of the house. John disappeared. I hunted for John all over the ground and the neighborhood, and I grieved for him, but he never came back.

Bill and Belle served me a scurvy trick. They selected a place in the angle of the brick laundry and the kitchen just under the eaves, and became totally inaccessible to me. Strange moaning sounds came from this recess for several days, and then Bill busied himself carrying little sticks from under the oak trees one by one to Belle, hidden within the recess. He was at it for days, ending up by bringing straws one at a time from the barn 100 yards away.

For weeks after this I never saw the two birds together, when one morning Belle appeared with an egg shell in her beak which she dropped on the ground. The next day I found another one, and the two halves would not fit together. They had hatched two little ones.

It was almost more than I could bear not to see those youngsters. What color would they be? By and by piping noises came from the recess, and one fine morning two newcomers poked their funny heads out. One was pure white like Bill, and the other blue. You fellows who have sold your first painting or story, or bought your first car, don't know what a real thrill is.

When I bought my home in the country one neighbor asked another, "What is that strange-looking thing Mr. Phillips is building in his back garden?"

"Well, I don't know, but I was told that it is for pigeons; but it scarcely seems possible."

"Pigeons? Why pigeons?"

This was for racing pigeons—homers they are called by fanciers, and carriers by the laity. They are the athletes of the pigeon world—birds which, properly trained, will fly 500 or 600 miles in the day without stopping for food or water, and unless the weather is bad, look no different from what they did when they left the loft.

There are three national associations of homing pigeon fanciers in this country, one of which boasts 4798 members, and the two others are not far behind this number. Amalgamation has been discussed for years, but has not been brought about as yet. All sorts of men make up the membership of these associations—college professors, ministers, millionaires and laborers. They have their annual conventions, which are very largely attended and last for about a week. There are nine magazines published dealing exclusively with pigeons, all of which have their racing-pigeon departments, and four of which deal with these athletes alone.

Clocking the Racers

THERE are immense concourse races held every spring and fall, where all the clubs within a radius of some prescribed distance such as fifty miles combine and fly a series of races. It is not unusual to have 6000 entries in these races—6000 carefully conditioned birds liberated at sunup in some little town in the Carolinas, with the task before them of making their lofts in Westchester, Long Island or Jersey before darkness comes again. With any sort of weather they will do it with ease. With any sort of luck they will fly from Pensacola, Florida, in several days. They are sent in special cars in specially constructed shipping crates holding about forty birds each. Two experienced liberators go with them to care for them and see that they get away to an even start.

There are all sorts of races—derbies, team races, futurity races and match races. There are frequently big money prizes for the winners, and there are all manner of pools—bird pools, loft pools and auction pools. I have known of match races for $5000 a side.

I hear someone asking how a man in Jersey can fly against a man in Westchester County—one bird might have eighty miles farther to fly than the other. That is true; but the awards are made on what is called yardage—that is, yards per minute over the distance. Each man's distance is accurately surveyed from his loft to the points of liberation. A timing machine is used which must contain the secret countermark taken from the returned racer before the clock is started, or, if it be of another make, punched. The presence in the clock of the rubber countermark, with its hidden secret number known only to the race secretary, is incontrovertible proof that the bird arrived at his loft. The time the clock has been running—it will not start until the countermark is placed within and locked in—subtracted from the time of day, gives the time of arrival of the bird. There are various kinds of clocks, but the variety described is the simplest to explain.

Pigeon racing is a wonderful sport. I am certain we get out of it every thrill that the breeder and racer of Thoroughbreds gets, without the big investment and the heavy

expense. The pedigree of a thoroughbred racing pigeon is one of the most elaborate things you ever looked at. I have had them in my pedigree book running back forty generations. They make the pedigrees of most race horses look like those of upstarts. You must bear in mind that your bird athlete begins to make records when he is six months old and that you get a new generation every year. He can, barring accidents, give as good an account of himself in his eighth racing year as he did as a yearling.

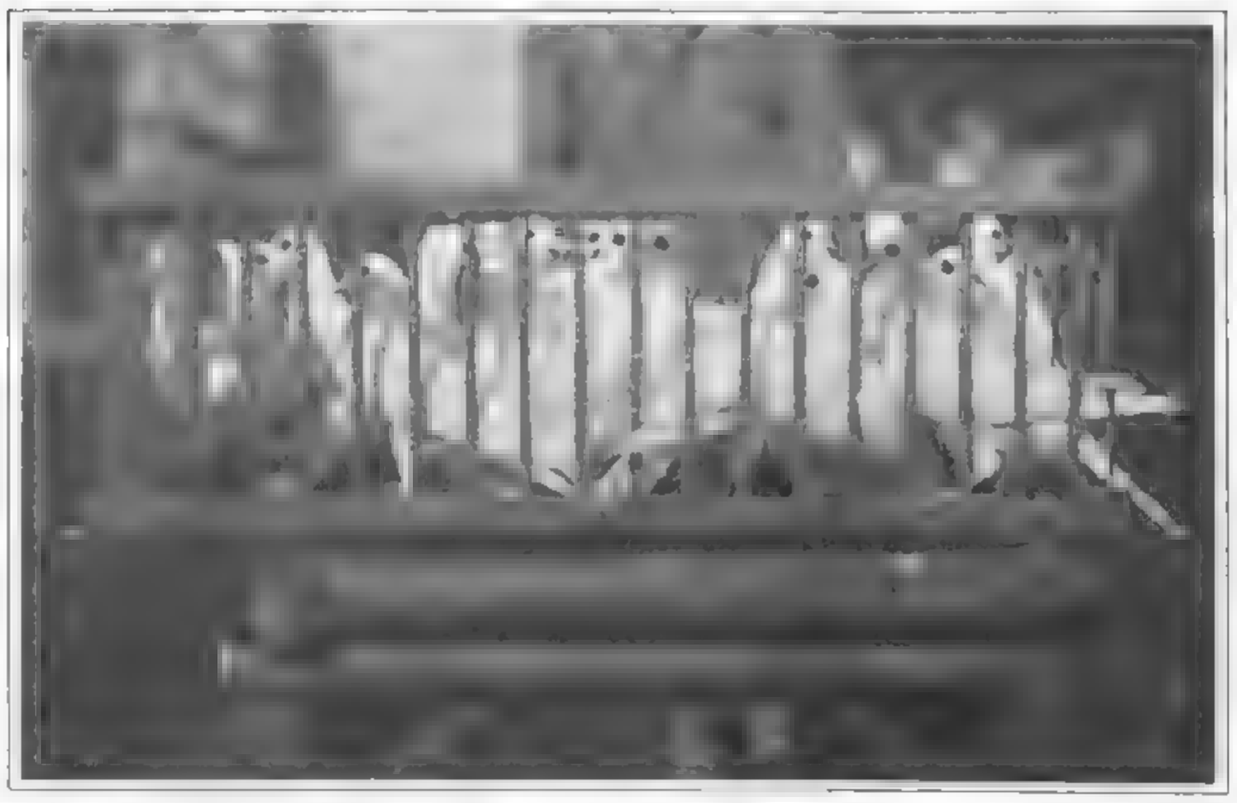
Again, your racing pigeon is extremely intelligent. If he isn't he'll never come home. He must pick out his course, exercise his memory, avoid hawks. Perhaps this territory he is passing over was sunlight and shadow when he saw it a year ago. Today it is gray and misty and landmarks are obscured by the falling rain. It looks totally different and he must fly low and keep his wits about him. It is always the smart bird that makes the winner, never by any chance the stupid one. The stupid ones get lost at the first or second training toss, unless you are a stupid trainer and liberate your birds in a flock, so that the smart ones guide the dumb ones home.

Most race horses, on the other hand, I am told, are often crazy, and some of them certainly look it in the eye. How many races could be run without men to guide the horses, even around a fenced-in track? The horse races for five minutes, the pigeon for fourteen hours at a stretch. The horse would run in the wrong direction if you gave him a chance. He doesn't know a single thing but to run somewhere, anywhere, as fast as he can until he is exhausted.

What a Racing Pigeon Must Know

FURTHERMORE, I'll gamble that it is a tougher job to condition a team of birds than it is to train a stable of horses—not more physical labor, but requiring more headwork. To begin with, a bird must be taught the course, and he must be taught to trap instantly when he reaches home. The bird on your roof is no good to you; you must have his countermark, and in order to get that you must have the bird in your hands. This bird must be caught, in other words; and although two seconds may make the difference, if the race is a fast one, between first place and twenty-first, you must move slowly and quietly and handle your bird very gently. Get excited and rough and your fast bird is ruined as a racer. He'll remember all of it when he returns from the next race, and he will enter the loft only when he is certain you aren't there.

In addition to this he must be pointed for the particular race in which he is expected to shine, and allowance must be made for the two or three days he must spend in the shipping crates. There is the rub. It is a cinch to condition a bird for a race, but how to prepare him so that three days in a jolting express car—where maybe he eats and drinks, and maybe he doesn't—will not hamper him and he will be in good enough condition to stand fourteen hours of straight flying—that is something else. It can be done, however; but it may take more concentration and the exercise of more judgment, patience and care than you have ever put into anything before in your whole lifetime. It is certain that no hit-or-miss methods will be of the least avail.



A Crate of 4-Months-Old White Kings, Ready for Shipment

For thirteen springs and thirteen falls consecutively I raced pigeons. I read and studied every treatise on the subject I could procure, both here and abroad. Each year I went deeper—laws of heredity, Mendelism—these things engrossed me. It was comparatively simple to breed any one thing at a time, but three things were necessary: Intelligence, homing instinct—a love of home—and physical perfection. The first two are in no sense one. A pigeon may be so intelligent that he refuses to extend himself. Many a wise old bird takes his own sweet time and comes in a day late, looking as fresh as a daisy. He is useless except for the 1000-mile race, when the bird that can forage for himself and conserve his energy is the winner.

My winter evenings were spent plotting out huge heredity charts and tracing pedigrees. During the summers I carried out experiments in breeding. Like does not beget like to any reliable degree in the science of breeding winners.

My biggest money winner, Safety—ten minutes better than any bird in the loft at any distance—never bred a good one. The Day Hen, six times 500 miles on the day of toss, on the other hand never bred a bad one and I bred her for seven years, each year with a different cock. The Day Hen was Safety's aunt.

Take your two best birds—one cock and one hen—and out of eight youngsters bred you will get possibly one good one. Almost from the first I worked on the theory that if all my birds were dependable, sooner or later I could breed a fast one The difficulty was first to obtain the dependable birds. The best birds of other fanciers were not for sale, and if they had been they would not have flown to my loft, but to the lofts of those men who had bred and raced them. How was I to do it then? I bought youngsters of good blood and paid well for them. These I trained by gradual stages—one, two, five, ten, twelve, fifteen and twenty-five miles—when they were about three months old. My purpose was twofold: To gain experience myself and to lose any stupid ones. As a matter of fact, I dropped five out of the forty at distances from five to twenty-five miles.

I had discarded eleven more by spring. Homing pigeons are separated in the winter. The cocks occupy one loft and the hens another. They are exercised at different hours, and it is even better if they do not see one another.

Homing Birds That Failed to Home

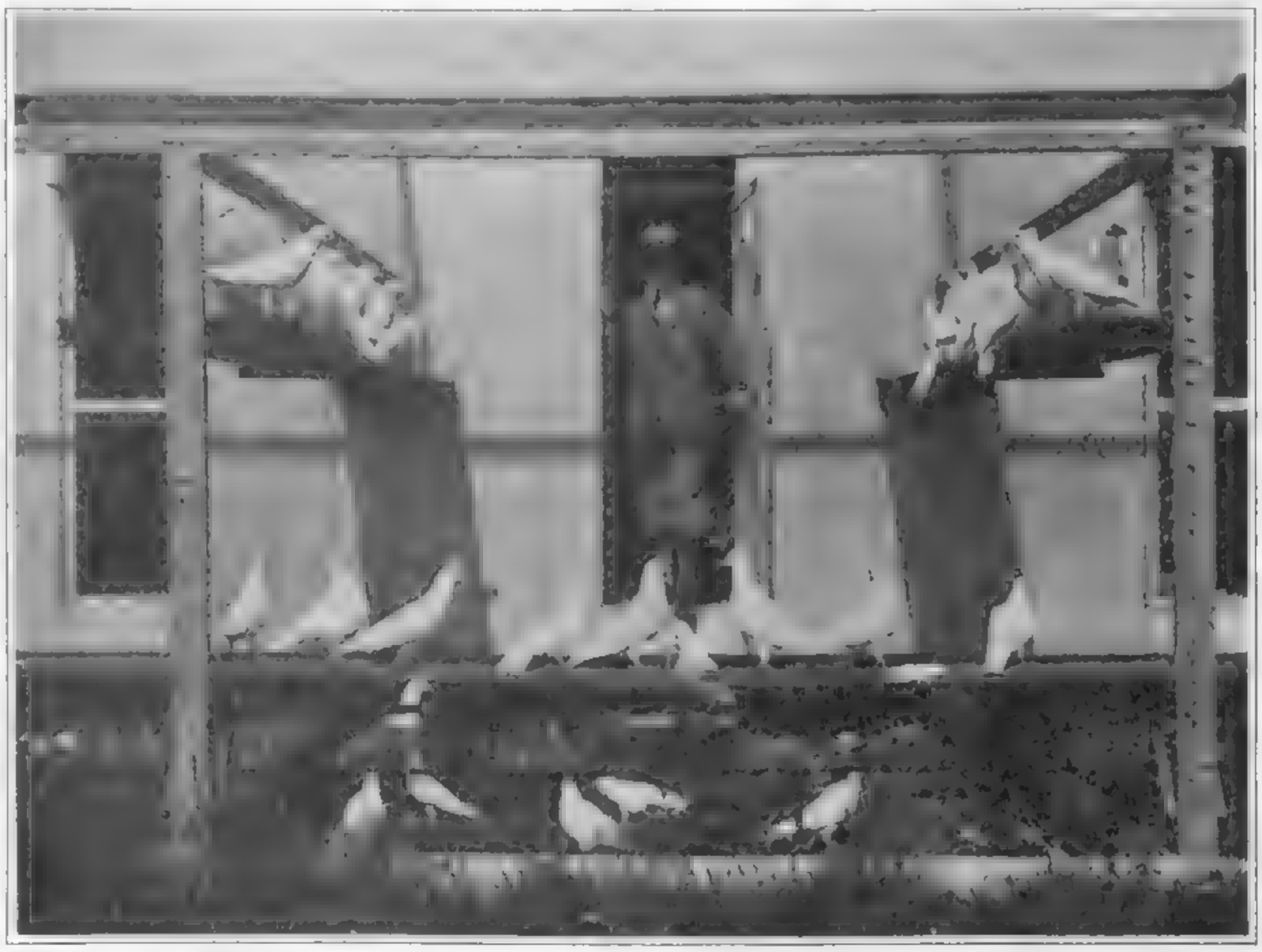
WHEN Washington's Birthday came I mated up our birds in the homing fancy. My twelve pairs of breeders produced splendid-looking youngsters, but as to how they would perform nobody could tell. They were exercised faithfully, night and morning, and taught to trap instantly when they alighted. This is easy. They are hungry when they go for their fly, and the first one in gets the pick of the feed. They know from experience that there is no use trying to get in until they are called. So after a time they cease trying. When these youngsters return from an hour's steady flying they burst through the trap like a mountain cataract, and sixty birds will be on the floor of the loft in fifteen seconds. This is as it should be.

Our club had a training fly that year. It was held a week before the first race, and was from the 100-mile point Philadelphia. Everybody sent his full team for the experience. My team of sixty went along and my best wishes went with them. The day for the liberation dawned dark and drizzly. It was nearing the autumnal equinox. We telegraphed the express agent at Philadelphin to hold the birds over. Feed had been provided. Back came the answer:

BIRDS UP AT SIX N A M WEATHER FAIR EAST WIND

All day long we sat in our various lofts, waiting and hoping On a clear day the birds would have been home in two hours. At five P. M. not a bird had been reported in. At 5.30 eight tired birds made the grade. Six of them were mine, and, of the six, four were bred from one pair. Six out of sixty, and it quickly grew dark and there was no more chance that night.

(Continued on Page 134)



A Pen of White Kings on the Phillips Farm. There are Thirty Pairs of Breeders in Each Pen

OUT, IN AND ON

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

He Poised Himself Above the Ball in This Moment of Crisis, Studied the Line Carefully But Briefly, and Gave His Ball a Firm, Deliberate Tap

IN A PLEASANT white house at the rear of a smooth green lawn, with geraniums here and there and boxwood shrubs in pot-bellied bowls, two young persons sat at breakfast and discussed the end of the world. One of them wept softly, dabbed the tears away at intervals and railed impotently at the cruel heel of fate which was about to crush them.

The weeper was Rosalie, who was pretty and young and two years the wife of the cold-hearted, rosy-faced fellow who sat across from her and grinned at her word pictures of despair.

"It isn't as bad as you think," said Dave, the two-year husband. "This isn't going to kill anybody."

"Oh," said Rosalie, "how can you sit there and say that? How can you be so flippant, when everything we have in the world is lost?"

"Everything is not lost," David contended. "And I wish you would stop being a cry-baby."

"I am not crying," said Rosalie. "But it's too terrible, after the way we have worked and scrimped and denied ourselves everything to get this home. And you sit there and smoke cigarettes as calm as you please."

"Sure!" said Dave. "You want me to get a handkerchief and sob with you?"

He continued with obvious gusto to devour bacon and toast and to sip his coffee, smoke his cigarette and read the morning paper, just as though the universe was not bursting about his ears. He was a calm young husband, David was, with curly, blond hair, a pinkish countenance and inclined to be chubby. He was dressed in the standard uniform of a golf player. There was a healthy, cheerful, reliant something in his manner that survived, even in this hour of grave stress, with the guns of misfortune booming and the stormy seas driving their little bark upon the rocks.

Too, David was a fighter and a never-give-upper, which is something a real golfer learns to be; whereas Rosalie was lovely and girlish, a delight to the roving eye and a marvelous little woman about the house, but she was not a fighter. She was, if the truth must be told, the least little bit timid.

"You haven't any sporting blood," Dave often told her in her moments of maidenly panic, chuckling to take the curse off his comment. "You are a fraidy-cat, which in a man we would call yellow. Throw out your chest and be a woman."

Rosalie did not mind being called names by her husband, whom she adored beyond all in the world. "I may not have any sporting blood," she admitted, on this morning of black woe; "but I can look definite facts in the face, and it makes me miserable to lose everything we have after we worked so hard."

"Only two years," Dave retorted. "What's two years? Something is bound to happen, anyhow, so we haven't lost everything—yet."

"We have," persisted Rosalie. "We have lost all—our lovely house, our nice furniture and our poor little car."

"No," said Dave stoutly. "Anyhow, it's not a poor little car. It's a swell roadster."

"And to think," mourned the weak one, "the day after tomorrow they will come and take everything from us. I can see the men tearing the pictures off the wall. Then where shall we go? The poorhouse!" She squeezed back a dozen outbound tears.

"No," persisted Dave, still smoking calmly. "Buck up, sister. You are a female calamity howler. While there is life there is hope, and anything can happen between now and Monday."

Rosalie drank her coffee without tasting it, and grieved anew. She stared at her young husband and marveled that he could remain so serene in the face of these multifold disasters; and the worst of it was that tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and what a Christmas Day for the McCoy family!

"Heigh-ho!" said Dave finally, after having consumed a hearty breakfast. "I think I shall now go out and play a little golf."

"You would," said Rosalie, drying her tears by magic and bristling with indignation. "You would go and play golf today, of all days. If that isn't just like you, I want to know!"

"Sweet woman," said Dave, "what else is there a man can do on the day before Christmas?"

"Go right ahead," urged Rosalie. "Play your fiddle while Rome burns."

Regarding this as a dramatic curtain, she rose and swept into the tiny kitchen, where she began banging dishes about at a great rate. David grinned and examined his golf socks carefully, discovering the expected holes and finding he could conceal them by turning the tops down.

Now it is true that tragedy stalked abroad and the McCoy family was in dire straits. Nobody could deny that. Dave had recently lost his position as cashier for a large company manufacturing plaster board, for the simple reason that the firm had failed, closed its doors and gone to the wall. Three such jobs David had held, and three stout companies had folded their tents, leaving the young husband adrift. So it was not Dave's fault in any way.

The little white house was in danger, for there was the sum of three hundred dollars due the real-estate company on the day following Christmas. In fact the three hundred was long overdue and the jovial real-estate people had given Dave until the twenty-sixth of the month to pay up—"failing which," said the letter, "we shall be forced to take action of a drastic nature."

There was, too, the painfully new furniture, beginning with the pale-blue overstuffed davenport and winding up with the semi-Oriental rug and the piano lamp, all bought

with loving hands, paid for bit by bit, with much sacrifice and scrimping. One hundred dollars was due the furniture concern and had been due for weeks and weeks. Another hundred would have to be paid on the car, the beautiful gray roadster which Dave and Rosalie had purchased on the standard installment plan in the happy times of jobs and affluence.

The car, in particular, was the delight of their young lives. They guarded it tenderly. They swabbed it off with chamois and fine linen and polished away the tiniest spots after each rain, and it was a communal joke with the neighbors and a saying that when a person looked out a window, a person would be bound to see either Dave or Rosalie polishing the shiny roadster.

Wherefore the McCoy family paused upon the brink of disaster and Dave talked lightly of playing golf the day before Christmas, whilst Rosalie choked back her tears and waxed wrothy anew.

"That's the whole trouble with this family," she said, coming into the breakfast room and brandishing a dishrag at her youthful mate. "You and your fancy country clubs have just about ruined us. What mortal right have you to belong to a club, and us as poor as church mice?"

"No use going over all that again," answered David cheerily.

"There is! Acting like a young millionaire, belonging to private golf clubs—and one suit of clothes to your back."

"Well, it's a good suit. Very neat looking."

"If you loved me," protested Rosalie, commencing a long speech, which proceeded nowhere, because Dave arose and clasped the speaker in his arms, and once he did that, all her solid arguments dissolved into nothingness and her reproaches vanished like mist in the glittering sun. No lady can remain really angry with a gentleman who keeps kissing the words of accusation away as they form upon her ruby lips, and Rosalie gave up the job and ceased to be an indignant wife.

"The vital statistics show," David announced, with Rosalie upon his knee and smiling again, "that although we seem to be dead busted, we are not really so, but in fact are worth exactly thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars. That would be the present valuation of my future earnings, according to John Drum, the famous actuary of the Drum Actuarial and Statistics Corporation, of New York City."

"No!" said Rosalie, surprised.

"Yes, ma'am, figuring me at fifty a week, which is low. Then we must add you in, valuing your time, energy, love and devotion to the family at sixteen thousand four hundred dollars."

"Don't be foolish!"

"These are the actuarial figures, my dear, and no sane person disputes them. At noon today we are really worth forty-eight thousand nine hundred dollars, and by heavens, if we only had a rosy-cheeked four-month-old baby boy this minute, he would add eight thousand three hundred dollars, making a grand total of fifty-seven thousand two hundred dollars; and if the little shaver had a baby sister, she would increase our total wealth to sixty-three thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars; so please do not be downhearted, for these are the cold facts, right out of a large building in New York full of experts."

"Silly!" said Rosalie, laughing.

"And now," said Dave, removing his bride forcibly from his knee, "we will arrange our Christmas celebration. You buy a small tree and a couple of inexpensive gifts to keep in tune with the merry season and tonight we shall have a grand dinner and forget all our troubles and worries."

"On what?" asked Rosalie. "Tell me that!"

"I have here," said Dave, "the sum of fourteen dollars in good old cash. You shall have seven of it. Buy a small chicken, because I love roast chicken; and some trifling gifts, and a nice little tree with a few doodads; and we will pass out in a burst of Yuletide glory, let the chips fall where they may."

Rosalie accepted the seven dollars, or fishberries as they are quaintly termed in Chicago, and started to look plaintive again, thinking of the calamity ahead. She suddenly corrected herself and smiled.

"Things are bound to come out all right," prophesied Davy, "and you'll have to admit I'm no loafer, Rosalie. I'm a worker. I've looked high and low for a job. The last one exploded under me, and the one before that; and you know yourself there is no use looking for work on the day before Christmas. Everyone is buying gifts and the offices downtown are deserted." Rosalie nodded. "So I may as well dash out and play a little golf. Do me a world of good. Take my mind off things."

"You are right, Dave," she said heartily. "And you are a splendid husband. We're having our hard luck now, but it will change some day. I shall cook you a chicken dinner for tonight."

"That's the idea."

"But don't gamble," warned Rosalie.

"With what?" he asked, grinning. And so, with a rattling and banging of golf clubs in the leather bag and a farewell kiss, David put on his cap and climbed into the saucy roadster, which would be taken from him come Monday, and rushed off to the country club, his one notable extravagance.

Rosalie paused beside the boxwood bowl on the veranda and waved at her departing spouse, smiling bravely while he was in sight. She then wept again. The loveliness of the smooth front lawn and the shining roadster were too much, for it would be terrible to lose them on Monday, and go they would Monday, without a doubt in the world. And David looked so nice and prosperous in his gray golf suit with the black-and-white socks and the rubber-soled shoes. Mrs. Mulqueen came out of her house and said good morning to the disconsolate wife. Mrs. Mulqueen was the next-door neighbor, and her husband was a large man with a red face who looked as if he might take a drink.

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Mulqueen. "Your husband always seems to be going out to play golf."

Rosalie looked dignified and tilted her chin slightly. "Well," she said, "he might do a lot of worse things than that, Mrs. Mulqueen."

She turned abruptly and went about the day's doings, and presently was arguing over the telephone with the butcher, which is the one thing guaranteed to make a lady forget her other griefs. By noon she had the tree and the gifts, a silk handkerchief and a pair of slippers for Dave and a bottle of perfume and a box of candy for herself; and soon the Christmas chicken came along and turned out to be a fine plump chicken. The seven dollars slowly melted.

On his way to the golf course, David paused and invested one dollar of his seven with a gentleman in the gasoline industry and was on his journey, whistling a merry tune, but not any too merry in his heart; for laugh as he

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"And to Think," Mourned the Weak One, "the Day After Tomorrow They Will Come and Take Everything From Us," She Squeezed Back a Dozen Outbound Tears

EXPLORATION

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

"I Love Luxury. I Can't Afford It. I Exchange My Wits for It"

MILDRED LACEY-SMITH leaned her golden head back against the pale pink crêpe de chine pillows of her Louis Treize bed. She hoped that her attitude would indicate indifference, because, as a matter of fact, she was acutely interested. She looked beyond Ernestine Draper, who faced her in a straight-back chair; her blue eyes might have been contemplating a little cloud which floated above the jagged New York sky line visible through the parted rose silk curtains.

Her dreaminess of manner was only a way of playing for time however. She said to herself, "It's too good to be true! I must be careful. I must go slow. It's the chance of a lifetime."

Aloud she said in her sweet, almost childlike drawl, "You'll have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, won't you, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know." Ernestine pushed back the coat sleeve of her sensible gray tweed walking suit to consult her wrist watch. "I'd like to get this thing settled, Mildred. There isn't much time, you know. Bromley's got to start before the icebergs begin to thaw, and if you can't persuade Peters to finance him he'll have to find someone else who will."

Mildred had pressed the crystal-and-onyx bell which hung over the decorated head of her bed; before Ernestine had finished speaking a middle-aged maid appeared at the door. Her black uniform seemed an incongruous note in the luxurious ultra-feminine setting, but her manner left nothing to be desired. "Madame has rung?"

After her mistress had given the order Ernestine sighed. "Honestly, Mildred, I don't see how you do it. You get more service out of that one woman than I do out of eight servants, and I'll wager you don't pay her half as much."

Mildred stretched her bare arms in a gesture of contentment that was almost feline. "Oh, we understand each other. She's been with me—well, a good many years."

"You don't need to worry about the years. Even in this light you don't look a day over twenty-three." Ernestine glanced into the mirror at her own reflection; her figure was matronly and her face appeared broader because of the small gray felt hat pushed down so as almost to hide her nice brown eyes. Then she looked back at Mildred, whose blond prettiness was enhanced by a negligee of blue chiffon and lace. She sighed again. "Nobody'd ever think we'd gone to school together and were within a few months of the same age. I look ten years older than you do."

"Well, you won't after I've gone with you to get your new summer clothes, my dear. I know a perfectly divine new woman, Madame Simone, who makes hats and dresses and everything. She's fabulously expensive, but worth it. And you simply must lose ten pounds right away."

"You're an angel to take so much pains with me."

"No, I'm not." Mildred moved a little uncomfortably against the tiny scented pillows. She wished that Ernestine would stop looking at her with that kindly expression. Why didn't Ernestine have sense enough to realize that helping her friends buy becoming—and expensive—clothes was a profession with her? Of course, you couldn't say in so many words that you took them to Madame Simone because she paid you 20 per cent of the bill afterward. But on the other hand, neither could any of her rich friends say openly that they wanted Mildred to stay with them at Newport in order to throw a jealous husband off the scent when a certain bachelor's yacht was anchored in the harbor.

These things were rarely expressed concretely, nor was there usually any need for words; both sides understood the tacit *quid pro quo*. Mildred had no scruples about urging her friends to spend twenty thousand dollars on their spring wardrobes and then collecting from the modiste a commission big enough to pay for her own carefully planned wardrobe for the entire year. She knew that sooner or later, in return for this material favor, she would be called upon for her contribution of resourcefulness, and quickness of wit, and above all, complete discretion.

But in all these years since they had known each other. Ernestine had never before asked Mildred to do anything for her. And even now it was something which Mildred so longed to undertake, for reasons entirely of her own, that she had to draw heavily upon her fund of self-control to keep from showing the excitement which was bubbling up through her veins like coffee rising through a percolator.

The maid brought in a low glass-topped table and put it between the two women. She placed upon it a silver tray covered with the finest of lace doilies, two crystal goblets, a square decanter mounted with silver and a silver platter of thin biscuits.

"These are all right," said Mildred. "They're non-fattening; I never eat anything else." She poured only a few drops of the red liquid into her glass; the other she filled and handed to her guest. "Here's to exploration!" Her voice expressed spontaneous gayety, which was rare in her.

"To exploration!" As Ernestine lifted the glass, her eyes glowed. "Oh, Mildred, I am so glad you're going to do it! You're an angel!"

"If you call me an angel once more I shall change my mind and not do it." Her tones were again slow and sweet; her normal composure had returned. She smiled. "I am really a very wicked woman, Ernestine, only you're so nice yourself that you'll never believe me."

Then she laughed outright as she saw her visitor's gaze turn instinctively toward the three photographs of men, in handsome silver frames, which stood on the painted dressing table. "No, darling, I don't mean wicked in that way. I mean —— Well, I have the kind of mind that loves intrigue and loves to work things out in my own way. If I'd been a man I'd probably have done what my father did. He made a lot of money in contracting and in real estate, all mixed up in politics, but he would never hold any public office, because he said he had more power outside. As a matter of fact, he was at one time the most influential man in the state, but the newspapers never even printed his picture and scarcely mentioned his name until he lost all his money and died."

All her features seemed to sharpen as she spoke of her father.

"It's funny—you suddenly looked exactly like him. I never saw the resemblance before. I remember going to a birthday party at your house once when we were about twelve, I guess, and he came in with a present for each of us ——" She stopped, scarlet with embarrassment.

Mildred's hands were so tightly clenched that the nails dug into her flesh. But she only drawled, "Yes, I remember. What a darling dad was!"

Ernestine clumsily changed the subject. "These walls are a heavenly color, Mildred. They're paler than robin's egg and not so deep as powder blue."

"Yes, it is a nice room. I was thinking the other day that your south guest room in the country would be lovely done like this."

"Wouldn't you mind?"

"I'd be flattered. I'll take you to the same man who did this one for me." She picked up her engagement book, rose leather tooled in gold. "Now let's see—I'm going to you on Friday; I'll try to get him to go out Saturday morning and meet me there." She said to herself, "Thank God, I'll be able to pay him something for this room at last!" Aloud she went on: "Then on Monday you might motor in with me and we'll do clothes."

Ernestine got up; she pulled down her jacket and put on her chamois gloves. She shook Mildred's hand, which seemed very white and fragile against the yellow leather. "Good-by, and thanks a thousand times for taking on the job."

As she heard the outer door close behind her, Mildred rang for Yvonne. "Take away the tray, pull down the shades and switch off my telephone. If anyone calls up take the message and say I'm out, but will be back at one. Have my bath ready at quarter of. I'll wear my new dark blue and white for luncheon."

When the room was darkened and the maid had left, Mildred turned over and buried her face in the pillows. She had so much to think about that she wanted at least an hour of concentration. She tried to be entirely calm, because she was superstitious about good luck, and this new venture contained a frightening amount of it.

Taken chronologically, the luck consisted, first of all, in being asked to stay with Ernestine. To be sure, they had been friends for years, but since Ernestine's marriage to Randolph Draper they had seen little of each other. Mildred knew that this was due to Randolph; she had a sound

instinct for appraising the attitude of men toward her, and she knew that although he might find her attractive as a person, he did not approve of her as an intimate friend of his wife.

Her visit to the Drapers would increase her prestige with her own crowd, those half dozen families of newly rich, who lived only a few miles away in actual distance but who were socially far outside the small self-contained set to which Randolph and Ernestine belonged.

The most important piece of luck was, of course, the chance to see Hadley Peters while she was in the right setting. He was the richest widower on Long Island, and as his origin had been somewhat humble, he was a snob. Ernestine had decided that Mildred should persuade him to finance young Bromley's flight to the North Pole.

"I know you can do it," she had said. "He told me last week that he had always admired you and was sorry he never saw anything of you. Then that very day Randolph came home and said that Bromley would have to give up the expedition unless he could raise at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We both agreed that Peters was the very person to do it, but the question was how to convince him of it."

"Couldn't you ask him?"

"Oh, no, he's awfully difficult about anything to do with money. He's rich as mud, but absolutely temperamental in the way he spends it. Randolph says he'll get out of paying a club tax of fifty dollars if he can, but on the other hand, if he really gets interested in something, he'll hand out half a million without a murmur."

"So my work is to get him interested?"

"Exactly. He's dining with us on Friday night and has asked us there on Sunday. Bromley is coming out on Saturday, so we'll take him along."

There was a curious dovetailing of interests in all this. Ever since Sylvia Bradley's engagement to Grant Mason—who up to that time had been the most eligible unmarried man of Mildred's acquaintance—she had desired to see more of Peters. Up to this time she had met with little success, because although he played golf and hunted with some of the men of her usual crowd, he almost always found an excuse to avoid their parties when they included women. Mildred realized that he regarded this crowd as socially second-rate, even though it was powerful financially, and she knew that as a member of it she could never hope to interest him as seriously as she might in the role of an intimate friend of Ernestine.

She was still thinking over all the things she knew about Hadley Peters when Yvonne knocked at the door and told her it was one o'clock less a quarter.

"Did anyone telephone?"

"No one but Mrs. Braite, madame. She said she was expecting you for the week-end and would send the motor Friday at four."

"Well, call her up and say I'm very sorry but that I'm spending the week-end with Mrs. Randolph Draper."

A shadow of a smile appeared on the maid's face. "Yes, madame."

"Even Yvonne knows the difference!" Mildred reflected as she prepared to step into a warm bath. She scooped a handful of fragrant rose-colored crystals from a huge glass jar, then splashed them into the water. "But I'd like to know how I could afford these—or even Yvonne, for that matter—if it wasn't for Dora Braite and her crew!"

Nevertheless, she had in mind a perfectly definite scheme by which she might accomplish exactly this end. In order to further her plan, she took even more care than usual with her wardrobe for the eventful week-end with Ernestine. As a result of this care she came down to dinner on Friday night, knowing that she looked her best in a picture gown of buttercup yellow which made her soft blond hair appear golden. She had arrived late in the afternoon, and as her hostess was out, she had gone straight up to her room and slept for two hours. Now, as she gave herself a final survey in the full-length mirror of her bedroom door, she saw that she looked refreshed, that her blue eyes were wide open and clear and that, in short, she appeared young, fragile and appealing. Never in her life had she been so determined to make the most of it.

Just as she reached the landing of the stairs she saw Peters in the wide hall below. Although he did not glance up, she recognized his erect figure and thick silver-gray hair.

"He's distinguished-looking, anyway," she thought.

As she opened the door after him she perceived that no one else was in the long white-paneled drawing-room except her hostess, whose gown of pale blue satin made her appear twice her size.

"Hello!" said Ernestine, kissing her. "I'm so glad you're here. You know Mr. Peters, don't you?"

"Of course I do." Mildred took his outstretched hand. "He saved my life at a Jinks dance two years ago."

"I think it's wonderful that you remember it." Beneath his straight black brows his dark eyes regarded her admiringly. "You're even prettier than you were then. How do you do it?"

Ernestine grinned encouragingly at Mildred behind his back as she moved toward the door to welcome the other arrivals.

"Let's sit down here by the fire." Mildred led the way to a blue sofa at the opposite end of the room.

"It's funny—I didn't know till the other day that you were a friend of Mrs. Draper's," he began naïvely.

Mildred said to herself, "I suppose if you had you'd have paid more attention to me." Aloud she said in her sweet voice: "Yes, Ernestine and I have been friends since we were ten. There's no one I'm so fond of. And it's such fun being here; I don't know anyone who gets so much out of life as she and Randolph do. They have children and horses and dogs and books. There isn't much else, is there?"

He looked at her in surprise. "I'm interested to hear you say that. I somehow always thought of you as leading a glittering life."

"Of course one takes what one can get." She was sitting on a low stool, her slender hands spread out before the flames; she looked like a wistful child. "People who buy their clothes at an end-of-the-season sale can't always choose the same things as those who can afford to buy at any time. But it doesn't mean their taste isn't the same."

He looked at her appraisingly. "Well, it's nice to see a woman with long hair," he said, as if continuing her conversation.

It seemed time to turn to less personal topics. "Tell me about your beagles. When I last saw you, you weren't sure you were going to keep on raising them."

He launched into a description of his new kennels. As she watched his long narrow face, which seemed very tanned in contrast with the silver of his hair, Mildred wondered just how difficult her two schemes would prove. He had native shrewdness, as his eyes and his lips showed; and she knew, too, that any rich man who had remained unmarried during so many years must have developed strong powers of resistance to women. Nevertheless, there was undoubtedly some vulnerable spot if she could only be patient enough to find it.

Across the room she saw Randolph enter and speak to the half dozen other guests who were clustered around Ernestine. He came over to greet her. "I'm terribly sorry I'm so late."

He was handsomer than ever, Mildred thought, as she smiled up at him. He had the regularity of features and the distinction of appearance of an old daguerreotype. She always expected to see him in a high white stock and buff waistcoat.

"You're a lovely creature." He was still holding her hand in his. "I wish you could see the picture you make sitting in front of the fire in that yellow dress. . . . Why don't you go over and talk to some other girl, Hadley?"

Peters smiled with his lips, but Mildred happened to glance at his eyes and to her astonishment saw that they flashed with annoyance. "After all, it's your house," he said, "and I suppose it's your privilege to monopolize the prettiest lady if you want to."

"Well, we're dining with you on Sunday," said Mildred.

He held her gaze with his. "That's a promise."

As he walked away Randolph laughed. "I don't think he liked it at all. Funny—I never knew him while he was married, but I remember now someone telling me he was jealous as the devil of his wife."

"I don't see the comparison." But she turned her face toward the fire to conceal the red flush she felt was creeping into her cheeks.

The approach of a butler and a maid with cocktails and caviar turned the conversation into other channels, but even as she engaged in pleasant banter with her host, Mildred was pigeonholing in her mind the information she had already acquired about Peters.

When they went out into the candle-lighted white dining room she was relieved to find that her place was at the other end of the table from Randolph; Peters was on the right of his hostess, and she was next to him, with a negligible blond man on her other side. During the first half of dinner, while she talked to him, Mildred heard enough of the conversation of the others to realize that Ernestine was praising her to Peters.

"She must be awfully keen about this expedition," she thought, "to take such pains about me suddenly." Then she knew that she was being unfair, because Ernestine had been a devoted friend ever since their first

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When She Walked Into Hadley Peters' Drawing-Room, He Said, "I've Never Seen You Look So Beautiful"

BANKS AND THE PEOPLE

WYNCIE KING

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS curious how scant is the interest thus far taken by the public at large in efforts either to promote or prevent the spread of branch banking in this country. For in the extension of this device its enemies see a great future danger of monopoly's tentacles being fastened upon a free people.

In England a mere handful of these branch institutions control nearly 90 per cent of all the banking resources. With us, only California and a few Eastern cities have thus far succumbed to the branch idea, but its foes declare an inherent characteristic of the practice to be its constant and progressive centralization, the outcome of which, in this country, they fear will be like that in Great Britain.

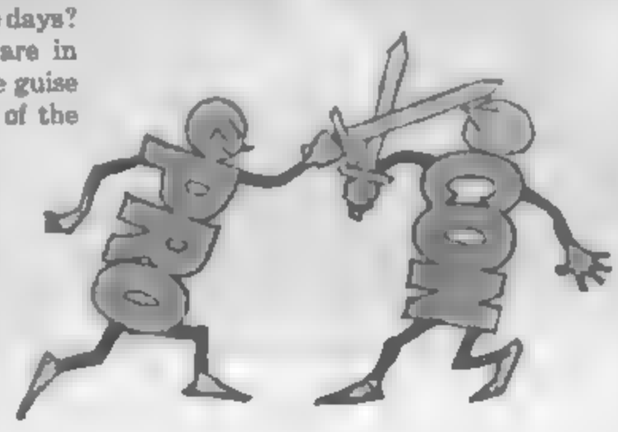
Does the public wish to encourage a great feudalistic financial system, controlling the fortunes of industries and men over vast areas, say those hostile to branches, or does it wish to maintain the present distinctively American system of local home rule and self-government in matters financial?

Fifteen or twenty years from now, it is asserted, the branch banks will become more powerful than the Federal Reserve System itself. This system was adopted in part at least to prevent banking monopoly, and was devised to coördinate rather than to centralize banking resources. But the Federal Reserve may succumb, say the more extreme adversaries of the branch idea, to what are in theory and practice privately owned reserve systems, the branch banks.

The Temptation of Great Power

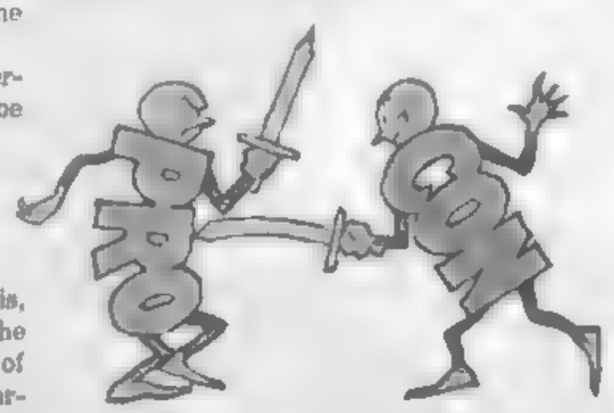
IT IS true that European countries have central government banks which have functioned for many years without being swallowed up or swamped by the great privately owned branch systems. It is true also that most of the big branch banks in this country have joined the Federal Reserve, and provide it with large resources. But in any case foes of the branch idea fear lest too much power be lodged in the hands of a few men. What is to prevent them, reaching, as they do, everywhere, from making and unmaking state governments, as the railroads did in their earlier and unregenerate days?

What is to prevent men that are in reality speculators operating in the guise of bankers from obtaining control of the sources of credit? How are thousands, even hundreds of branches to be examined simultaneously by any outside or government authority, and if not so examined what is to assure the safety of such great aggregations of capital?



Whatever the motives for mergers and extensions may be, there is usually a predominant party or personality in any such program. When two city banks combine, there may for a time seem to be two bosses. "But there are not," as one banker observes; "and when small banks are taken in we do not even have the hallucination that there are."

"Why should the dominating personality of a huge branch bank be less subject to the common human failing of making mistakes?" ask those who combat the branch idea. "He is subject to the same errors in judgment as other bankers. He is, if anything, more liable to hear the call of ambition, of competition, of speculation. Accumulation by purchase does not increase in any mysterious manner mental capacity. There is no great circle of wisdom."



Franklin W. Fort, who is one of the congressmen from New Jersey, is himself president of a bank, and president or director of numerous corporations. Yet a few days before the close of the last session of Congress he said:

"The further extension of credit control which must follow the extension of branch banking in our large cities will inevitably result in some man, or group of men, unfitted for its exercise, securing and misusing enormous power. I do not want to see the great banks of America faced with that which the great life-insurance companies were faced with in 1906. Banking is sufficiently powerful today. In the search for greater power some men are endangering the whole structure."

Five or six men dominate the branch banks of California, and their opponents ask what will happen with continued expansion. "It is never safe to concentrate power in too few hands," they argue. "Should a handful of men say what each community is entitled to? Won't the final outcome be a single dictator?"

But power and monopoly are never quite the simple questions we so enjoy making them out to be. It is true enough that dangers lurk in the extension of the branch idea. But everyone admits the existence of very great evils in the present system of local unit banks, although here and there will be found examples of extraordinary strength and efficiency of management, banks which never discount with the Federal Reserve System or borrow from their correspondents or blanch before a panic.

Success in any banking system depends more upon management than upon any other single factor, and branches are just as good and no better than the people who operate them. If the heads of branch systems are wise and strong enough to administer their power ethically and conscientiously, they will probably perform a great service. If not, their institutions are likely to fall of their own weight.

Success in Service

IN CALIFORNIA, where so many small community banks have been bought out by the few great head offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles, the common practice has been to leave the local president in charge as manager. In at least one instance a number of these branch managers are directors in the parent bank, and as such participate in the discussion and adoption of plans and policies. In this way the best practices in any one branch are applied, as far as possible, to the whole system.

There are branch-system heads who insist upon a high degree of centralization, as in Canada. It is the safe, easy way. Others do not dare venture beyond city limits for fear centralization would be too unpopular. But still others, though recognizing the theoretical advantages of centralization, are sacrificing it in acceptance of the fact that the American people have always feared financial power more than other nationalities. One head office has a vice president who goes around from branch to branch helping to build up decentralized credit reports, reducing as far as possible the number of reports which must be sent to the head office.

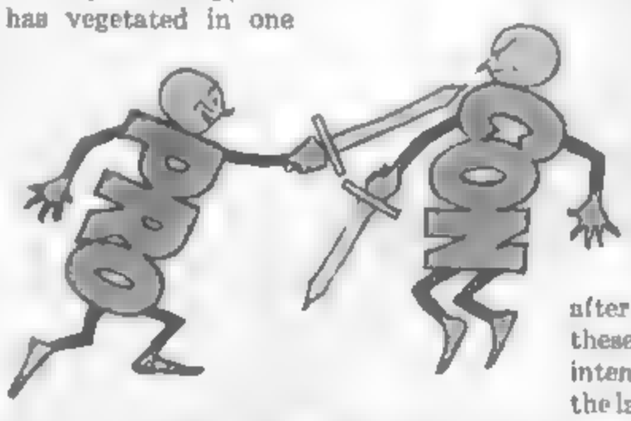
It is difficult for an outsider to see how branch banks can succeed in the long run unless they serve their various communities. Certainly this cannot be accomplished unless the branch managers know their communities and are in as close touch as the presidents of the independent banks. This, after all, is a question of personality and ability to pick the right man for the job.

Even the heads of branch systems sometimes express their doubt whether the right sort of men can be found when the present type of branch manager, for the most part a former independent banker, retires and it becomes more necessary to promote juniors. If the head offices cannot find the men, these fears will prove well founded; branch banking will then fall of its own weight. But the problem does not differ from any other large business; all of them are forced to find personnel. Young juniors trained first in the branches, then in the head office, and finally sent back to the branches, ought to make good managers.

The middle-aged business man always views with alarm the unhappy day when the fifty-five-year-old head of a concern with which he does business steps out, and one of the thirty-five-year-old juniors steps up. But he forgets that the thirty-five-year-old will be considerably more mature by then, and that a whole new generation of customers will have grown up.

But, returning to the main thread of our narrative, it is a fallacy to suppose that a man must live in a town twenty or thirty years to understand it or operate successfully therein.

A local organization is a question of personality, not of the number of years a man has vegetated in one place. An Arizona banker, wholly unfamiliar with California conditions, was placed in charge of a branch in what we shall call Bonica Beach. It is doubtful if he had ever been there for more than a few hours before. Yet within eighteen months he was president of the Greater Bonica Beach Club and a leader in the community.

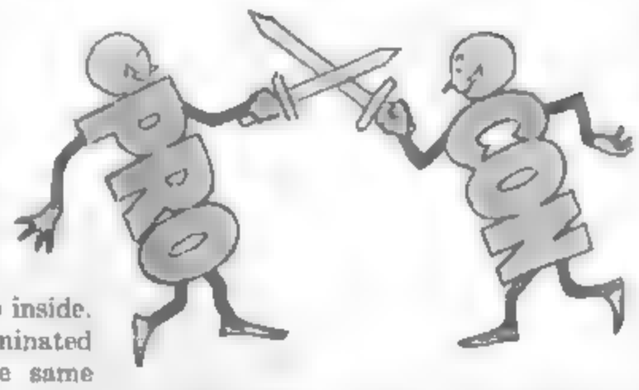


The writer has visited numerous communities in different parts of the country where the group of leading citizens included the manager of the state or regional power and light company, the local railroad representatives and even managers of chain stores. If such men have the personality, as they often have, they quickly become active in chamber of commerce, service club and other civic work. There is a lot of bunk in the idea that a man must live forever in a place to be a useful citizen.

Ready to Fill the Breach

IT IS commonly assumed in the arguments against branch banking that the local unit banker has grown up with the community and has practically always been identified with it. But branch banking has thrived most in cities like New York and Detroit and a state like California, where most of the people, including the bankers, are new anyway. There are said to be places in California where the branch managers are older residents than the officers of the unit bank. Many of the smaller unit banks change hands so often that it is impossible for their operators to have grown up with the place.

We need not become panicky lest all the independent community banks of the country be run out of business in the near future, even though their spokesmen refer to the "irreconcilable conflict." It is said that the only way in which the branch bank and the unit bank can exist side by side, is to emulate the lamb and the wolf, with the lamb inside.



But chain stores have not eliminated independent merchants. In the same way, even in California, there are many hundreds of unit banks. Indeed, when a big-city institution buys out a local unit, one or two new units are often started to take its place.

At least one of the branch banks in California, either through its head office or its larger branches, acts as correspondent for independents in the very locality where it has branches of its own.

Fifteen small independent banks in the immediate vicinity of the agricultural city of Fresno carry accounts in a Los Angeles institution which has branches in Fresno itself. Paper is rediscounted and real estate loans are made even as before the branches existed.

I have been told repeatedly by the higher officials of both California and Eastern city branch banks, that the problems of organization involved in taking over fifty or a hundred units are simply colossal. Even after as long a period as five years, these problems still require the most intense application. More than that, the large banks differ radically and even scornfully among themselves as to how branches should be operated.

It takes ability of the highest order and unceasing effort to attain in practice the economies which in theory should go with branch banking. Mere legal authority to open branches does not keep them in profitable existence. To make an innovation of this sort work well requires bold, able men.

Then, too, though many of the thousands of small independent unit banks are badly run, there are always a few so efficiently managed that competition with them is extremely difficult.

Edward L. Howe, one-time president of the New Jersey Bankers Association, and a member of the special currency commission of the American Bankers Association which conferred with Congress in the preparation of the Federal Reserve Act, tells of a conversation he had with the late Sir Edward Holden, chairman of the London City & Midland Bank, just before the passage of the Federal Reserve. The great English financier spoke of Samuel Untermyer's assault upon the "money trust," and added:

"There may be people in your country who do not like Mr. Untermyer for doing this, but I tell you there will be trouble in America with all your interlocking directorates. Now we have more than twelve hundred branches, and my directors are so busy running the bank that they can't run anything else."

A. P. Giannini, guiding spirit of the Bank of Italy, the most highly developed branch system in this country, says that he and his men have too much to do in the bank itself to permit outside interests. Many officers and employes have made large sums as a result of investing in the stock of the bank, and therefore have no need of making other ventures.

"Too many bankers are using their positions to get in on a power company, an insurance company or some corporation besides their bank. They have two interests instead of one, and can do justice to neither. We have enough to do in our bank; we always think of it and its customers first."

Competition Too Great for Monopoly

THE question is a fair one, whether banks do not become less instead of more monopolistic as they reach enormous size. Monopoly is usually associated with high prices and large profits, but the great English banks which so completely cover their field do not exact high rates of interest, nor do they make enormous profits.

A few large and powerful concerns often compete more vigorously than a great number of small, weak units. This much at least is clear, that no love whatever is lost among the four or five branch-banking groups in California. Each regards its own particular method as distinctly superior. We know further that in the large cities everywhere banking tends to gravitate into a few powerful groups—from four to six—based upon natural racial, national, social and occupational divisions. Usually these groups have very little sympathy or understanding one for another, and though part of the public will always shop around from one bank to another, different racial and national origins are sure to prevent any one group from getting a monopoly in all sections of the city or state. I asked Mr. Giannini whether in his opinion there is danger of monopoly in this country.

"Preposterous!" was his reply. "There will never be money monopoly in America. Do you suppose the National City Bank in New York or the Continental and Commercial group in Chicago will let me obtain a monopoly?

"I believe in country-wide branch banking, and in time there may be world-wide branches. But, anyway, the New York, Chicago and St. Louis banks

(Continued on Page 48)

ALL FOR THE BEST

Her Eyes Flashed. "My Father and I," She Said, "Despise You Utterly"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"I WISHT," said Horrible, the printer's devil of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel, "the boss 'ud come in and say suthin'. It kind of shortens up the day. You kin spend the rest of the time figgerin' out what he means."

Jake scowled malignantly. If his face were any indication of his thoughts, then his heart was yearning for mayhem and the screams of the tortured. He scratched his nose with his finger and left a streak of printer's ink which added greatly to the savagery of his expression.

"I dunno," he said in his gentle voice, "when I ever see the beat of him. I hain't sure the' is any beat of him."

"What was that there word he fetched out yestiddy?"

"'Peripatetic,'" said Jake admiringly. "It's got syllables to it. Ye kin almost taste it when ye say it."

"What's it mean, Jake?"

"If I knowed," Jake said placidly, "it 'ud kill off half the pleasure." He waxed philosophical. "The's a kind of a mystery about words, Horrible. Ye hear one like that 'peripatetic' and it kind of makes the goose flesh come. It kin mean anythin'. And then you go and git a dictionary and find out, and it's jest a newfangled way of sayin' mashed potaters or suthin'."

"All the same," said Horrible, "I druther know "

"Ye'll git over that as you age," said Jake. "A feller spends the fust half of his life a-tryin' to find out and the second half hopin' it won't turn out as his experience says it will."

"That don't mean a dog-gone thing," criticized Horrible

"I didn't intend it should," said Jake amiably.

As if in answer to Horrible's wish, Don Oakes, the diminutive editor and proprietor of the paper, came into the pressroom. He seemed about eighteen, and there was a delicate, poetical look about his eyes and forehead and mouth which made one fear he was ill fitted to ward off the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Numerous individuals had been beguiled into that error.

"Jake," he said, "it stands to reason that if one pill makes you better, two pills will make you better twice as fast."

"Mebby," said Jake.

"Consequently," said Don, "you're the victim of a promotion."

"Eh?"

"I'm hiring a linotype operator, and you are elevated to the dignities and appurtenances of foreman of the composing room."

"What fur?" asked Jake, with an evil look.

"To help administer the second pill," said Don.

"Who to?"

"Sugar Hollow. It's convalescing with one edition a week. On the first of the month we assuage the ache of a yearning world with two editions—Tuesday and Friday."

"Ye'll go bust," said Jake; "jest when we was doin' so nice too."

"You're an optimist."

"I hain't," Jake said firmly; "but there's one to the hotel. We got his advertisement this issue."

"There's a slight difference," said Don, "between an optimist and an optician."

"What is it?" asked Horrible eagerly.

"An optician enjoys fixing bad eyes," said Don, "but an optimist enjoys eying a bad fix."

"Next thing," said Jake, "you'll be makin' it a daily."

"The date is already set," said Don.

Leaving Jake in a frame of mind, Don Oakes walked with that short, brisk step of his into his office, where he sat down at his desk to pen a eulogy upon the enterprise and public spirit of Luther Jones, who had recently completed an extension upon his woodshed. While he was so engaged a very charming young lady came through the door with evident reluctance. Mr. Oakes did not look up. She coughed to make her presence known.

"Git Out!" Said the Sheriff. "We're Busy"

Don swung around and got to his feet, but concealed well the astonishment he felt at seeing Iris Noble in his place of business.

"I came here because I am on the committee and no one else could come," she said, and flushed so that she enhanced a beauty which already was sufficient for the undoing of a young man far less impressionable than Don Oakes.

"Indeed?" he said. And then: "I always wondered what committees were for, but I'm beginning to get the idea. May I ask what committee couldn't come, and what it would have done if it had arrived?"

"It is the entertainment committee of the Ladies' Aid," said Iris a bit sharply, "and we want some handbills printed—for an entertainment," she added.

"We are equipped to print entertaining handbills for entertainment committees. Have you the copy?"

She tossed a sheet of paper on the counter. "Five hundred, and have them delivered to me not later than Thursday morning."

"To you?" Don's voice became very businesslike. "The name, please."

She flushed again and bit her lip. "You know my name as well as I do," she said.

"I? How should I? I may have seen you. In fact, I am quite sure I have seen you somewhere. But we have never been introduced." He stood with pencil ready."

"And," she said, "if I can help it, we never shall be."

"Of course," he said, "if you prefer not to give your name, you can call in for the bills. This is not," he said in the tone of one who wishes to be patiently explanatory, "a journalistic ruse to penetrate an incognito."

"My name is Iris Noble, as you know very well "

"I shall make a note of it," he said. "It is a nice name. If I had a name like that, I should give it more readily. . . . And can I do anything else for you?"

"No. And I hope I shall never have to come here again." Her eyes flashed. "My father and I," she said, "despise you utterly."

"I've been despised before," Don Oakes said, "but never utterly. To smooth the ice, to paint the lily, to pour perfume upon the violet, were wasteful and extravagant excess."

"One can't," she said, "despise even sufficiently a man who sells his honesty and his independence for the county printing contract."

"Once," he said, "there was a girl who jumped at a conclusion."

"The evidence is plain," she said. "You are making all kinds of money out of that courthouse gang, and there's never a word of criticism of them in your paper."

"Is the courthouse gang so bad?" he asked, in a tone of hurt amazement.

"You know they are unspeakable. You know they are bringing in liquor from Canada, and my father told you about drugs. They are utterly dishonest and unscrupulous."

"Another 'utterly,'" said Don. "Do you mean all of them?"

"Every one."

"Say what you will about me," he said virtuously, "I never went to a dance on Tuesday night with one of them "

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I thought—I only thought—I saw a young lady going to the party with Prosecutor Ellsworth."

"You are impertinent," she said. "Mr. Ellsworth is not like Sheriff Fox and those others, and I've known him ever since we were babies together."

"I've never been babies together with anybody. You don't suppose we could go back a few years and do it, do you?" He sighed. "Oh, to be a child again at mother's knee!"

"I came here on a business errand," she said; "not to be made fun of."

"It only goes to prove," he said, "that the loftiest intentions sometimes lead us into the most malign surroundings. Such," he continued, "is the irony of life."

"Maybe," she said—and he never knew what an effort she made to remain adult and dignified and to keep her tongue from sticking out at him—"just maybe you won't be so smart Aleck when the new paper gets started!"

Upon which, and before he could frame a rejoinder, she turned and was gone through the open door. Don executed a boyish grimace as he peered after her. "Now," he said to himself, "was that gentle repartee, or was it based on private information?"

Don liked to do his thinking while he talked. It has been said that his conversation demonstrated that while he was thinking his talk went on without a guardian, and Jake, upon whom he now descended, was of that opinion

"What," asked Don, "is the life of trade?"

"What trade?" asked the literal Jake.

"I know," interjected Horrible. "I seen it in a copy book. It's competition."

"Your salary," said Don, "is increased half a dollar a week, proving that a knowledge of literature is valued by the press. And can you tell me when a secretive man is not secretive?"

"No idee," said Horrible.

"When he's got a best girl," said Don. "Hence Mr. Ellsworth; hence the sheriff; hence the tocsin sounds and we spring full-armed from the forehead of Jove," he reasoned aloud.

"Dog-gone!" said Horrible admiringly.

"I am going out," said Don, "to look here and there and hither and yon. I wish to observe occurrences and manifestations. If anybody asks for me, you might tell him that."

"A body'd be int'rested to know," said Jake, in his gentle voice.

"And as for the daily," said Don, "it is postponed without date "

He got into the collection of gadgets and wheels which he called an automobile and drove to the courthouse. This was in the natural course of business. But it was not so natural for him to drop into the private office of Sheriff Fox. Big-Foot Mosher slouched outside the door, impersonating a guardian angel, but he contented himself with scowling balefully at Don, who smiled amiably.

"I Kin Run My Own Business," Said Mr. Malloy. "True," Said Don; "But What—There's the Burning Question—What is Your Business?"

"How's your appetite, Big-Foot?" he asked pleasantly. Big-Foot growled. "Hasn't got to the point where you can digest an editor, has it?" Don asked. "Did you ever consider taking a tonic?"

"I cal'late to take suthin' else," said Big-Foot venomously, "and that's a crack at your head."

"Fee-fi-fo-fum," said Don. "Big-Foot, I'll tell you a secret. You're perfectly safe so long as you keep off my bean stalk."

"I dunno what you're talkin' about."

"I sympathize with you," Don said. "It is, indeed, a misfortune to miss a classical allusion." And with that he passed through the door to the sheriff's office. That official sat with feet upon his desk, smoking a regrettable cigar. Prosecutor Ellsworth also was present.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Don by way of greeting.

"Git out!" said the sheriff. "We're busy."

"You overwork yourself, sheriff. I come to teach you the delights of leisure and refined conversation. I understand, sheriff, that you are about to take your pen in hand."

"Eh? "

"To write words, syllables, sentences, and even whole paragraphs," Don said admiringly

Young Mr. Ellsworth sat more erect and scrutinized Don's face with keenest interest. "Which leads to what?" he asked.

"I believe," said Don, "that the shoemaker should stick to his last. A certain sort of politics is the sheriff's forte He shines. He scintillates. But tolerant as I am of this and that, I cannot see him producing a convincing editorial, filled with apt quotation and historical precedent, upon the subject—shall we say—of henbane."

Ellsworth nodded. "Mr. Oakes," he said, "the news does come to you."

"And nestles against my cheek," said Don.

"What's he gittin' at?" demanded the sheriff.

"He's on," said Ellsworth, resorting to the vernacular. "Somebody's spilled the beans about the newspaper."

"We never know whom to trust," said Don piously "But the point is, sheriff, I don't wish you to own a newspaper. It wouldn't be good for you. So, as a friend, I've come to advise against it."

"I cal'late I got's much right to buy and run a paper as anybody," said the sheriff—which was information of price to Don.

"I have a right," said Don, "to play a fiddle. But I'm ignorant of sharps and flats, and the neighbors would object to my practicing. Come now, sheriff, let's be nice about it. I'll agree not to buy a violin if you'll promise not to edit "

"Kind of worried, eh? Wal, I cal'late to show ye suthin', young feller. 'Fore I git through newspaperin', you're a-goin' to wish you'd never seen Sugar Hollow."

"You can't reason with him, can you?" Don asked patiently of Ellsworth. "You'd think he would catch my point right off. The idea, sheriff, is that it wouldn't be good for the morals and manners of the community if you go into the business of selling slightly moth-eaten news at bargain rates."

"Of course, Oakes, you won't tell me how you found out about this."

"Professional communication, sacred confidence," said Don. "But you'd be surprised if you knew. . . . Well, argument seems useless. I suppose I must resort to baser means. Good afternoon, sheriff. Good afternoon, Mr. Ellsworth."

So saying, he withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to discuss his call in what terms seemed most suitable to them.

"How in tunket," asked Mr. Fox, "does he find out things?"

"It's a gift," said Mr. Ellsworth. "And also, if I were you, I would close this deal pronto. I've looked under both feet of that boy and couldn't find a blade of grass."

"Huh!" said Sheriff Fox, but did not thereby conceal the fact that he was impressed.

Don went down the stairs and climbed into his car. There he sat for a few minutes, reviewing the situation, which had become clear to him. Sheriff Fox was buying a paper, therefore it was the Bethlehem Times he would own, for there was no other in the county. Now, having

(Continued on Page 94)

CROOKED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XV

"Charley, You're Sick!" She Cried

BONDS were the firm's business—building bonds. The bonds varied in denomination. Some sold for as little as fifty dollars, and others ranged in price from one hundred to one thousand dollars; and, as Bertha knew, for his share in selling them Charley Maddox was paid a commission as well as a percentage of the profits. The rest of it, though, seemed not so clear. In fact, as Bertha laughingly admitted, most of the business and its details were like so much dry dust; and the most she could make out of it was that when a new building was put up, the building either a big apartment house, an office building or a hotel, bonds were issued and Harnett, Gershon & Co. sold the bonds to the public. But why bother with details? In setting her husband on the highroad to his new success, Bertha felt, perhaps reasonably, she had more than done her part.

"Happy?" Charley asked her. It was a night two months later.

"I?" Bertha exclaimed. She was putting on a jeweled pin he had just brought home for her, the gems in it sapphires and emeralds; and though the pin was insignificant in comparison with the things she was later to possess, she kissed him impulsively, her eyes shining. "Do you need to ask?" she laughed.

In short, the tide of money already was flowing in. The first week's return was two hundred and fifty dollars. Three weeks later it had doubled. Bertha's eyes leaped when he told her. It was not the money, however—maybe not just that; but the fact still was like a heady tonic. And this, too, was but a beginning. Autumn passed, winter came on, and it was one night along toward the middle of January when a conviction of the real truth of it first burst upon her like a revelation. Little wonder she was astounded.

Christmas Day was a preface to it. It was a Christmas, too, such as she could not have dreamed of before, one evidence of it what she found in the stocking hung up for her in front of the living-room fireplace. The fireplace was only a tiled imitation, a thing merely for looks; but while she slept Charley had crept out of bed and hung the stocking there. He roused her Christmas morning long before she was ready to awake; and when she drowsily opened the stocking, her eyes drugged with sleep, he threw back his tousled head and laughed, bubbling with merriment at her bewilderment.

A large red apple was on top. Next was a paper of gumdrops, then a woolly dog; and as she fetched forth these absurdities and an equally ridiculous candy cane, a bag of pop corn and an orange, his glee rose boisterously. But at the bottom of the stocking, next to the toe, was a small square packet tied about with a gaudy Christmas ribbon; and when Bertha tore off the wrapping she, too, was excited.

The wrapping covered a tiny Russian-leather box. In the box, looking up from a nest of pale white velvet, was a pair of earrings—pearls. "Oh, you darling!" she squealed. Dropping the box, she seized him by his mop of tousled hair and dragged down his head to hers. "You darling! You perfect darling!"

"Yes, but just you wait till you get downstairs," mumbled Charley. Downstairs? She could not dream what he meant. "Just you wait!" he repeated.

It was a car he had bought for her—a small, snappy sport roadster. The car was waiting at the door for her when she went down. Tears welled into Bertha's eyes. She hardly could speak for a while. There was a swelling in her throat, and both the new roadster and Charley were for a moment blurred. Only a man of his boyish naïveté could have done a thing like that. Only he, too, could have done it so boyishly and naïvely. All this, though, is only in passing; and there was no temperamental sentiment or emotionalism to obscure that other moment, the occasion when the full force of the fact in all its conviction first burst upon her.

"Here, cock your eye at that!" said Charley.

He had just come uptown. His face was flushed, his look feverish; and she had again a momentary and disturbing suspicion that he had been drinking. Charley's voice, too, was thick.

He held out a strip of paper. It was a check, she saw; and for an instant, though she could not have told why, she felt her heart throb, then surge upward in a convulsive throb. Frankly, it was the same sensation she had felt when he had shown her that other check, the one for sixteen thousand dollars; and her own voice, too, when she spoke, was thickened. "What is it?" she faltered.

Charley told her. It was his profits from a single transaction that week. "My rake-off," he called it.

Bertha read it again. As she did so the letters and figures on the check swam before her, their context blurred! "Pay to the order of Charles Maddox twenty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars."

She could hardly breathe. "You made all that? You? Just selling bonds?"

Charley nodded. "Bonds and stock, Bee."

She hadn't known that Harnett, Gershon & Co. dealt in stocks; and as she said it Charley laughed, then shrugged. "Oh, yes, we're selling any old thing nowadays." Were they?

But the other fact, the one in hand, was inescapable. There was not merely an income in this new venture of her husband; a fortune was in their grasp. Bertha felt herself turn white. A fortune! Wealth! It had not occurred to her till now that this could be the outcome, though still she was more or less prepared. Uptown, at any rate, in the years when she had dwelt in the cramped, often belittling surroundings of that life of starved desire, she had dreamed again and again of a day when by chance something better might be in store; and now that the dream had come true, if she was dazed, it was only momentarily. She had no time to be dazed, bewildered. Instead, she laughed frankly at herself for having been so artless.

Artless, ingenuous. She was reminded of a woman she knew, a Mrs. Peet, one of her neighbors in the flat uptown. Her husband, a dusty law clerk in a firm downtown, had incredibly fallen heir to a little piece of money, some ten thousand dollars or so; and dulled and envious, as Bertha now remembered with a laugh, she had asked Mrs. Peet what she and her husband planned to do with the money. Mrs. Peet told her. She was going to get a new parlor rug and a dress; and Peet meant to buy himself a set of golf clubs so that he could play at the public links in Van Cortlandt Park; and in wonder even then, Bertha had exclaimed, "My goodness, is that all?"

"Why, no," Mrs. Peet replied; "we're talking some, too, of taking a Saturday and Sunday at the beach—Atlantic City."

The remainder they were going to put by for their old age, and at the reply Bertha had murmured to herself, "Good Lord!"

All this is just detail. It is a detail, too, perhaps, that she certainly was not like that woman, her one-time neighbor. She, too, of course, had been submerged in that same dulling, demeaning struggle that engulfed Mrs. Peet; yet it had not dulled and deadened Bertha. It had not made her, either, like that other type—the hordes of idle women that day after day, the year round, swarm aimlessly into the shopping district. Bertha had seen and watched that type. She knew, too, that not so long before she had come perilously close to becoming one of them. However, though the thought sickened her, and though she remembered, too, with what mixed sensations she had watched these other penniless women dawdling into the shops and drifting from them into the tea rooms, the moving-picture theaters and similar places, each woman intent on the insect task of killing time till the hour when she would have to go back to her dim flat, her dingy boarding house, room, or wherever it was she existed, Bertha knew now that she had escaped far from any such existence as that. She was not penniless now. She had no

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problem of idleness either. Far from it indeed. Every hour of her day was occupied.

Promptly at ten she rose; then or at half past anyway. It depended on how late she had been out the night before. They went out every night, in fact, dining first at some good restaurant, and then taking in some good show. After the show they went to a night club to dance. However, though she rose at ten or half past, it was somewhat earlier when she awoke.

Call it nine o'clock. By then Charley Maddox had risen and gone, and, ringing for the waiter, Bertha ordered breakfast and the morning newspaper. She ate breakfast in bed; then she glanced over the paper, looking through the dress-shop and similar advertisements to see whether there were any interesting sales that day. Afterward she was ready for the manicure or the hairdresser.

The hairdresser and manicure came from downstairs. Miss Gumpert was the manicure, and she charged seventy-five cents for serving guests upstairs. The tip was twenty-five cents. The hairdresser's fee was somewhat larger, a marcel wave costing one dollar. This, however, did for a week or more. Germaine was the hairdresser's name, and on that day in the week when Germaine came Bertha was of course a little later in dressing. It frequently was eleven o'clock before she was ready to go out.

After an hour or so in the shops Bertha had luncheon. She rarely had luncheon at home. The cooking downstairs, though good enough in its way, had a sameness about it that somehow palled; and Bertha went usually to one of the small, select places uptown in the Park Avenue district. It saved time, too, if she were shopping that afternoon; besides which, she frequently met at the restaurants some of the interesting people she was meeting nowadays. There was Mrs. Beals, for example. She was the wife of a well-known out-of-town manufacturer, though what it was the husband manufactured is unimportant. Bertha considered Flora Beals one of the best-dressed women of her acquaintance.

It was she as much as anyone Bertha had to thank for tactfully disclosing to her the responsibilities of her new position. Bertha, of course, was quite capable of looking out for herself; but, as it is known, there are moral obligations attached to money and having money that it takes time to understand. One is the way one should spend the money—the art, for example, in picking out the right shops in which to spend it. Another is the necessity of picking the right people, friends, to spend it on. "Now those persons you were with at the Prado Budapest last night—what did you say their names were, my dear?"

Bertha flushed. The Prado Budapest was a smart night club, one of the most fashionable. However, though Bertha herself had been conscious of the gauche, not to say cheap, appearance of the couple in question—a Mr. and Mrs. Nugent—she was really not to blame for having been seen with them. They were business acquaintances of her husband. The husband having come into a little money, sixty thousand dollars or so, he was planning to invest it in Harnett, Gershon & Co.'s securities.

"Never mind," Mrs. Beals said decisively; "you can't possibly afford to be seen with such persons—not with your money," she added.

Her money? Bertha wondered if Mrs. Beals really knew how much she had—how little, rather. It made her vaguely uncomfortable, though this, of course, is a mere aside. After she and, say, Mrs. Beals or some other friend had had luncheon, the afternoon was still left to Bertha.

It was a crowded time. At six or thereabouts Charley came uptown; and as she must get home at that hour to dress and be ready to go out with him, she had few moments to waste in idleness. If she were shopping, it allowed her only two hours or so. If she were going to a dressmaker's for a try-on, that alone might consume the two hours. In the week also were three theater matinées. Then, too, there was her bridge. Formerly bridge had more or less bored Bertha; but now that she no longer had to confess shamedly that she never played for money, she had developed a new interest in it. What she won or lost was, of course, of no moment. It was merely that she found a certain element of excitement in risking a little on her skill and judgment; though, true, in that she did not get far. In fact, before long she found she must limit herself; for having accepted an invitation to a bridge that Mrs. Beals had been at some pains to get for her, Bertha learned that the stakes these new acquaintances played for were invariably twenty-five cents a point.

She was shocked. She was so much shocked, to be frank, that she spoke of it later on to Mrs. Beals. In turn, Mrs. Beals arched her brows. "Really?" she drawled.

A tall, violet-eyed woman, fashionably thin and willowy, when Mrs. Beals either arched her brows, shrugged indolently or as negligently narrowed her beaded eyelids, there was a distinction about even an act so slight that definitely marked her as an experienced woman of what she herself termed the *monde*. "You say you lost?" remarked Mrs. Beals. Bertha had. It was the principle of it, however, and not the money, that troubled her, and she was saying so when Mrs. Beals fluttered her eyes. "How much did you lose, you say?" she asked.

Bertha flushed brick red. It shamed her to confess it was only ninety dollars. "My dear girl!" murmured Mrs. Beals. "My dear girl!" She smiled pityingly. "Don't you realize, my dear, I could name you a dozen women who would gladly pay not ninety dollars but nine hundred—nine thousand, perhaps—for the privilege of playing with the ladies with whom you played? You heard who they were, I think."

Naturally. One was Mrs. Van Vorst Gerber, wife of Gerber, the Florida realty promoter. Another was Mrs. Carstairs, wife of the Galveston oil magnate. As Bertha realized now, the string of pearls each of the two had worn so negligently at the bridge made the really handsome sapphire-and-emerald bracelet she had on look like a gewgaw off the counter of a five-and-ten-cent store. But she still was right. There was no mistake in her contention. She could not match her pennies against the dollars of these other women, and she awoke hazily from her dream. For the first time now, at any rate, Bertha began to suspect whether she had not after all grotesquely magnified her husband's so-called success. He had made money, yes; yet how much, to be frank, had he made? True, she had as a fact first thought a fortune was in sight; but now that it had begun to dawn on her what wealth really was, she saw how ridiculously she had overestimated it. However, though Bertha realized clearly she must again have a talk with Charley Maddox, that may be omitted now. The point instead is that she indeed had little opportunity nowadays for idleness. Her new life was exacting new and unexpected demands on her time; so that every hour of her day—her nights too—was occupied.

She loved it. She was a changed woman now. Few would have recognized in her the woman who had yawned

(Continued on Page 162)

Bertha Gasped Aloud. She Had Heard the Remark, Every Word of It

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1927

A Cancellation Plan

THE attention of the Secretary of the Treasury is respectfully invited to a plan for the scaling down or even the entire cancellation of the war debts which has been submitted by several readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There can be no doubt of the feasibility of this plan, for its soundness depends upon its simplicity and its obvious justice.

Though the proponents of this project are satisfied with the findings of our debt commission and believe that the terms of settlement with the debtor nations are so considerate and liberal as to be without precedent, they nevertheless feel that persons like the instructors and professors, together with those others who have been tirelessly working for the scaling down or cancellation of the European war obligations, should be given an opportunity to follow the dictates of conscience.

Moreover, in all fairness, these gentlemen should be allowed to give effect to their ideas in such a manner that they would receive full credit for their sacrifice and be cleared of the suspicion that they courted notoriety by being generous at the expense of their fellow taxpayers rather than at their own proper cost.

The fact must not be lost sight of that cancellation by governmental action is confiscation of American bonds for the benefit of Europe. For unless the debtors pay, the creditors must be taxed to pay; and the creditors are American investors and taxpayers.

The proposal we bring to Mr. Mellon's attention is that he let it be known that the Treasury Department will accept Liberty Bonds from all who care to turn them in, and will immediately credit them to the principal account of whatever debtor nation the sender may indicate. If we are not mistaken, there is precedent for such action, but we do not believe it has assumed sufficient proportions to attract general attention in cancellationist circles.

Such a plan would let in everyone and shut out no one. Men of wealth, like some who could be fairly named, could turn in bonds of an aggregate face value of hundreds of thousands. Those banking houses which have committed themselves to the policy of cancellation would be given a public opportunity to write off as many millions as they deemed their fair share; and the professor or instructor who sent Mr. Mellon his Liberty Bonds could feel that he had followed the dictates of conscience just as loyally as his richer colleagues who had made contributions running into six or seven figures.

The more this plan is studied, the greater its possibilities appear to be. In the first place, it would substitute action for mere talk. It would be a definite step forward toward the goal of the cancellationists. But that is not all: Its hearty adoption and execution would exert a tremendous moral effect.

It would free some of our bankers from the charge that they favor cancellation in order that they may have a richer field for the flotation of profitable private foreign loans. It would afford conclusive proof of the unselfish idealism of the policy they have been preaching.

The hearty coöperation of college faculties in this movement would restore some lost dignity and prestige to the academic world. Deservedly or undeservedly, college professors as a class have been brought under a cloud by the injudicious dabbling in foreign affairs indulged in by a small but emotional minority in their ranks. Here is their chance. If they will dip into their savings and on their own initiative begin the cancellation of war debts by turning out the contents of their safety-deposit boxes, they will compel the respect of all their countrymen, even though they may fail to get them to follow their example.

Fortunately Liberty Bonds are almost as easy to buy as postage stamps. Nonpossession of these obligations need prove no bar to active personal participation in the plan outlined. Any banker in the country can get for his customers as many bonds as they care to turn in. Nothing can check the headway of this great popular movement if it really has the widespread support which the cancellationists claim for their policy.

The crowning merit of this plan is that it instantly reduces the whole vexed and intricate question of war-debt settlement to the curt but clean-cut formula: "Put up or shut up." Every bond would be a vote and every vote would count. The minority would have its wishes at least partly carried out. Their strength would be precisely measured by the extent to which they registered their will in terms of Liberty Bonds.

What could be simpler? What could be fairer?

The Budget Craze

ONE of the more favored and modern indoor sports is the erection of family budgets. By a sort of patent and occult operation a lot of figures are assembled, and the triumphant result represents what the typical or standard family, usually described as being of the working class, is supposed to live upon. This budget then goes through a mysterious process of sanctification and deification, and in the minds of its creators becomes somehow established. Any family getting less than the budget estimate is the victim of capitalistic oppression; any family getting more, presumably, is considered as not being in good form.

These family budgets serve the valuable purpose of giving work to deserving young masters of arts or doctors of philosophy in sociology and economics. But Professor Bowley, in a recent investigation of the incomes of four thousand families in five English industrial towns, found that of the total number studied only five per cent were the so-called standard or typical family; namely, a family in which there is an employed husband with wife and three children dependent upon him, and with no other members.

How can there be a standard or typical family, or a standard, typical budget for such a family? There are families in which all the members work—husband, wife and children. There are many families without any children, or with only one or two. There are many others in which elderly parents or other relatives either drain all the earnings of husband and wife or add immeasurably to them. There are hundreds of varieties, combinations and permutations, each of which has its separate financial problem.

Even with an identical layout of numbers gainfully employed and numbers dependent, two families may have entirely different financial needs. In one family the wife may do all the housework in most economical fashion. In another she may be too ill to move, with hired help proving expensive and wasteful.

Budgets may be of suggestive value, but they fit all individuals and families about as well as one size of shoe would fit all men. A prominent economist is urging the payment of extra wages to men with children to support, the differential being met by the industry as a whole so as not to penalize the employer with many fathers in his establishment.

This may seem a rather advanced suggestion. But the time may come when need as well as competitive market value will play some part in fixing wages and incomes. Society as yet cannot meet all needs; perhaps it never will. But wages and incomes are rising. The workman is not much interested in studying a decent-subsistence family budget if he can make more than the total or can rise into another group where incomes are much larger.

If a budget teaches the right use of one's income or wholesome economy, it serves, to that extent, a useful purpose.

We should all learn to live within our incomes. But for millions in this country there is always the well-founded hope of increased earnings. As a nation we can never rest satisfied with minimum or subsistence wages. It is our boast, our hope constantly to improve on that.

Billionaires

ONCE again we are asked to contemplate billionaires, this time because of widely advertised efforts of the Government to exact additional income taxes from former minority stockholders of the Ford Motor Company. Just as the small boy gapes at the "largest elephant in the world" in a circus, so the American people marvel at the billionaire. It is quite likely the subject is not important. Comparatively few expressions of resentment or of hatred are heard; the common feeling is more one of sheer amazement.

Estimates concerning the size of great fortunes so often mean nothing except that someone has had an enjoyable time making a guess in enormous figures. But there is reasonable certainty that Ford and the Rockefellers, father and son, have or have had fortunes which deserve at least the symbolic, the potential description involved in the word "billion."

It is often said that not only these but many great accumulations of lesser rank have not been earned. The gross inequality of riches is spoken of as socially unjust. But countries in which there is very little inequality of wealth have low standards of life for the average man. Nowhere are the inequalities so marked as in the United States, and nowhere else are general living standards so high.

Is there a recognized point where inequality ceases to be defensible and becomes gross or mischievous? It was not so long ago that many people doubted whether a million dollars could be made honestly. Too many people now see the possibility of making that much for the question to be as popular as was once the case.

In the main, fortunes in this country seem to have been won by men who gave more than they took. Even the billionaire piles are the outgrowth of such useful utilities, such indisputable benefits as gasoline and cheap motor cars.

Hundreds of great fortunes are but fractions of the wealth their makers created, and which is now part of the common wealth.

Students like Sir Josiah Stamp, and Doctor Dalton in his work on the inequality of incomes, point out that men are more affected by comparisons than by absolutes. A man would rather have a large slice of a small cake than a small slice of a large cake, even though in the latter case he receives a greater cubic content.

But as Sir Josiah says, any sense of injustice in distribution based upon this attitude of mind is a very poor measure of actual economic welfare. In other words, are we not better off with high standards of living, even though there be great fortunes to envy, than with no cause of envy and generally low standards of life?

CAPTIOUS COLUMBUSES

By Gilbert Seldes

In the course of the voyage Columbus frequently desired to abandon his purpose and return home; it is even rumored that he compacted with his navigator, since he knew little of navigation himself, to make false entries in the ship's log, so that he could pretend to have sailed round the world to India, although actually he had gone only halfway. Whether he had received bribes from the merchants of the overland Indian trade is not absolutely certain, but that they would have rewarded him for not finding a competitive route may be assumed.

The heroic crew, however, got word of Columbus' weak intentions and insisted upon continuing the dangerous voyage of exploration.

It is well established that Columbus was drunk in his cabin at the moment when the lookout actually sighted land. He was carried to the upper deck and, according to the best authorities, cried out, with a foul oath, "What a terrible country," as his eye first rested on the green palms and sparkling waters of the New World. An hour later, a sneer lighting up his face, he took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, and without a trace of embarrassment before his cynical comrades, fell on his knees and thanked God for the success of his endeavor.

From Ludovici's Authentic Account of the So-called Christopher Columbus.

IT IS a pity that Ludovici, quoted above, never existed, and particularly that he is not alive today. For his is the kind of history that brings heavy royalties and lecture tours and the great reward of all current literature—being made into a newspaper comic strip. He might have broadcast his superiority to all other historians, and to Columbus himself, and have become an authority on fashions, murder trials and foreign affairs. However, for one who never lived, Ludovici has done rather well, since his descendants are prosperous among us, and even the kind of Columbus he described is a familiar character. They are perpetually discovering America and deciding that it is a loathsome place. Their methods, their motives and, above all, their pretensions are worth examination.

The war, as usual, has something to do with it. Since that enterprise forces its way into discussion of everything from the migratory habit of beetles to the price of canned tomatoes, it may as well be briefly considered here and then dismissed. Those who possess nonstop and unsentimental systems of memory will recall that the war was, theoretically, due to unbridled national ambitions and that, theoretically, one of its results was bound to be a falling off of national spirit in favor of a federation of the world. So, actually, one of its most marked psychological results has been a recrudescence of national self-interest, and even of acute national self-consciousness. The forms are various. New countries, previously subject provinces, cultivate an intense enthusiasm for heroes, real or legendary, who used to be the symbols of rebellion against the old régime: The Sobieski of Poland and the Kathleen ni Houlihan of Ireland are examples. In others there is a revival of grandiose ambitions long dead, as in the Cæsarism of D'Annunzio and Mussolini; in still others, preparation for defense and development of new colonial empires and new allies, as in France. In Ireland it became fashionable to Gaelicize one's name and to speak the ancient language of Ireland; reports have it that the Mexican radicals look to a restoration of worship of the old Maya gods. At the very moment when nationalism was supposed to have discredited itself by causing the war and botching the peace, it showed an access of strength, making itself felt from China to Peru, and was even astute enough to erect a façade of internationalism, in the League of Nations, behind which to work.

For a number of reasons the manifestation of this spirit in America is in another form. In the European sense America has no tradition of imperialism; its natural expansion has been,

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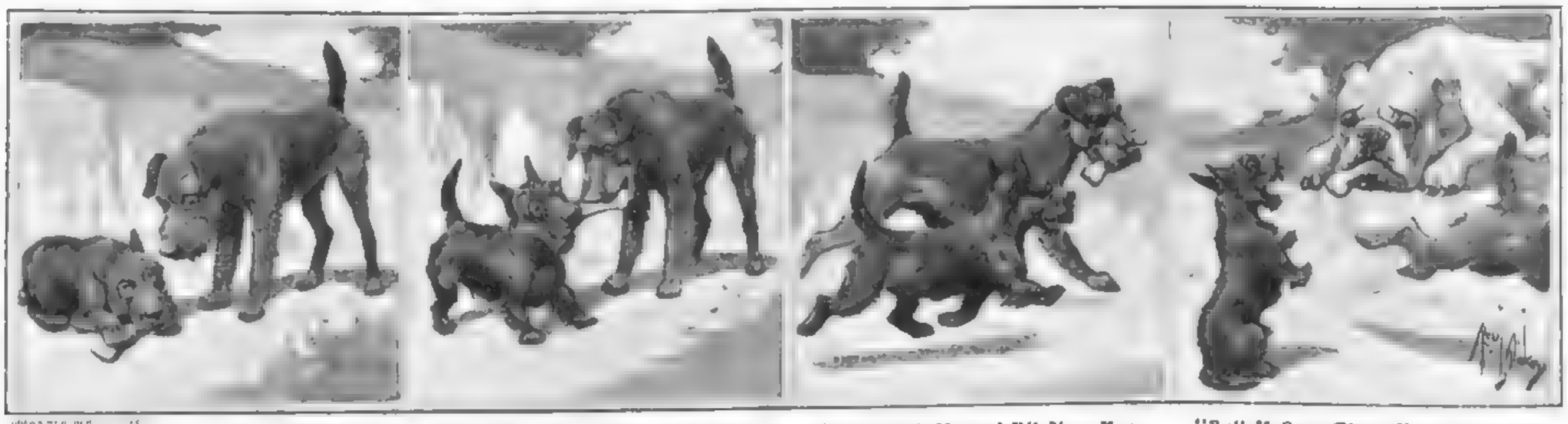
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

McNab and His Neighbors



"McNab, I'll Trade a Much Bigger Bone for the One You Have There" — "Ye Will? Weel, Take it, an' Bring On the Big One!" — "Come With Me and I'll Show You Where it Is!" — "Bull McGraw There Has it—He Just Took it Away From Me!"

A Telling Line

IF ALL the passenger automobiles in the United States are placed end to end—you may know that it's Sunday afternoon.

A Barber-Shop Ballad

I GOTTA de beeg barber shop,
I cutta de bob so nize see'
I lika you much, lilla girl.
Say, why you don' lika me?

I taka you out for de eal,
I sing with the moon by de sea,
An each lilla wave cry much
Because you don' lika me.

I gotta, oh, nica de flat,
Come an' be married with me;
I won' beat you much, lilla girl,
I lika too mucha you see!

—*Mary Ann Maynard.*

"Come, Come, Jimmy! Don't Waste All Day and Disrupt the Entire Office Looking for a Dollar Jackknife"

"And What's More, We'll Stay Here Until We Find That Ball if it Takes All Day"

If it Goes Much Farther

"GENTLEMEN of the jury, aside from the legal aspects of the case, turn your attention for the moment to the person of my fair client, one of the fairest who has ever appeared in this court Remember, gentlemen—and all of you can, I'm sure—the studied artlessness of her pose as she sat in the witness chair before you, denying the state's charge of murder of her brutal husband. Recall the lure of her smile as she appealed to you for justice for justice, gentlemen! And her eyes, brimming with tears, how blue and narrow they were, and how expressive! Could eyes like those belong to one of murderous intent? I tell you no, never! And I, a man of long experience, should be able to tell you.

"In further delineation of this innocent girl, let me remind you, gentlemen, of the soft curve of her throat, of her smooth round arms, of the shapeliness of her knees—knees second to none in the lives of many of you. And finally, gentlemen, shut your eyes and see once more the beauty,

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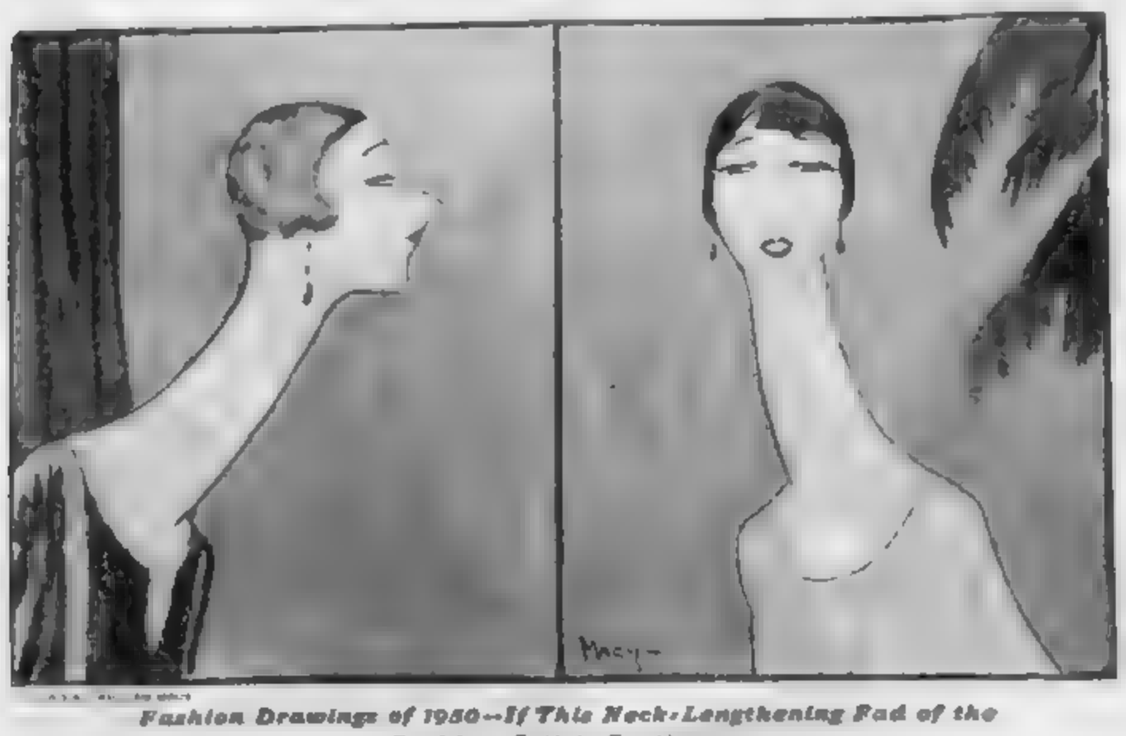

Fashion Drawings of 1950—If This Neck-Lengthening Fad of the Fashion Artists Continues

After a Trip to the Attic. His Wife: "You're Always Talking About the Good Old Days, So I Thought I'd Show 'Em to You"

Vary the soups you serve!

Variety! That's one of the most fascinating features about soup. It's such a help to the housewife in making her meals attractive and "different". Campbell's Tomato Soup and Vegetable Soup are the big favorites, of course. In fact they have made soup so popular that many families look forward to having soup served every day.

So the nineteen other kinds of Campbell's Soups offer the housewife exactly the wide choice she finds so welcome. Even in those delicious clear meat soups which are so appealing to many tastes, Campbell's supply every fine shade in flavor and blending.

Campbell's Clear Soups are made with rich beef broth, clarified to a beautiful amber, combined with dainty vegetables. Consomme is a favorite for formal dinners or luncheons or the family menu.

The Bouillon is even richer and more pronounced in flavor—valuable also for the invalid and convalescent—adult or child. The Printanier Soup has the look and flavor of springtime, with its fresh young vegetables cut in fancy shapes.

Campbell's Printanier JELLIED is a charming delicacy. You simply put the can on ice as directed on label.

12 cents a can

Every food store has, or can easily obtain for you, any or all of the 21 kinds of Campbell's Soups

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

And it Was Then That She Said Something That Roused His Pity for the First Time. "Do You Think She Should See Me—Like This?"

XXXVII

KAY had not telegraphed. She simply walked up the steps of the city house and rang the bell; the taxi driver had carried up her bag and left it beside her, and so she stood when James opened the door. He stared at her, holding to the door knob.

"Don't you know me, James?"

"Yes, miss, I ——"

Suddenly Rutherford pushed him aside and threw the door open.

"He's just surprised, Miss Kay," he said. "Come in. Get that bag, James."

She held out her hand, her eyes full of tears. "I've come home, Rutherford," she said pitifully.

He had been there as long as she could remember, tall, immaculate, impassive. "Yes, Miss Kay." "No, Miss Kay." But he was a human being. He was moved; he was glad to see her, and he was frightened for her. She held out her hand.

"Maybe they won't want me, Rutherford."

"It's your home, Miss Kay."

"I know, but ——"

James had brought in her bag, shabby and worn. She caught a glimpse of herself in the old Italian mirror over the console beside her. She looked shabby and worn, too, like the bag, out of place. No wonder James had hesitated.

She went into the drawing-room, like any caller. Rutherford had suggested that. Her old rooms were closed; and, anyhow, her mother was not to have any excitement. He would see the housekeeper. Yes, they had a housekeeper now; a Mrs. Manly, quite a capable person.

She stood by the fireplace, under the Sargent painting of her in her presentation dress. Nothing was changed, save for a hard formality in the arrangement of the room, as if it were not much used now. There was a sickening hush over everything. It was as silent as the little house on the ranch.

Rutherford brought in Mrs. Manly. She was a thin little woman, neat and capable, with small inquisitive black eyes.

If Mrs. McNair would make herself comfortable for a few minutes she would have her rooms opened and made up. Perhaps she would like tea. Nora came, dour and repressed as ever, faintly embarrassed at Kay's shaking hands, but glad to see her nevertheless. Afterward she was to remember that her only real welcome home was by the servants.

Mrs. Manly went out. Nora stood by the door.

"How is she?"

"Up and down. They have a nurse now."

"What do the doctors say?"

"You know your father, Miss Kay. We don't hear anything. But she wants you. I've seen it in her face over and over. That's why I wrote to you."

All at once Nora's face began to twist. She fumbled in the pocket of her black silk apron and found a handkerchief.

"I think she's dying, Miss Kay."

Kay felt faint and cold. The tea tray came in, Nora still standing there weeping. She looked up. Rutherford stood by the tray, James behind him with the curate stand, and Nora by the door. There they were, all four of them, grieving together, and yet with that terrible artificial barrier of class between them.

"Lemon or cream, madam?"

Oh, my God, and her mother dying upstairs alone, surrounded by this barrier, cut off by this gulf! Lonely! Horribly, terribly lonely!

"Lemon, please, Rutherford."

But she could not hold the cup. For the first time in her strong young life she fainted quietly away in her chair.

When she came to there was another person in the room, a white-clad young woman, cold, efficient, capable. Kay sat up in her chair and said, strangely, "That makes five" She felt very dizzy, but her mind was quite clear.

Later on they took her upstairs as quietly as possible, Mrs. Manly and the nurse, with Nora trailing behind. Her mother's door was closed. There was a new housemaid making up her bed, and the parlor maid was taking the covers off the furniture. They put her carefully on the chaise longue and went away—all but Nora. Nora was unpacking the shabby bag, with its shabbier contents. She laid out the things on the bed, the underwear Kay had made for herself, the cheap cotton dresses, the aprons, and as she worked she wept softly. Once she came and stood over Kay, her wet eyes burning.

"When your father comes I'll get out some clothes for you. Your mother and I wanted to send them to you, so he locked them up."

"I didn't need many clothes, Nora dear."

Nora glanced at the bed and suddenly went out of the room.

Reluctantly Kay dragged her thoughts from her mother to her father. What if he would not let her stay—if he turned her out? She had never thought of that contingency; his anger and resentment she had prepared herself for.

All that nightmare trip East she had known she would have to face them. But a hostility which would lock away her clothes and shut up her rooms might go further, might close his door to her. And there were other complications. Nora, calmer now, and coming back to draw her bath, asked her not to say that she had written the letter.

"He'd put me out, quick as not," she said. "And I want to stay, Miss Kay. I've been with her a long time. I'm not leaving her now."

She had to promise, but it left her own position anomalous. Was she to say she had left Tom? Would she have to say she had left him in order to stay with her mother? But hadn't she left Tom? The battle which had raged within her on the train renewed itself now. She knew Tom himself thought so, had considered their parting final. Lying there, the water running into the tub in her bathroom, the scent of the bath salts rising with the steam, she saw him again as she had left him in that hideous room at the Mallorys', tall, anxious, grim.

"I'll never ask you to come back, so help me God!"

When her bath was ready she undressed. No word had come from that quiet room along the hall. She dropped her clothing and stood in her single plain undergarment while Nora threw her worn dressing gown around her. Suddenly she felt Nora's cheek against hers.

"My poor lamb!" she said. "My poor thin little lamb!"

She put her arms around Nora. For the first time since she entered the house she felt love and a welcome.

Later on she put on the same frock again—she had no other—and brushed her short hair. Her watch said five o'clock, and at any moment now her father would be coming in. She braced herself, for her hands were shaking. But when he finally arrived he did not come upstairs; she imagined that Rutherford had told him, and that in his library below he was considering the situation, turning it over this way and that. The waiting was terrible. Nora had gone.

She took to pacing the floor, to opening her door and listening, but there was nothing to break the dreadful hush of the house. It was not until she was ready to scream that James tapped and said her father wished to see her in the library. It was poor preparation for her; it placed her at a disadvantage. Perhaps he knew that; maybe that was why he had kept her waiting.

She had expected to find him hard and pompous. Always in her mind he had been unchangeable, florid, heavy, immaculately dressed, a little cold. Now she was shocked to find him perceptibly aged, his face no longer ruddy, his clothing hanging loose on him. He was an old man! But

(Continued on Page 36)

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE

1877 *A little more than 50 years ago this building on Cape Cod was the entire Swift plant. It supplied only the needs of local consumers. It provided only a market for the live-stock raisers in its immediate vicinity.*

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(Continued from Page 34

he had not softened with age; he was standing, erect and stern, behind the barrier of his great desk.

"Come in," he said. "And close the door."

She did so, turned and faced him again

"First of all, I must ask the nature of this—visit. Am I to understand that it is temporary or permanent?"

She hesitated. "I don't know, father."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's a rather long story." She tried to smile. "I'm tired. Do you mind if I sit down?"

It was characteristic of him, of his type and his breeding, that he came around and drew up a chair for her. But he did not touch her. He was still coldly, acidly, polite. He went back behind the desk again.

"Have you left this fellow McNair?"

"I haven't decided."

"Decided! You're old enough to know your own mind!"

"It isn't as simple as that, father."

"Are you going to have a child?"

"No." She colored.

"Have you quarreled?"

She hesitated. "No, not exactly that. We differed about some things, but" she looked up at him with the eyes that were like his father's—"I still care for him. I think you have a right to know that. Only ——"

"—— you couldn't get along," he finished for her. "If you hadn't been a headstrong, stubborn little fool, you'd have realized that before you married him. A cowboy! A ranch hand! What in God's name got into you? And Tulloss! The man's senile; he's losing his mind."

But he controlled himself. "Before we go any further," he went on coldly, "I'd better make my own position clear. Your mother is ill —critically ill." He stopped, cleared his throat, went on: "I do not believe she will be with us for very long, and I think she needs you. She has needed you badly for some months. At the same time I shall make no pretensions about myself. Your marriage hurt me; it was selfish, reckless and outrageous. For a piece of romantic nonsense you have spoiled Herbert Forrest's life and you have very nearly wrecked my own. You think you have a grievance now because that marriage has gone wrong. You have no grievance It was wrong from the start. Some day you will learn that you cannot build happiness on the misery of other people."

"If I had married Herbert

He raised his hand "Just a moment. Under the conditions I have named, I have a right to make certain stipulations. You have come back. You came without request from me, but this is your home. I could not refuse you shelter if I wanted to, and I do not want to. At the same time I shall require certain assurances from you. I shall ask you, if you stay at all, to stay until—until your mother no longer needs you. And I will not have McNair in the house."

She sat very still. After all, he was right, in a way. And Tom had said —— She moved a little, put her hands on the back of a chair to steady them.

"May I see mother before I decide?"

He was not brutal; her face, her thin figure, her shabby dress, all had shocked him profoundly. But they had angered him too. She was never to go back to that man; over his dead body would she go back.

"I have told you your mother's condition. If in the face of that you insist on bargaining ——"

"The bargain was your suggestion, father."

He had unlocked a drawer of his desk and taken out a bunch of keys, but now he put them back again and closed the drawer. "When you have made up your mind, I shall give Nora your keys"

And it was then that she said something that roused his pity for the first time. "Do you think she should see me like this?"

He looked at her. She was thin, shabby, profoundly disillusioned. He got the keys again, and going around the desk, stooped and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

After she had gone he sat down heavily. Through the open door he could see the hall, and beyond it the drawing-room. The lamps shone on his tapestries, his paintings, his fine old furniture, his rugs. More than fifty years of his life gone, and that was all he had! He was losing his wife, he had already lost his daughter. Soon he would be alone

When Rutherford brought in the tray with his whisky and soda he found him still motionless at his desk, staring through the open doors at what life had given him. Things

Later on Kay saw her mother. She went in, with the nurse standing guard; fortunately she had been warned in advance, so she bore herself well, but even the rose lights in the room could not conceal the change in Katherine. Her small face had fallen in, there were deep livid circles under her eyes. Her white hair, however, was as carefully waved as ever, her hands, the left with its enormous square-cut diamond, were as carefully manicured. She was wrapped in lace and soft silk.

She held out her arms and Kay went into them, determinedly smiling but sick at heart.

"My little girl."

"Mother darling!"

And after a pause, each holding the other: "Did they send for you?"

"No, indeed. I just came."

No, Henry wouldn't have sent for her; she ought to have known that. She stroked Kay's head.

"I was afraid ——" she said, and stopped.

"Afraid of what?"

But she lied gently. "Afraid you hadn't got your clothes. But I see you have. You look so pretty, Kay. I think I had forgotten how pretty you are."

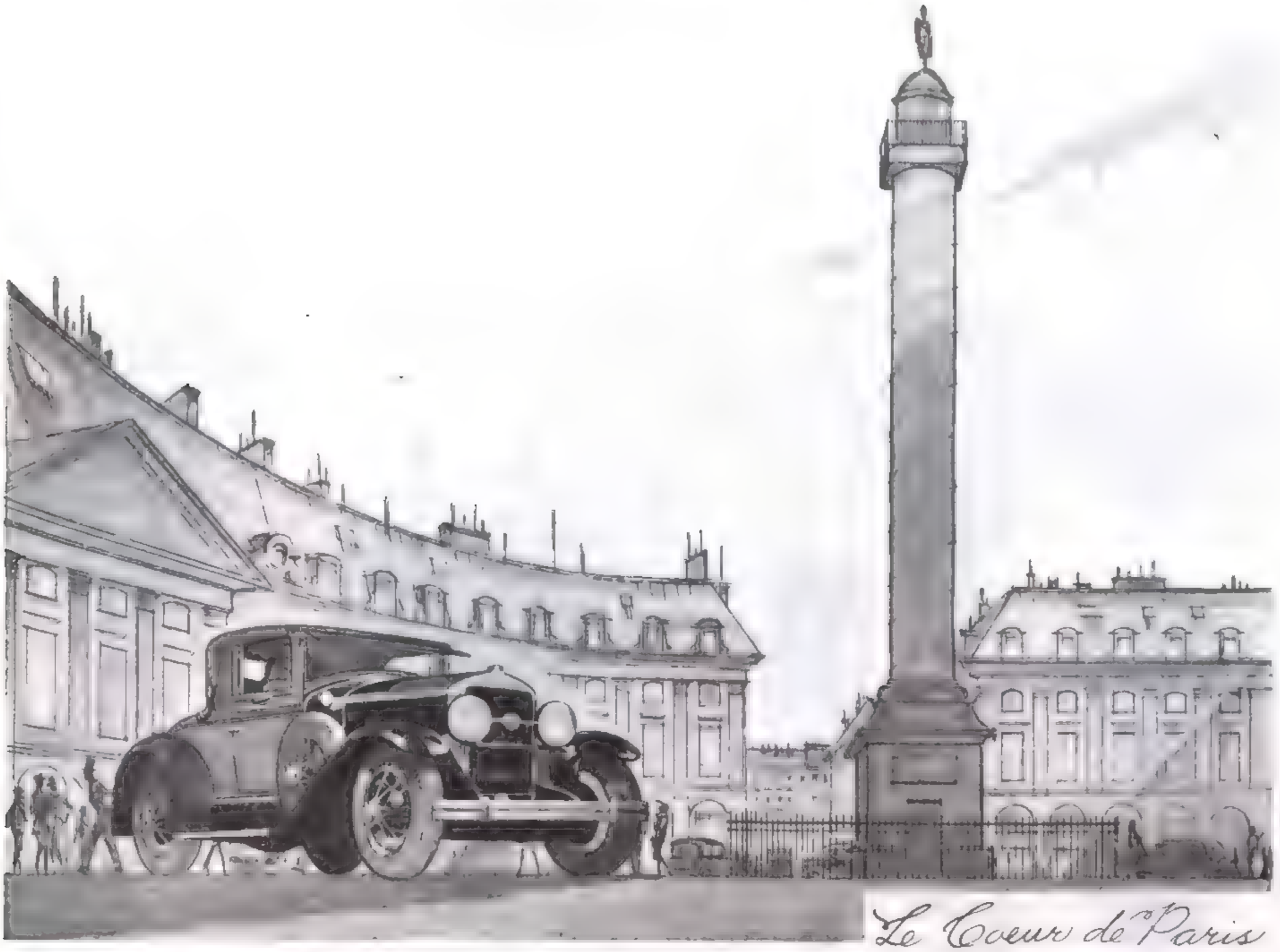
And then, before anything real had been said between them, the nurse signaled for Kay to go.

But Katherine knew; had known from the moment she had learned that Kay was in the house, was certain of it when she saw her. She had left her husband. Tragedy was written all over her, smile as she might.

She lay very still that night for fear the nurse would report her sleepless to Henry, and Kay would get the blame. She seemed to be seeing very clearly a great many things; for instance, one could choose security, as she had,

(Continued on Page 78)

So He Lighted His Candle and Sat Looking at it, and After a While He Slept in His Chair



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THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS

IT WAS in September, 1916, that I had the LZ-98 out over London with twelve other Zeppelins, a joint action by the army and navy airship services. I found that the English had improved their defense enormously since our earlier flights. There were many more searchlights and a host of batteries with better guns and ammunition. Most important of all, the airplane forces, following heavy losses of men and material, had succeeded in developing their night flying, and from then on we might look for strong attacks during any visit to London.

The English planes were equipped with machine guns which spit incendiary bullets at the Zeppelin unlucky enough to cross their path. They had the advantage at first. They could attack at close range. The pilot, flying high, could detect an airship miles away in the rays of a searchlight, but the British themselves admitted that it was almost impossible for their pilots to pick up a Zeppelin in the dark. They were dependent upon searchlights. But then with their small machines they could hardly be seen by the airship crew until on the verge of an attack. The chances of being first to secure a decisive hit were unequal. The airplane often could be flown in close to the airship before the Zeppelin's machine guns covered it effectually, and the Zeppelin, being easily a hundred times larger in vulnerable area than a plane, was a simple target.

This new aerial defense was not confined to London. Planes were maintained everywhere on the British east coast and also in special patrols at Nieuport and Dunkirk to intercept the Zeppelins passing the Belgian coast early in the morning. We had to be most careful and make every effort to return home before dawn. The LZ-88, which was only a 1,000,000-cubic-feet ship, and therefore unable to fly higher than the enemy planes, had been attacked on her return from a raid. By the best of luck she managed to dive into a long bank of low-lying clouds and thus shake off the machines. The LZ-97, which had 250,000 more cubic feet of gas, was able to ascend 13,000 feet above the surface, and her crew were delighted to find that the pursuing planes could not reach that height.

The Forward Car of the LZ-120

The LZ-120 During the 101 Hours' Flight

Dangerous Defense Work

THE reason why relatively few airships were shot down from planes during the latter phase of the war lay in the fact that the ships were constantly developed until they surpassed the English planes. The Zeppelins were gradually brought to a stage where they could, and did, go even higher than the heavier-than-air machines. Then, too, the endurance of both planes and pilots was limited. They could remain in the air only for short periods, never so long as the airships. Therefore, if a plane left the ground too early the chances were that its gasoline supply would be exhausted before it came to grips with the invader. If it was kept too long on the ground before flying up to the attack, the Zeppelin was well out of range by the time the plane had gained sufficient altitude to strike. It was also dangerous for an English pilot to fly over the city of London during a raid. He might be hit by his own artillery; or in case of engine trouble, be forced down to a fatal landing in the streets or on the housetops.

We knew enough about the conditions to appreciate thoroughly the bravery and remarkably fine work of those British flyers who were trying to bring us down. Despite inadequate equipment, bad weather and other troubles similar to our own, they accomplished wonders, and many of the heroic feats on record in the British Air Ministry deal with the night pursuits of the Zeppelins. They certainly succeeded in enhancing the problem for the raiders; and we usually picked the darkest nights, with scattered cloud banks sufficient to conceal our ship when hard pressed by planes or searchlights.

Such was the situation on September 2, 1916, when my LZ-98 became one of the thirteen airships striking at London.

The route lay over Belgium and thence out to sea, where we dodged several rain squalls. They would have soaked the ship, making it heavier and less fit to reach higher altitudes had we cruised through them. And a great height was necessary during the actual attack. Some of the other Zeppelins were already in action when we reached the outskirts of the capital. There we discovered more powerful lights than we had ever seen before. The big guns had increased in number and their range was greater. The entire city lay under a luminous mist, dotted everywhere with incessant flickering and flashes of bursting projectiles.

Hide and Seek in the Clouds

ONE by one the other Zeppelins disappeared. We were nearing the scene of attack. Over on the other side we could see many explosions on the ground, evidently from the other ships, but they were hidden from view by the haze, bursting shells and searchlight beams. It was like hanging above a lighted stage in a theater with the rest of the house darkened. Finding several single clouds floating about two miles high, I decided to use them in escaping the searchlights. If we should be exposed to their beams longer than ten or twenty minutes at the most, the batteries or airplanes would surely get us. It had taken us about an hour—from midnight, when we crossed the coast—to come up to the position best suited for the attack. Again the clouds and haze made it exceedingly difficult to spot definitely the surface objectives, but finally we recognized the familiar bends of the Thames.

We went in from the south, taking a zigzag course and jumping from one cloud to another until the LZ-98 was over the docks. There we dropped our bombs. Three times before this the ship had been picked up by the lights and on each occasion they had lost her as we entered a cloud. Our work over the docks finished, we made for the next cloud, and under cover of that fleecy protection went up 14,000 feet, thereby increasing our altitude by

(Continued on Page 149)

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FR-R-RONT!

By Helen Christine Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Bell Boys, Wilted, Sank Upon Their Hall Bench, Too Tired to Leave

IT WAS the night of the big fight. From a storm-swept sky rain dripped unceasingly upon the enthusiasts who stood in the Philadelphia Stadium to see Gene Tunney lick Jack Dempsey. When it was over, 118,736 rain-soaked mortals hastened to seek a dry spot. In the hotels an extra force of servitors happily waited. Gene had won, and most of them had money on Gene. It was raining, which meant that erelong there would be many calls for service—clothes would have to be pressed. It was a fine night for business. Revolving doors whirled; dripping men entered, went to their rooms and rang. The stentorian cry of "Fr-r-ront!" resounded through the lobbies. Bell boys ran in response. At the end of an hour they were still running. It was hot and sticky. On their arms were piled suits, wet, heavy, cumbersome. Hotel discipline is strict. Between runs the boys stopped in odd corners to wipe off little beads of perspiration from their foreheads and streams from the backs of their necks. They ran doubtful hands over their dampening uniforms. By two A.M. all pretense of appearance was abandoned. Still the cry of "Fr-r-ront!" resounded and still they moved in answer. But they had ceased to run. By six A.M. the valets' rooms and the halls beyond were filled with suits, piled on odd chairs hastily brought from the basement. Suits, coats, suits, and still more suits. White-faced men worked desperately over the pressing machines. And still the call of "Fr-r-ront!" continued.

The Bell Boy's Chance to Talk

IT WAS a second call now; men were waking and demanding their dry clothes. Many of them had planned to stay but a single night; the one suit was all they carried with them. It was broad day; they wanted to get out. In vain bell boys tried to explain. Wrathful men leaped from their beds and wrangled. The upper halls, even the ground floor lobbies, began to fill with bathrobed processions of irritated men, all shouting for dry clothing. The manager of one hotel, who had moved out to give his Sesqui guests more room, arrived and viewed the mob in alarm.

"Fire?" he queried of the night manager. When he heard of the difficulty he issued swift orders. The laundry drying machinery was put into service; suits, whirled and dried in a few minutes, were sent out to tailors here, there and anywhere, to be pressed. By eleven the last guest was clothed and the bell boys, wilted, sank upon their hall bench, too tired to leave. Their once neatly plastered hair stood at angles, their red faces pricked and steamed, their smart-shouldered uniforms sagged and wrinkled, wet with the dampness from the suits they had carried and the trickle of perspiration.

"You look like a bunch of roughs," the newly arrived spick-and-span bell-boy captain accused as he looked them over.

"What do you know about work?" grunted one boy, wearily raising his arms high above his head. "We're on four hours' overtime. Say, cap, I've been in this game eighteen years and I thought I'd run some. But never a night like last!"

It is so marked in the memory of every bell boy in Philadelphia—as the one and only of its kind—a sidelight upon the great victory that has probably never been recorded. In February of 1927 I was talking with my bell boy in a hotel in the Quaker City.

"Do you remember the night of the fight?" I asked.

His face grew solemn. "Remember?" he echoed in plaintive tones. "Lady, 900 suits was dried and pressed in this hotel alone that night!"

Nine hundred suits—1800 calls coming and going, and this in one hotel. It is safe to say that never before or since has the cry of "Fr-r-ront!" resounded through hotel corridors as on that night.

To this call responds with military promptness—and often, mind you, with a justly earned military carriage—a smartly tailored uniform, with a slim-waisted, flat-hipped, immaculately groomed person of the male sex within, who is seldom a boy. Indeed the term "bell man" is threatening to supersede both "bellhop" and "bell boy," and with reason.

Page boys may still be boys, but 90 per cent of the responses to "Fr-r-ront" are made not by boys but by men. Few of them are under twenty-one and many are past the thirty line.

According to those students of human ability who reduce their knowledge to statistics, the best productive years of the average man's life are between twenty and forty. Bell men have succeeded bell boys, because bell-hopping is a well-paid service when compared with the average rate of earnings elsewhere, and so can command a man. The brisk and active boy who carries your bag and brings your cigarettes is often a married man, sometimes a married man with a family. He takes his business seriously and he has no doubt whatever as to its dependence upon his own astuteness.

"You take your turn on the wheel and you get your chance." That is the bell boy's epitome.

"Your chance for what?" I asked from the depths of my ignorance.

"Your chance to talk money out of people"—the reply was swift and universal.

Money—the Front is frankly and unashamedly seeking it, with a sincerity amply backed by the facts of his employment. His pay from the hotel is as frankly based upon the possibility of receipts from guests. Where chances are comparatively small, as in certain clubs and obscure hotels, a bell boy may receive fifty, or sixty, and in a few cases that mark the high-water level, seventy dollars a month. In all but a very few hotels this is all that he receives; he rooms and boards himself. As the hotel that employs him increases in size and importance, the sum paid him shrinks to forty, thirty, and remains stationary in most great cities at twenty-five dollars a month. In one house where the bell boys may eat, if they choose, at a dining room that utilizes the left-over food of the guests' dining room, the pay is sixteen dollars a month. From this wage it is customary to deduct from two to three dollars a month for keeping the uniform clean, mended and pressed. Fifty cents a day is paid by the bell boys to the bell captain by virtue of his office. From twenty-five dollars a month subtract the sum of these two items, allowing the minimum of two dollars for the care of the uniform and an average of a thirty-day month for the fifty-cent-a-day payment. There are left eight dollars, plus the admitted opportunity to "talk money out of people."

The Last Shall be Front

THE actual results of this opportunity net a boy in a first-class hotel in a big city anywhere from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, depending upon the breaks on the wheel of chance—the bell-boy wheel in which Front spells preferred speculation and Last a gambler's 1 to 100 shot. The wheel of chance is the rotation of the bell boys on service. It follows the Biblical prophecy, and the first becomes last and the last is first in sluggish or rapid succession, depending upon the business of the hotel. To the Front of the moment comes the first call from any guest, while the Last takes the "stiff work"—the calls from the house management or for any unpaid service. The opportunity given the Front is genuine and guaranteed. If any call to which a bell boy may respond comes for a guest known to be out of the house, that call is passed over from the Front to the Last, and Front holds his place until he can give a service that brings him into actual contact with the guest served.

Not that actual contact always results in money. It, too, is but opportunity. And if a call comes from a guest who is marked as a never-tip man the Front must answer it. The contact is the one thing assured.

"That's where the breaks come in." They said it laughing, these thorough sportsmen.

"Take a man, now, who rings for ice water. There are old hotels in every city that have no circulating ice water and the bell boy supplies this. A man rings and the Front answers. He gets to the room and there, outside in the hall, is the pitcher, stuck out on the rug. He has to fill the carafe or pitcher or whatever it is and go back to Last, without even a chance at a tip. . . . Do that? Of course they do that. And more. One day I roomed a guest and there was a quarter on the bureau for the room maid. I had to do my stuff, but I saw the quarter. I did the things that are my job—carried the bags in, took the stand from the closet and set them on it, opened the window, put on the lights, opened the bathroom and saw that there were towels and soap—and turned to ask the man if there was anything else that I could do for him—this is the regulation thing, understand? Well, the quarter was in plain sight when we came in, but by then it was gone. And the man put his hand in his pocket and handed me fifteen cents. He was a dime in, the chambermaid was out entirely. Chiseler!"

When the Buck Won't Pass

IT IS a term used only of one utterly beyond the pale. Chiselers or gougers are men who not only refuse to tip but who manage somehow to trim someone. The bell boy is ready for them and it becomes a battle of wits as to who succeeds. One boy, rooming a guest, saw an envelope on the bureau. He glanced at it, saw a written line in pencil: "For the maid," and knew by the appearance of the envelope that it contained bills.. He went into the bathroom to turn on the lights and when he returned, the envelope had disappeared. When he had finished his work he hesitated. "There was an envelope for the maid here in the bureau," he said. "I promised to bring it to her. Did you see it?"

"Ah, yes," assented the guest. "I—I thought I'd hand it to her myself."

"Well," said the boy with determination, "she's waiting out there for me and I'd better take it." That brought the envelope out of the guest's pocket, and the boy went out triumphant, to give the envelope to the surprised maid, refusing to accept a penny of the contents.

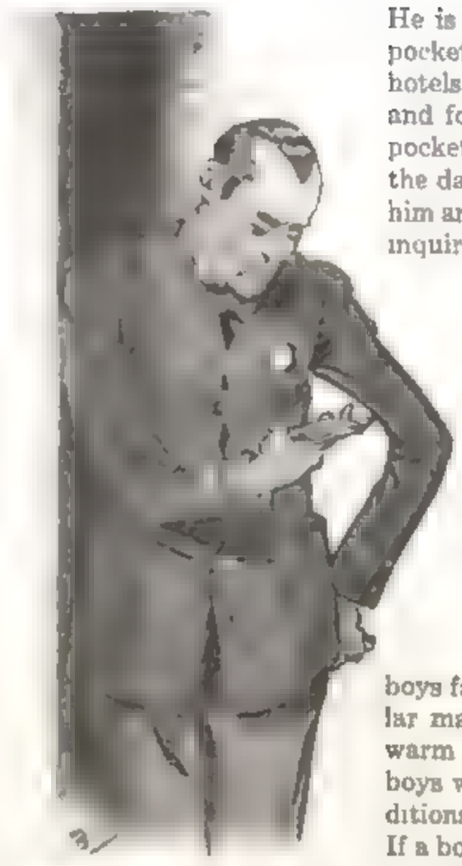
The code of the bell boy is strict. The guest is his legitimate business, his pals are protected. The occasional "wolves" among the bell boys, who take chances usurping the place of the boy next on the wheel, rushing ahead in a lobby to seize upon a guest, are frowned upon not only by the management but by the boys themselves, and retaliation is sharp and severe.

The boy who "wolfs" and the guest who "chisels," are equally contemptible. Scarcely less so in the eyes of the bell boy are the guests who forget to tip. Sometimes they really do forget.

"A man who is called on the phone on a $20,000 deal may run to it and forget you, but he will remember afterwards and you know he will make it up to you. He isn't the see-you-later fellow who is always talking about seeing you later and never does. And some men get their wives to do it for them. You will start to show a lady and gent to a room, and he'll stop at the elevator and say, 'You go up; and I've got to attend to something'; and when she is settled she will say, 'My husband will see you later'—which he don't. Many a guest we show to a room walks into the bathroom and shuts the door and, of course, we have to go back to the desk.

"Then another kind of fellow says, when he registers, 'Here, boy, take up my bags. I'll be right up.' I goes up and he beats it out the side door and comes back in an hour."

Good bell boys are made, not born. Most of them graduate from the ranks of page boys—the real boys who call your name about the lobbies and dining rooms. A page boy becomes a bell boy when business is heavy, and so breaks in. He passes a severe training, which in most first-class hotels is followed day after day with military precision. For the morning shift, which begins in most places at seven, he reports at 6:30 in the bell boys' room downstairs or the back hall, gets into his uniform and has his shoes shined or rubs them up, and looks himself over. He is about to face inspection. With the other boys on this shift, he will line up in single file and pass before his captain and the superintendent of service. Hair, skin, hands, shoes and uniform are critically looked over. Then, in some hotels, there is delivered a little lecture on the rules of the particular house, concerning what to do and what not to do.



"Well, We Ain't Allowed to Look What Is Given Us, But I Goes Off to a Corner to See"

He is made to pull out from his hip pocket the small tray which most hotels require the bell boys to carry and folds and tucks away in his coat pocket the list of special functions for the day, which has been prepared for him and to which he refers when guests inquire. At a few hotels this training is directed toward an anti-commercial service to the guest. The boys are not allowed to look as if they wanted a tip or insinuate a tip. They have to give service whether they get money or not. In these hotels they take care of the boys' uniforms for nothing and the boys don't pay the bell captain.

There is one superintendent of service known to bell boys far and near as a mighty particular man to work for, but one with a warm heart. Under his shrewd eye, boys work gladly because special conditions obtain. Ambition is fostered. If a boy is a good worker and wants an education, night school or day, this superintendent arranges his hours. One elevator man working under him goes to Columbia University and is sent off at two P. M. so that he can attend his classes. A sixteen-year-old bellhop who has worked three months, yesterday made arrangements for hours off to take a course at high school.

Luggage Carries the Big Tip

AFTER inspection and the morning lecture the bell boy goes into the lobby. He is then on service and his first act is to welcome the guest and what he carries with him. It used to be called "baggage," but now no self-respecting bell boy knows of anything but "luggage"—if he thinks before he speaks. "Luggage" it is then, and the term covers a range of objects wide and varied. Luggage is anything a guest brings with him that a bell boy may hope to carry. It is the backbone of the industry, the mainstay of the bell boy's earnings. Rooming the guest is the bell boy's first and most important duty, and it is in rooming that the luggage is carried. This duty ordinarily brings the biggest tip of the guest's stay, but it has a more important function. It enables the boy to get acquainted with his prospect and to sell himself for future employment. The very character of the luggage may be an indication of the need of future service in something for which the hotel provides no other servitor. For luggage, in the bell boy's category, includes parrots, canaries, alligators,

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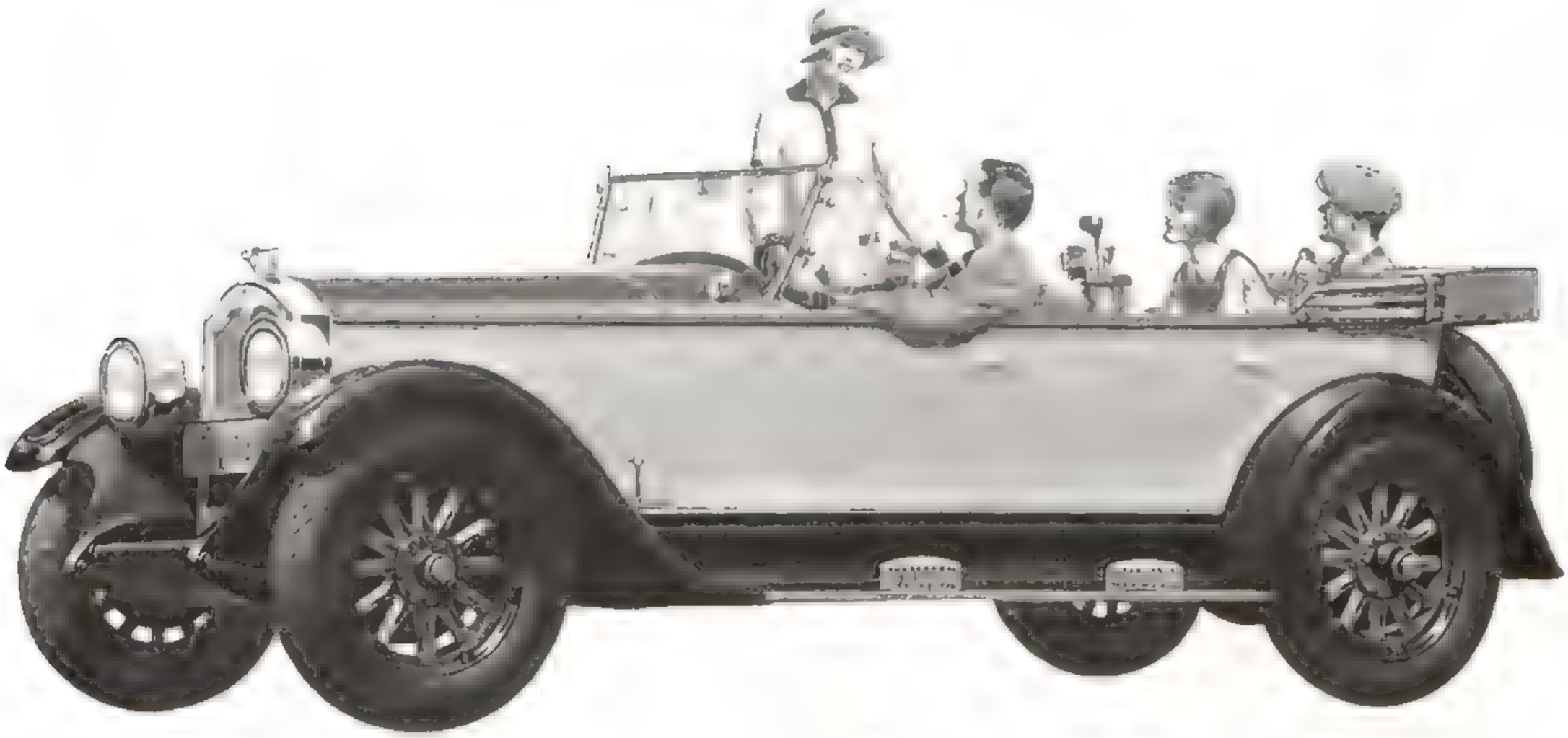
"They Took Two Boys to Room Them and the Man Handed Out a Quarter and Said, 'There, Split That Between You!'"



Summer Time is *New Car* Time-
Enjoy a Buick *Now*

So many things to do, so many places to go, so much fun for the whole family this summer—in a Buick.

This is the logical time of year to buy a car—at the beginning of its period of greatest enjoyment. And Buick is the logical car to buy, because it will provide the greatest usefulness with the greatest economy.

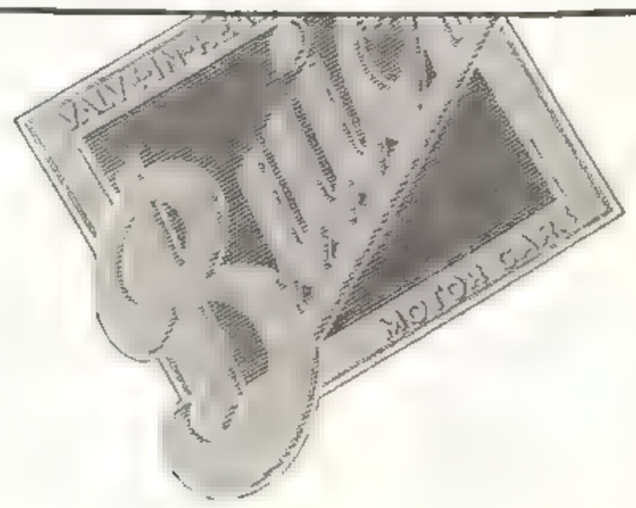
Its Fisher Bodies win admiring glances from every side—for their beauty, style and smart Duco colors. Buick fittings and upholsteries exemplify the utmost luxury. Soft-cushioned, properly-tilted seats, and cantilever springs add to riding comfort.

And Buick performance will win your heart. The Buick Six-Cylinder Valve-in-Head Engine is *vibrationless beyond belief*. It develops more power for its size than any other automobile engine, and greater speed than the average driver ever uses.

See and drive this dependable motor car at your earliest opportunity.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



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monkeys, cats, dogs and babies—if the boy carries them—golf bags, fishing tackle, sculls, bows and arrows, snow shoes, tennis rackets, in addition to the ordinary burdens of hand bags, valises, suitcases, hat boxes, carryalls and parcels.

Of all guests traveling, English parties carry the most luggage.

"When an English party leaves home," confided one bell boy of seventeen years' experience, "they take everything with them but the River Thames. I've roomed a party of four to six, and honest, no foolin', they'd have six to eight trunks, ten to twelve suitcases, includin' carryalls and hat boxes. And heavy—whew, you'd think they had a library in them! And they ain't what you'd call hearty tippers either. I had a man and woman in lately who brought eight bags and boxes, and heavy ones. They took two boys to room them and the man handed out a quarter and said, 'There, split that between you!'"

"But handle an Englishman right," added another veteran, "and you won't come out so bad at that. You see, they are used to servants, and they don't have to pay much over there, and they can't always get accustomed to American ways at first. If you have patience you can get through with them and not fare bad. I take an Englishman to his room and ask him nicely if he is familiar with the city and can I do anything for him. And likely as not I'm next telling him the taxi rates, and where Wall Street is, and I say that we have Subways by which he can get there quicker than a taxi and at less charge, if he prefers. I tell him of our information bureau and add that I know the city well and will be glad to give him any special information. I also warn him to ask directions of a policeman—this for his own protection. And I get nothing for all this—then. But when he leaves for good, he will send for me. I've been doing more or less for him all the time and he'll leave me a five-dollar bill. With the English you need a little patience."

An American Summer Resort

South Americans and Cubans also bring large quantities of luggage. They usually come in parties and they never come in cold weather. Get a Cuban or a South American here when he has to wear an overcoat and he takes the first steamer out. The party will often include the maids, the children, the baby and the baby's ice box to keep the baby's milk right. Like the English, they pay when they leave. In New York City there has come to be a heavy summer-tourist trade of South Americans and Cubans, who look on the city as a summer resort, and find it entertaining, cool and comfortable, while its citizens flee from its heat to the mountains and sea. In a number of the leading hotels in New York about one-fifth of the summer guests are from South America or Cuba. For them there are provided special bell boys, who do ordinary work in winter, but who become interpreters to these guests in summer. Such boys are usually Cubans or South Americans who speak both Spanish and English. They welcome summer as a well-paid season.

"These people stay in the best suites," said a young Cuban, "and they tip more than the average American. They give half a dollar or a dollar for any call, and they give a special tip when they leave. They, of course, demand a good deal of service. I've gone to shops and acted as interpreter for all kinds of purchases, and I've put through many a business deal, going along with the man concerned or talking over the phone. I had one man who was a wonderful guest. He owned a huge sugar plantation and came here partly on business and partly for pleasure. When anyone called him on the phone he sent for me. I never got less than five dollars for interpreting a phone conversation, and if it was a business deal I got ten. The last year I helped him a good deal and when he left he gave me my biggest tip—one hundred and fifty dollars."

From these heavy-luggage carriers to the guest with no luggage is a long step, but the guest without luggage is welcome! In most cases he would not dare to arrive without luggage unless known to the management, or unless he intends to pay in advance. The pay-in-advance man is always a good tipper; he is uncertain of his standing at the hotel and he eases his way with ready coin. And if he is sufficiently known to the management to stay without luggage and without advance payment, nine times out of ten he is a person of substance who can be counted upon to treat a bell boy well.

Guests Traveling Light

No fear need enter the mind of the traveler who is the victim of an accident and has lost his luggage, or the utter stranger who for some reason arrives without luggage and is unknown, and must therefore pay in advance. No bell boy will look upon him with scorn. Indeed he is an excellent prospect, for he may ask the boy to go out and buy him a razor, toothbrush and paste, and night clothes—even a shirt and collar for the morrow—and a good tip is at least visible in forecast. Likewise the bell boy has a welcome smile for the carrier of ordinary luggage—for the man or woman who brings suitcase, valise or hat box.

You may be careless as to your luggage. You may carry practically any kind you choose; it matters not. It may or may not be expensive, although, all things considered, a good bag gets more attention.

When the luggage is carried into the hotel from taxis or busses, it is put into the lobby and remains there until every guest has identified his own bags. This is vital. It is a hotel ruling, and bell boys may not carry a bag to a room until the guest has identified it. Despite all care, mistakes will occur. Only a few days ago one of the leading hotels of the country suffered a severe shock. An arriving guest picked out a suitcase as his, was escorted to his room and left there. A few minutes later the room clerk came to the bell-boy captain.

"Where's the boy that roomed 840?" he demanded. The boy was located and went up to the guest, together with the captain and the room clerk. They went in, the door was closed and, with a dramatic gesture, the guest opened the suitcase. There lay a portfolio, a cap, two guns and a black silk handkerchief—these in plain sight. The guest wanted the case out of his room at once, and so it was closed and taken to the office, where it was examined more carefully. The guns were fully loaded. The case contained little besides the things mentioned and two newspapers, which were carefully examined, with a view to finding a clew to the proposed business. Nothing significant was found. The two men who brought the suitcase were located, but when their room was entered they had gone and the mistaken suitcase had been left in the closet.

Lightweight bags, when carried by men, are objects of suspicion.

"Women's clothes don't weigh much nowadays and we don't figure on weight from them, but we are asked by the management to watch for light bags and report them to the room clerk. Not that it means anything—many a time I've toted a heavy bag filled with two telephone books! Beats? Of course. Sign the register and live a few days at the hotel on the strength of a heavy bag. Leave and you find the telephone books or a couple of bricks wrapped in paper. The newest trick is ice. He wraps a chunk of ice in thick layers of newspaper and puts it in his bag. We carry it up, he puts the ice in the bathtub, keeps the papers and carries them out when he goes. No evidence—the ice melted.

"When the hotel thinks a guy's a beat, it sends the house detective to the room to feel how heavy his luggage is. Beats will carry out their clothing little by little. One man staying quite a time had a big trunk. He ran a bill of some size and the manager sent the house officer to see to his trunk. It was locked, of course, and the officer tried to lift it. He couldn't. He went to the manager.

"'That room's all right,' he said. 'The trunk is so heavy I can't lift it.' The fellow went out that night and did not return. When the trunk was opened, it was empty and nailed to the floor! No wonder it couldn't be lifted.

"For us, those men are all right! Sure, they tip well. Give you a half dollar for taking up their two telephone books or their cake of ice."

When a traveler enters a hotel the bell boy's eye is upon him, and that observing eye at once classifies him and puts him in his proper place in the scheme of things.

"I know any man when he comes in the door. If I don't get him then, I do before he's finished with the room clerk. I know what he's goin' to give me. I can tell every time."

It has a magniloquent ring, but it is no empty boast. Even if there is an occasional failure, the bell boy's powers of observation are trained to their utmost and he can, in ninety cases out of a hundred, size up a guest, from the tipping standpoint, with accuracy. World travelers may be surprised to learn that in every experienced bell boy's memory are catalogued the nations of the world in a novel listing—one far removed from geographical importance, strength of population, industries or armies—namely, the tipping value of the inhabitants. It is a list that forms the subject of much conjecture among bell boys. Often they reason upon it, and draw some friendly and logical conclusions. The listing seems to suffer little change with the passage of years; national values remain constant, although individuals of any nation may prove exceptions. In every case there may be men who decline to follow national habits, and run out of form, following a tipping system of their own. But the standard list runs in this way, together with the standard comment:

Spanish Americans—fine. They are rich and free with money.
Germans—good.
English—poor.
Scotch—very poor.
Canada—fair. They are nice, sociable people and always speak to you in the mornings. They just haven't got much money.
Chinese—fine.
Japanese—fine. Every bell boy smiles when a Jap comes in the door.
French—no good.
Americans—best on earth.

Then follows the geographical index of the relative tipping values of Americans.

New York City—best tippers in country.
Chicago—good, but not so good as New York.
Kansas City, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati } Good.
Philadelphia—fair to poor, and very unsociable; don't notice a boy.
Boston—poor. We call a nickel to a dime a "Boston quarter." New England—poor.
California—good. Westerners in general—good.
Florida—poor. You'd think people from Miami would be great, wouldn't you? They ain't.
The South in general—poor.

Portrait of a Lady

From bell boys who have worked at Washington, D. C., one may obtain a rough classification as to the relative tipping values of our Presidents and distinguished foreign visitors. President Calles of Mexico is rated as good, General Diaz as fine. Marshal Foch and ex-Premier Briand here reverse the listing of their country and are recorded as all right.

"President Harding was easy to please," said a boy who has waited on two of our Presidents. "I took care of his room and he gave me a dollar for everything. And Mrs. Harding was a nice lady. I kept the dollars for years; I had six of them. I waited on Coolidge, too; he had a suite at the Willard when he was Vice President. And Coolidge is all right. Of course, he don't tip like Harding did, but Harding was a rich man and Coolidge never had much money. He was all right, though; he gave a quarter or thirty-five cents. But Mrs. Coolidge—she is wonderful! Oh, she is a lovely lady. Why? Well, she is never high hat; she talks to you. Mr. Coolidge hardly ever talked, but she did. And she smiles and laughs with you." He stopped and drew a long breath—that gracious charm of Grace Coolidge has not been lost upon this active citizen—then he went on eagerly:

"I want to tell you somethin' I noticed about the Coolidges. She always leads and he follows—down the halls and into the dining room. They say that is the right way—for the lady to lead—but all I know is that not many gentlemen who come to Washington let ladies do it. Generally they go in first. But I had one great time when they lived there. It was the night of the Gridiron dinner. The tables were in the ballroom on the tenth floor. Well, they all went home, and somewhere between one and six A. M. fire broke out—it was supposed a cigarette butt caught in a drapery. I came on at six, and the halls were filled with smoke and the elevators not runnin' and people runnin' out in their night clothes and yellin', 'Five dollars to take my trunk down!'"

A Schedule of Tips

"I saw I could make money, so I and another fellow started takin' down trunks, runnin' them down on the steps from the tenth floor. There was one woman sick in bed and she asked the two of us to carry her out. We did, in a blanket, and took her to the Washington Hotel. Scared? Naw, I was makin' money. Well, the Coolidges was in their suite and we went to the door and knocked, and no answer. So we broke in the door. They was asleep—hadn't heard a thing—and they sat up bewildered like. Then they got up and dressed and came out. I made twenty-five dollars that morning in an hour, and I found a five-dollar bill on the floor."

Not charted by name, but also in capital letters in the bell boys' list, are those guests who make a point of tipping a dollar for any service, no matter how small. Dollar men are marked men; it is for them that the wolves of the profession cut in and run the risk of their co-workers' contempt and the management's displeasure. These heavy tippers have a dollar habit. They're not usually men of large wealth, but merely men of large gestures. If one of them has ninety cents in silver in his pocket and a boy brings him a newspaper, he will send the boy to the cashier for change for a twenty-dollar bill and tip a dollar. It's the principle of the thing.

For the benefit of those readers who realize now that they are hopelessly outclassed in this matter of tipping and who still wish to travel and earn the bell boy's respect, as well as pay him a sum that will enable him to have food and shelter, I will pause here to answer the questions forming on 10,000,000 or more lips.

"What is expected? What ought an ordinary traveler to tip? How am I to know?"

The simplest way is to ask your particular bell boy. He is quite used to the question. Every day someone inquires "What is the minimum, or usual, tip?" and the boy is quite prepared to answer.

But for the timid soul who shirks such questioning, I advance the following schedule. Paste it in your traveling case. It is authorized by bell boys who have worked in more than forty first-class houses.

"For rooming a lady or gent with the ordinary amount of luggage—say two bags—in a first-class hotel, a quarter. If there are three or four bags, forty to fifty cents. This means we carry them to their room and see that lights, heat, bath, towels and soap, and so on, are all right. If anything

(Continued on Page 48)

The New and Finer PONTIAC SIX

Body by Fisher

Success that grows with every passing week

Ever since the New and Finer Pontiac Six was announced, the automotive world has been amazed at Pontiac Six popularity! Last year Pontiac sales set a world record—this year that record is being surpassed by a margin which is growing every week! And if you've seen the New and Finer Pontiac Six and driven the car—you know why!

New bodies by Fisher, the world famous builder—longer, lower, more impressive in their beauty and finished in arresting new Duco colors!

New mechanical features—tilting-beam headlights with foot control, more convenient operating levers, a clutch even smoother and more positive in action!

The same tried and true Pontiac endurance that was developed on the great General Motors Proving Ground and proved by over 70,000 owners the first year . . . and—

—new low prices!

Made possible by increased production and General Motors' vast resources in buying, inspection and research, Pontiac's new prices are the lowest ever placed on sixes of comparable quality, beauty, and size . . . and that's why Pontiac Six today reigns as the most popular car of its kind the world has ever known!

$775
SEDAN

Coupe	$775
Sport Roadster (4-pass.)	775
Sport Cabriolet (4-pass.)	835
Landau Sedan	895
De Luxe Landau Sedan	975
De Luxe Delivery Chassis	585
De Luxe Screen Delivery	760
De Luxe Panel Delivery	770

Oakland Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd. — Pontiac Division — Oshawa, Ontario

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

"SNOOKUMS"

Universal's "Short Subjects" which are depended on to brighten the programs of thousands of theatres throughout the world, have been developed to an unusual extent for the coming season. I have always found that anything which makes the human family laugh is worthy of the producer's best efforts. I'd rather make you laugh than cry.

GEORGE LEWIS in *"The Collegians"*

"SNOOKUMS" has made a tremendous hit. The precocious baby of the *"Newlyweds,"* Stern Brothers' product from George McManus' famous cartoons, has rolled, tumbled and grinned himself into public favor. Have you seen him? Did you ever see a baby more bent on "Raising Ned?" Heaven furn ahes fun for the studio, and that's going some

"The Collegians," too, are on the theatre's list of preferred subjects. Carl Laemmle, Jr., jumped into favor in a night with these Short Stories of college life. The casting director caught the spirit of the campus and picked the right young stars to interpret these dashing comedies.

"OSWALD—The Lucky Rabbit"

By the way, we have been looking for a long time for the animated cartoon subject that will appeal to all, and we think we have found it in *"OSWALD, The Lucky Rabbit"* a Winkler Production drawn by Walter Disney. I wish you would watch for the first one and write me your opinion of it as soon as you see it

A little later I'll tell you about other comedies, including Octavus Roy Cohen stories with Charles Puffy, *"Harold Highbrow"* series with Churchill Ross and *"Drug Store Cowboy"* with Arthur Lake

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 44)

else is wanted, it is another tip—a dime or more. In a smaller hotel or a less expensive one, fifteen cents.

"For bringing up cigarettes in response to a phone call, ten cents.

"For bringing up a package or telegram, ten cents.

"For going to the hotel drug store for a razor, tooth paste, soda, or anything, a quarter. This takes more time than the cigarettes from the stand.

"For bringing a newspaper or magazine, ten cents.

"For going out of the hotel on any errand, at least a dollar. If the errand is a long one, a dollar an hour is the minimum.

"For talking to guests in their rooms—sure, we talk to them. Many a time on a dark day or a stormy one a man or an old lady will ask for a boy to come to the room and talk about the city. And we go and talk about the shows and whatever they want, and maybe we plan a couple of days' stay for them. We expect at least a dollar an hour for that. We might miss that takin' our turn as Front, and we have to figure on time.

"For acting as courier or guide to guests and taking them about town—all expenses, tickets to any shows taken in, and five dollars an afternoon, ten dollars a full day.

"Going on long journeys, the same rate—five dollars a half day."

It's a "good bell" when you get a long journey. One boy was taken by a guest on a trip abroad, the hotel giving him leave of absence.

Another had a two months' stay at Atlantic City, where he took care of a man who had a nervous breakdown.

At resort hotels courier guides are in demand, and the bell boy who specializes in resort work in summer makes his fifty-five dollars a week, if he is in a good location. At Niagara Falls rewards come easily.

Good Tippers and Bad

"A man is never so generous as when he's on his honeymoon," said a veteran bell boy sagely. "I go to Niagara every year. And there are the honeymooners, comin' thick and fast, and the bride slipping off in the lobby, while the groom forgets to register her and maybe goes up to the room without her. I've had them by hundreds. They always tip well; they send for anything their wives want; and I guess the wives have it figured out as a main chance, because they manage to want quite a bit. In a resort, if you guide, you are entitled to a rebate from the various attractions, for any party you bring to them. Altogether, you make good money. I always know a honeymooner, and I know what I am goin' to get anyhow. I can tell, the minute a man comes to the room clerk."

"How do you tell?" I demanded. Every bell boy I have ever known has held this conviction of being able to estimate his tip in advance, and so firmly does he believe in his acumen that he is willing to gamble on it. Again and again the whisper goes along to Front: "Give you a quarter for your man." If Front figures his man as worth only a quarter, he makes time by changing the card that indicates his place on the wheel—quickly, and without the superintendent's knowledge—for the card of the better. He will gamble on his knowledge, but he has hard work defining it:

"Is it clothing or appearance?" I urged.

There came a chorus of decisive "Naws," and out of the babel following, I was able to get some facts.

It—the mysterious something that enables a bell boy to gauge you accurately, and in the main he does gauge you accurately, as you come into a hotel—is not clothes. A man may be shabby and a good tipper. He may be smart and a poor one. "It's more in the way he carries himself," and "the look on his face." If he's grouchy looking, no tip, or a dime. If he's melancholy, a dime or fifteen cents. If he is cheerful, expansive and talky, a quarter or more.

"A good man is a talky man. No, that don't go for women. But a man who is going to tip you well will talk about the weather, maybe call you son or laddie, or say somethin'. If he don't talk, he ain't likely to be so good. Women? A good woman is good; she is better than any man, for if she don't give so much, she don't forget you. A man will forget, a woman don't. If she goes home and don't see you, she'll write back and send the tip. But clothes have got nothin' to do with it, and rooms not much. Generally speakin', unless South Americans are in the hotel, the medium-priced rooms tip better than the suites." Big tips are plentiful in fiction, but scarce in fact. In certain hotels they always run large.

A Call for Kindling Wood

"I was watchin' the phone booths one day," said a captain—"you know phone booths are good places to be near; you can often get a call from a fellow who leaves one—well, I was lookin' at a door a woman had left closed, and I opened it to show the phone was not in use, when I saw a hand bag - big size, like an overnight bag. I took it to the office and we opened it, and it was full of jewels, diamonds, pearls, and so on. So I went back to the lobby and it was put in the safe, and about an hour later a woman rushes in, goes to the middle of the lobby and yells, 'I've lost my jewels.' I goes to her and takes her to the office and she identifies them. She was some nervous, and she asks who found them and turned them in, and they says it was me.

"'Those jewels are worth $25,000,' she says, almost sobbin'. And she presses bills into my hand. Well, we ain't allowed to look what is given us, but I goes off to a corner to see. It was two one-dollar bills."

The courier tip is big, but it means time. If it takes a week to show a man about the town and the tip is fifty dollars, that is only five or ten dollars more than the same time would bring if spent in the hotel. The extra is not large. Odd jobs sometimes bring tips out of all proportion to their value. At one of the leading hotels in New York City a man took a suite. He was a person of means and tipped well. One day he called the bell-boy captain.

"I want to know if a boy can get me some kindling wood," he demanded. The captain thought quickly. "There's no hearth in his suite. What on earth ——"

"Those round bundles," went on the voice over the phone—"they used to sell for two cents—I want six of them."

The captain hung up. What a guest wanted with six bundles of kindling wood, he could not imagine. But he sent a boy to Third Avenue and the boy returned with six bundles of kindling at the 1927 price of five cents each. The guest received them, gave the boy two dollars and ordered "Now call a cab and put them in it"—which the wondering boy did. As the guest entered the cab he saw the dumfounded look on boy's and captain's faces and he grinned.

"I've got a daughter down in one of those studio attics in Greenwich Village," he explained. "She thinks she's an artist. Well, I went to see her the other day and froze. She won't take money from me, but she's got a fireplace, and I propose to be warm when I see her today!"

The best tipper on earth, considering his income, is a bell boy! It is a professional point of honor.

"When I go to a ball and stay overnight in town, I pay well, see? I check my coat and I give the girl a quarter, although I know she don't get it, because she is working on salary and all her tips are turned over to the fellow who has the concession for the coat room. And when I get my coat out I give another quarter, see? I pay twenty-five cents to have my shoes polished—sure I do. That guy has to work like me. And when I stay overnight and I'm shown to my room at one of the smaller hotels, I give the bell boy a dollar for roomin' me. We bell boys are no pikers. We know how to travel."

"That's the trouble with most of the people who don't treat you right. They ain't learned to travel. And they're afraid they'll make mistakes, so they cover that up by bein' cross and tippin' shy. Travelers are the people who understand. You can tell them.

"Lots of people just don't know. The other day a mining man came in from Canada. He had seven heavy bags and it took two of us to carry them to his room. He was a big fellow, well-dressed in the English style, and after we had roomed him, he stood there and grinned down on us.

"'You boys have been so good to me,' he said, 'I want to give you something.'

"And he handed us each two Canadian pennies!

"We looked at them and grinned back. We was bustin' laughin'. Naw, he didn't mean anything: he just thought that was all right. I gave mine to the chambermaid; she wanted them for a collection."

Innocents in the Big City

At the Sesqui-Centennial last summer there were visitors who had never before left their homes. And many of the old jokes on guests were revived in fact and new ones added.

"I took a man to his room—and you know, there's all rooms and baths in this hotel—and he looks in and says, 'I see there is a bath to this room. I don't need a bath. How much off?' He wouldn't believe me when I says nothin' off, and he went down to the room clerk. We had a Dutch convention of some kind here, too, and one Dutch lady comes to me with a quarter and asks, 'Where is the meter?' She wanted to be sure her lights would stay on!

"Then I had two farmers. They had a room and bath, and when we went in, they liked it fine. 'Say, son,' says one, 'can we use that bath tonight?' I guess he thought we'd run out of hot water. But the queerest of them all was two guys from some town who come in and asked me for an oil stove to cook on. I explained there was no cookin' allowed in the hotel, and they was mad. 'Don't want to cook much,' says one of them. 'Just a few chops.' I sent them to an automat, but they grumbled a lot."

The most disliked job a bell boy can encounter is the opening of a new hotel. If he wants a job in the new hostelry, a boy is expected to go in when the hotel opens.

"And the first four to six weeks we move bureaus and beds and chairs—all stiff work. And if there are guests, they are few. I hate a new hotel until it's really open. No money to speak of and you ache all over every night. I don't mind other things much.

"Maybe our worst trouble is losin' our tempers. You know, we meet the guest with a smile six to eleven hours a day. Well, sometimes it's too much to smile and we break out. We get a day of bad breaks and run our legs off gettin' time tables and ice water and findin' out about busses, and

(Continued on Page 48)

AT THE START OF THE TOUR

Your enjoyment on tour this summer will be made more certain if you install a set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs before you start. Your car will perform better under all driving conditions, because every dependable Champion Spark Plug is of two-piece gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes. That is why two out of three motorists the world over buy Champions regularly.

Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced.

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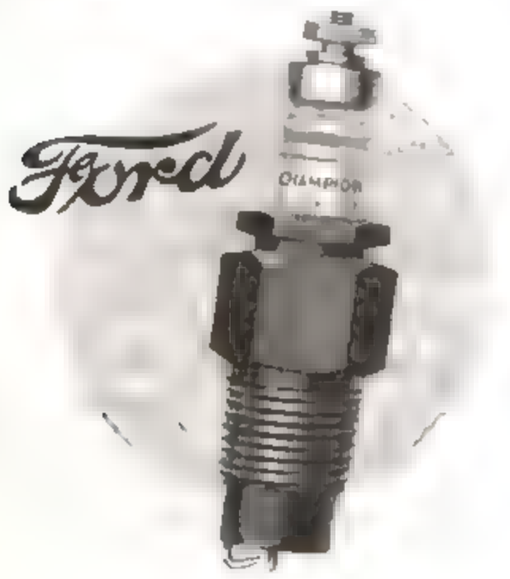
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Champions are standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Rolls-Royce and there is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine.

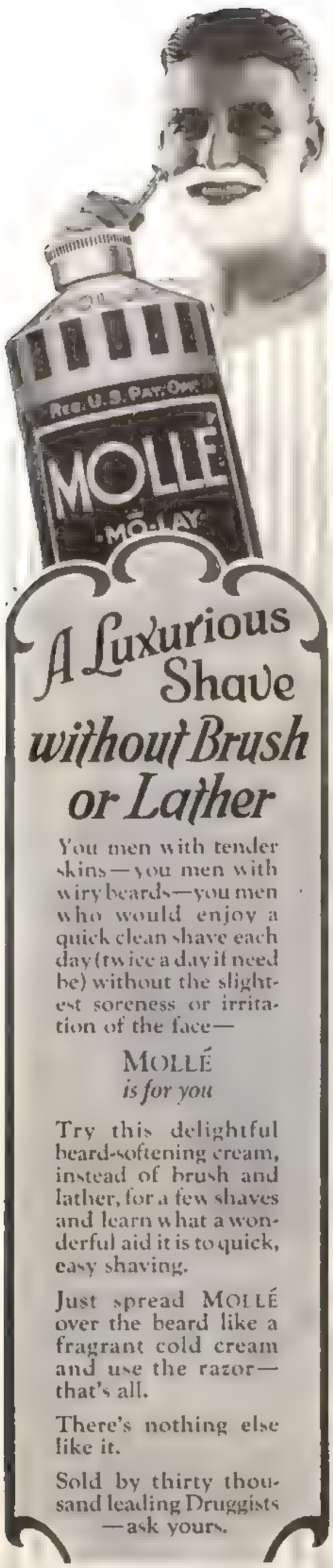


Dave Lewis Wins With Champions

Champion added another 1927 victory at the 200-mile race at Atlantic City, May 7. Every car among the 16 qualifying was Champion equipped. Dave Lewis, the winner at 129.80 miles an hour, set a new world record for 91 inch cars.

Champions were also equipment in the Stutz, winner of the special 75-mile stock car race, at an average of 86 miles an hour and in the Auburn and Paige cars which ran second and third.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation. All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. • Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. • Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. • *That is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.* • *Champion X*—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40. • *Champion*—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50.



A Luxurious Shave without Brush or Lather

You men with tender skins—you men with wiry beards—you men who would enjoy a quick clean shave each day (twice a day if need be) without the slightest soreness or irritation of the face—

MOLLÉ *is for you*

Try this delightful beard-softening cream, instead of brush and lather, for a few shaves and learn what a wonderful aid it is to quick, easy shaving.

Just spread MOLLÉ over the beard like a fragrant cold cream and use the razor—that's all.

There's nothing else like it.

Sold by thirty thousand leading Druggists —ask yours.

A big, special, trial tube will be sent anywhere in the United States, postpaid, for 25c

THE PRYDE-WYNN CO.
NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

(Continued from Page 46)

hardly a tip. They run that way sometimes. And then some man asks us for cigarettes after we carry two heavy bags to his room, and we get 'em and he hands us a nickel, and we throw it on the floor right in front of him. Yes, we do. More of us get fired for throwing down nickels and dimes than anything else, and we know it; but it's just too much. That's what keeps most of us down. If you want to be an assistant captain or a captain you've got to keep your temper."

The Bell Boy's Ladder

Promotion, for a bell boy, may mean being taken off the regular shift and put on the dog watch. In many hotels there is a day dog watch and a night dog watch, and the term has come to mean any number of straight hours' service. The shifts work upon many plans, usually from seven to three on one day and from three to twelve on the next. In some houses a long and short day is alternated, from seven A.M. to twelve noon, and from six P.M. to twelve midnight on the long day, and from twelve noon to six P.M. on the short one. The night dog watch, from five P.M. to two A.M., is the cream of the bell-boy job. There are no salesmen coming then and the best people check in in the night. Business men detained in town come in for rooms, orders for ginger ale and sandwiches come after the kitchen is closed, opportunity speaks oftener. Dog-watch men are usually appointed by the captain, who expects an extra share of the results of the opportunity thus afforded.

To be captain comes next, with fifty cents a day from every bell boy on your shift or, in a few hotels that are exceptions to the rule, no pay from the boys, but a good salary. If you have a shift of ten, this means five dollars a day and the results of your own work, for a captain answers calls and gets his own tips. Next comes an assistant superintendent of service in a large hotel and a superintendent of service in a small one. This is a position of responsibility. The superintendent of service has charge of all the house service employes except those concerned with the dining rooms and kitchen—elevator men, door men, porters and bell boys are under his authority. It is a job that pays well and it has perquisites. Certain concessions go with it. The superintendent may have the employes' barber shop and split 40-60 with the barber who works there. He may also have the bootblacks on salary or commission; he may manage the public lavatories for guests and reap the dimes for soap and towels. He is a man in business for himself, with the possibility of a good income.

Sometimes the boys have side lines while bellhopping. One boy is a reporter for a tabloid newspaper in off hours. He never presumes upon his hotel tips, but plays his first and second games straight. Another built up a unique business. He kept a close eye upon the death notices. When a well-to-do man in his city died, he waited a week and then called on or wrote the nearest relatives, offering to assist them in disposing of the clothing of the man who had no further need for it. These clothes, often sold by relatives who had no use for them, were the basis of a very nice little trade. But these are exceptions. The occasional boy who has his eye on an outside place is also an exception. Sometimes a boy drifts out into the restaurant business, where his ready smile and his gift of attention mean profit. But mostly their ambitions are in the hotel business which is expanding and developing before their eyes. Many a room clerk has come from the bell boys' bench, and many a manager of a small hotel.

In a great hotel in Philadelphia the bell boys point to an assistant manager and say: "He used to bellhop. He's worth a quarter of a million, he is, and he draws a good salary. He invested his money."

The Wheel of Chance

Repeated again and again is the fairy tale of Willie Peterson—Willie, who, when he came to a New York hotel as page boy, was so small that the management feared suspicion of employing child labor. But Willie worked and grew and attended high school as he worked, fitting in school and work hours, and receiving honors at both ends. When Willie was sent to Germany in hotel uniform, to take a personal message to Hugo Stinnes, he thought he had reached the apex of his career, but not for long. Returning, he became mail clerk, room clerk, studied shorthand and typewriting, became secretary to the manager, went from there to be room clerk at one of the largest hotels at Palm Beach. He is there now—confidential secretary to the manager. And Willie is not yet twenty-one!

On the bigger wheel of chance, there wait life's opportunities. Sooner or later, every bell boy believes that his turn will come, and he aims to let no wolf head him off, but to keep his ears open for the larger call of "Fr-r-ront!"

BANKS AND THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 25)

will come all the way West across the country. I have tried to look ahead, and have perhaps reversed the ordinary procedure a little. Our headquarters are in California, but we own banks in New York. When the Eastern institutions reach across the continent we expect to be ready. They will not take our bank away from us. I think I have tied myself enough to the people of California to prevent that."

Regardless of any such future extensions as Mr. Giannini envisions, it may be observed that the development of the branch system in California has made the Pacific Coast and portions of the intermountain interior less dependent upon the East for financial assistance. The movement has in this respect been toward emancipation rather than monopoly.

Theoretically, one great bank might do the country's business Practically, in Great Britain today competition is very keen, although five banks control the situation. In practice the public will never permit one institution to control. The public is fickle. Customers will leave one bank in a huff because of some petty requirement and then blandly give their business to another bank which imposes precisely the same conditions. People simply refuse to be pleased by one concern. An independent may take customers away from a branch for some petty, unimportant reason, but the branch will turn around and take business away from the independent for equally slight cause.

The Conscript Army

But after all, the main question we have to consider is whether branch banking serves communities well or ill. It does not matter what the bankers think so much as whether the public is accommodated. The objections to branch banking seem to have come from the bankers themselves and not from the public. The discussion, protracted, bitter and violent, appears to have centered around the question of whether the branch practice is good for the banks and whether this or that group of banks is entitled to this or that privilege in connection with it.

In a recent hearing before a committee of Congress, where the question was threshed out at great length, Senator Glass asked a witness if any formal protests had been lodged with the California legislature against branch banking by chambers of commerce, boards of trade and manufacturers' associations. He was answered in the negative. Senator Glass then asked if the National Association of Credit Men, through its California branch, had ever made any formal protest, and the reply was again in the negative.

A clever spokesman for the independent bankers of that state counters by saying that the vast number of depositors and customers in branch banks are a conscript rather than a volunteer army; that they wake up in the morning to find the independent bank sold out over their heads, "frequently against and always irrespective of their will. As well assert that the slaughterhouse where most sheep are killed is the most popular with the sheep."

This spokesman, Mr. MacDonnell, of Pasadena, further points out that the average customer has no ideas on banking except those which are fed to him over the counter by the banker with whom he happens to do business. As there are many branches in his state, it follows that hundreds of thousands of customers are fed branch-bank ideas. It is true that in California a certain odium attaches to the selling out of an independent bank. Several local business men of whom I made inquiry admitted that more money had come into the community with branches, but declared they were very suspicious of the whole thing all the same.

The presidents of independent banks who sell out and become branch managers are often subjected to much criticism from their fellow townsmen, even though they are able to lend their customers more after than before the change. One such branch manager told me his friends said he had submerged instead of merged when he joined the big-city institution, and he added, "With local feeling as it is, we have succeeded despite, rather than because of, branch banking."

It is probable that if a bank is compelled at any time to call loans or take other disagreeable measures, as, of course, it must occasionally do, such action is more unpopular when taken by a branch than by an independent unit bank. In some states banks are afraid to use the word "branches," calling them suboffices or subagencies.

Perverse Publicity

On the other hand, if branches were actually serving their communities badly, one might naturally expect formal protests from the commercial interests and real signs of popular disapproval, of which there are none whatever. Certainly the extremely powerful and highly organized agricultural groups in California would register a vigorous objection. On the contrary, they approve of branch banking, as far as the writer can learn, and several of the coöperative leaders are directors of branch banks.

But the most lively competition between the two systems, as far as I can discover anywhere in this country, has been in a nonagricultural community, Pasadena. The largest of the independent banks has shown a big growth, but so have the branches. Dr. John Willis Baer, former moderator of the Presbyterian Church and now manager of a branch in that city, told me that in five years his deposits had grown from $9,500,000 to $18,500,000. He added, "Someone likes branch banking. No business has ever had such aggressive competition as we have had here."

Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago and therefore not engaged in the branch practice, told the American Bankers Association, of which he is president, at their last convention, that if the unit bankers keep on talking against branch banking, the people will think there is some good reason for it.

(Continued on Page 50)

THE CHARM OF HER HOME
IS REFLECTED HERE

IT IS a feminine characteristic to want all one's possessions to be beautiful and in good taste. Women suffer more from ugliness or shabbiness than men. If they use a closed car for shopping or social engagements they want its interior to be as well groomed as their own person, as attractive as their own living room—and to remain so.

Cars upholstered in CA-VEL, the velvets of enduring beauty, meet their requirements perfectly. In consequence, these richly colored fabrics have established a vogue as predominant in the fine car market as among furniture makers and interior decorators. No other textile is used to so great an extent in the motor car field.

The advantages of CA-VEL are overwhelming: a lustrous beauty that out-lives the car; a glowing surface that is unruffled by body pressure; a smart, well conditioned appearance that means greater motoring satisfaction; and, not the least gratifying, a much higher re-sale value. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

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HATS for MEN

THE Knapp-Felt way of making straw hats preserves the natural lustre of the straw undimmed, the full, rounded braid uncrushed, and produces that pleasant feeling of comfortable ease on the head.

The JUNE BUG is the New Knapp-Felt Straw

A Perfect Example of American Craftsmanship

The Reverse-Lap-Brim method of making the head-band soft enough to fit comfortably avoids clumsy appliances that mar the smartness of the trim style. The June Bug will be featured by the best hatters.

The Summer Knapp-Felts include Sennits, Panamas, Ballibuntals and Leghorns in the best proportions and all sizes.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

In a previous article it was pointed out that the ambitions and thirst for power of dominant personalities accounts in part for the spread of bank mergers and branches. Strong men act first and rationalize afterward. But all men do this, whether strong or weak. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

The big man who opens a hundred branches finds theoretical reasons afterward to justify his action, but so does the little man at the head of a small local bank, who is afraid he is going to lose his dignified position. His arguments against branches are as much colored by self-interest as are the other man's arguments for branches. The clamor of small bank presidents afraid of losing their jobs should not be mistaken for public sentiment.

So we must seek to discover directly whether branch banking serves its communities well or ill. The first fact disclosed is that the whole American independent banking system is based upon the correspondent relationship. This means that the tens of thousands of small country banks must depend upon their correspondents in cities like St. Louis, Chicago and especially New York, to handle excess loans for them. One bank in New York has 6000 of these accounts and several others have from 2000 to 5000. By "country" banks I mean practically all those outside the larger cities. Most of these institutions have a capital so limited that by law they cannot lend more than a small amount to any one borrower, and the remainder of the necessities of their customers must be cared for by excess loans from the big-city correspondents.

The small bank usually carries a balance with the larger institution, and in slack season will send on surplus funds, which eventually find their way into call loans on the New York Stock Exchange. But when the crops come on, the local banks not only must employ their own funds; in addition they are forced to call upon the city correspondent for help. Those who combat the branch system are afraid that in a crisis the head office might leave its branches in the lurch. But it certainly is under stronger motive and obligation to help them out than is the big independent city correspondent. In a pinch the latter has a much easier moral exit, and the history of banking certainly does not prove that the correspondent relation is wholly satisfactory in a panic.

Thus we have always had an immense informal branch-banking system in this country. It has been branch banking in effect, and there are able city bankers—big ones at that—who regard it as the better system of the two. The big New York or Chicago banker, with his thousands of correspondents, wields an enormous influence without assuming the responsibility and risk which go with branches. Once he enters the branch field he places his whole capital at stake in each and all of the branches.

Sympathy and Responsibility

There are other advantages in the correspondent relationship, but many people are raising the question of why the big-city banks should not do directly what they have long done indirectly. An organizer of farmers' coöperatives told the writer that he had been opposed to branch banking until he discovered that the banks were already involved. It is more a change of method than an engaging in business in a new field.

Much of the whole elaborate and moving argument against branch banking breaks down completely once these few simple facts are understood. The independent banker refers eloquently to the more sympathetic understanding of the customer's needs by a local, home-community institution. But the bald, simple fact is that the local home bank can at best only appeal to a remote correspondent to take over what is beyond its own ability, and by the very laws of its existence that ability is usually slight.

Certainly the head office is just as sympathetic toward its branches as a great city unit is toward its correspondents. The relation is closer, more direct, more responsible, and action is swifter.

It is true that big-city unit banks draw officers from all sections of the country in order to understand the requirements of their country correspondents, but the head office of a branch system has more control of the situation. It probably knows the seasonal needs of its fifty or a hundred branches, for each of which it is financially responsible, better than a New York or Chicago unit bank knows the requirements of several thousand correspondents, for none of which it is directly responsible.

In the opinion of the writer, branch banking is even more suitable to the country than to the city. In one place it is merely a convenience; in the other it is a protection. Historically it is a country rather than a city proposition, characteristic of Southern and Western states more than of the Eastern cities.

Diversified Bank Crops

Although regarded now by its opponents as new and un-American, branch banking flourished before the Civil War in states like Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri. It has been in existence for a long time in rural sections of Maryland, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, as well as in other states, receiving no notice in these places, even though it antedated the big development in New York City, Cleveland, Detroit and California.

In Maryland, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana there are branch-bank systems with head offices in towns so small as to be wholly unknown outside the state. Most of the branches are in very small rural centers.

It is true that none of these systems, nor the one in Maine, is very large, and they have not expanded aggressively, as in California. But looking at the California situation theoretically, any outside observer would expect branches to develop extensively and work well there. The state produces an enormous variety of crops, each crop in a different part of the state, so that each section is a one-crop section.

One might suppose that if a bank chose its branches carefully and according to an agricultural scheme or pattern, it might use its total resources as a revolving fund, first to finance one crop and then another. As a matter of fact, many of the crops do mature and are harvested at different times. In this way one community can be made to help another. One crop moves another.

Obviously the safest banking is where there is a diversity of loans. The small rural bank lending to farmers money which it has obtained from farmers all in the same locality, all on one crop, and all at the same time, is an anachronism. California is primarily an agricultural state, and much of its farming area has been seriously depressed. Yet it has had practically no bank failures, as compared with several thousand in the Central West.

Opponents of branch banking hasten to explain that the branch system is not what has saved California, but rather the influx of new capital in the hands of tourists and settlers, and the wealth from new oil fields. Any new banking system would succeed in the rising market caused by these factors, they declare. As for agricultural success, that, they say, is due to the highly developed coöperative-marketing associations. But the development of the marketing associations and branch banking have been closely related, and the strength of one has made possible the financing of the other. As for surplus capital in the hands of newcomers, it is through the very agency of the branch banks that this money has been gathered up in places like Berkeley, Santa Barbara, Pasadena and Los Angeles, to be loaned out in the thirsty rural areas.

Mr. Giannini says his bank can lend $6,000,000 unsecured in a small country town. Such a large sum is not likely to be loaned out in a small place, but there is no questioning the effectiveness of the branch mechanism for reaching down to the tap roots of city wealth and transferring it to the country districts which are so generally devoid of funds.

The bank of which Messrs. Robinson and Stern are the heads has fifty city branches and fifty rural branches. Many of the city branches carry immense numbers of non-borrowing accounts. In a city like Pasadena, where so many Easterners live on accumulated wealth, a branch may have from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 more on deposit than it can loan locally.

H. Parker Willis, former secretary of the Federal Reserve Board, who has made a detailed study of banking in California, says that the branch banks have merely taken away from the city correspondents the handling of the staple crops, while the independent unit banks across the street handle business suitable to their size, which is all they can do anyway without the help of the city correspondent.

The owner of a fruit-packing house in a rural section of the same state told me that he requires about $125,000 to carry him through his rush season. "The difference between branch banking and what we used to have is that now we get the money immediately from the branch manager right here on the ground, while formerly we had to go to Los Angeles or San Francisco."

The former president of a little bank in another rural community in the same section told me that in order to keep the packing houses, growers' associations, water company, local utility and other enterprises going, he was obliged to make constant trips to San Francisco and Chicago, passing the hat around, begging one city bank after another to take $75,000 of paper apiece.

"Now," he said "the whole community is financed almost automatically and as a matter of course by a couple of branch managers."

The history of the Bank of Italy is inextricably associated with the extensive orchard, vineyard and other farming operations of the large Latin element in California's population. Mr. Robinson's bank is, if anything, even more frankly agricultural in its set-up, and is regarded as openly procoöperative. Its connection with the vast raisin industry is well known. The head of one coöperative even went so far as to tell me that this bank discourages farming operations which are unfriendly to the coöperative movement.

Between Theory and Practice

There is no more preposterous assertion than that branch banking robs or skims money from the local rural communities to fatten the cities. The facts are just the reverse. Indeed, it is to be suspected that much of the opposition to branch banking comes from local bankers who are appalled by the amount of money which the branch institutions are able to lend in these smaller places.

Outlying and rural communities are given what amounts to metropolitan service, not only in respect to loanable funds, but in the other departments of banking. Several thousand banks throughout the country now have investment and trust departments, but whether the majority of small country banks are really competent to accept trusts is something of a question. Probably most people feel more confidence in purchasing bonds or setting aside trust funds with a branch of a great city institution.

But returning to the main issue, it might be technically or theoretically possible for a while for a city bank to skim or drain the country through its branches. Practically, however, it would be a ridiculous thing for a bank to wreck its own outlying area. Certainly if that were the intention of the branch banks of California, they would place mere tellers' windows in the country towns and not man their branches, as they

(Continued on Page 52)

The *new* Speed Wagon

for the world's average load

NEW LOWNESS—Only thigh-high for easy loading.

NEW COMFORT—The first truck cab and upholstery to give the driver the same comfort he could have in a Coupe.

NEW POWER—For holding the pace on hill or heavy road.

NEW ACCELERATION—To make the truck hold its own in passenger car traffic.

NEW SPEED—For shortening miles on the straightaway, for beating schedules in city traffic.

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NEW COMPLETENESS—Crankcase ventilation, electric starter, Tilt-Ray headlights with switch on steering column, extra accessible tire carrier at rear under frame, speedometer, electric horn, etc., etc.

MORE And even more of the ruggedness and durability which have saved thousands of dollars for former Speed Wagon owners.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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for faster, surer easier, cheaper hauling

4 Wheel Brakes Coupe Cab – 6 Cylinder Engines

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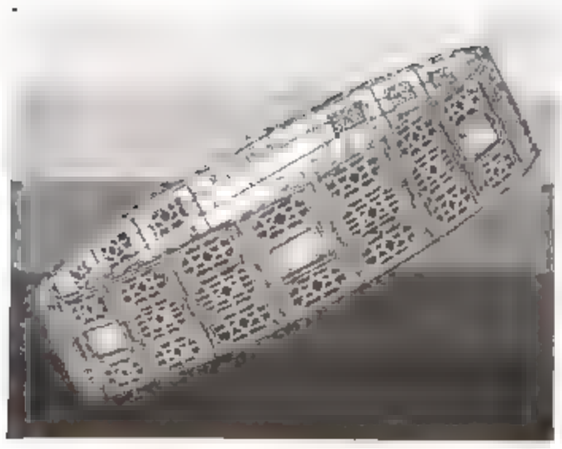

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You have a wide range of beautiful designs to choose from when you ask to see an assortment of Simmons Chains and Bracelets. And any one you select will give years of service because it is made by the special
Simmons process of drawing natural gold, green gold or white gold over a stout base metal. Yet, with all this beauty in design, Simmons Chains and Bracelets are very reasonable in price . . . $4 to $15 for the chains and $6 upwards for the bracelets.
Ask your jeweler to show you the Bondstreet Chain, also the Slipon Belt Chain. The Bondstreet is winning everybody with its heavy links and the Slipon Belt Chain is "just the thing" when vests are not worn. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.
SIMMONS
TRADE
CHAINS

(Continued from Page 50)

now do, with responsible, well-paid and well-informed managers.

In an agricultural state like California, the future of cities such as San Francisco and Los Angeles is dependent upon the development and coöperation of surrounding areas. The cities will have very few factories unless the great Sacramento, San Joaquin and Imperial Valleys are cared for.

Agriculture in these valleys grows increasingly intensive, thus requiring more and more money. It can come only from the cities if the state is to stand up at all. There can be no such thing as skimming the country. I asked Mr. Giannini if his bank had been of any service to the hundreds of rural communities in his state.

"Don't ask me," he wisely replied. "Go to these towns and make your own inquiries. But I know what you will find. You'll find the people are glad we went in. Even the bankers are not so hostile after a while, because they find the whole line of deposits increases. The whole community grows."

The manager of a branch of another big system in one fruit district told me he was actually farming eighty of these fruit ranches—that is, he had loaned so much that it became necessary for the bank to operate the farms. Which is not very pleasant for anyone, and perhaps not very wise for the bank in the first place, but pretty good evidence that the branch was not placed there merely to skim money out of the community.

The Third Degree

It is not uncommon for a single rural branch to be a million or even several million dollars overloaned—that is, with the local loans exceeding the local deposits. One bank, not as large as Mr. Giannini's, was at one time overloaned about $20,000,000 in the rural areas. First-hand inquiry on the writer's part in a number of rural communities brought the almost uniform reply from ranchers and orchardists that more money had been available since the branch system came in. This is not the usual picture of monopoly.

The branch manager never has any excuse for saying, as the head of the unit bank is forced to do now and then, "Sorry, but we are loaned up. Perhaps we can do something for you next week."

But it is alleged that branch banks do not lend to young men with no security but character, and who are just starting in business. I made inquiry of a young merchant in a small interior city, first learning that the firm which he had recently joined had been reorganized after a none-too-successful past.

"I suppose branch banking is a bad thing," he said, "but I know nothing about it except here. Of course, it's different here because Mr. ——, manager of the Great Western Bank, is such a fine fellow. I've only had one experience with him. I went in and said that I wanted to ask him a question which admitted of only one of two answers: Yes or no."

"What did he say?" I urged.

"He asked me how much. I replied that I needed $2500, and his only reply was to push a note at me and say, 'Sign here.'"

"Was that all?" I exclaimed in surprise, expecting, from the criticisms I had heard of branch banking, that any poor and youthful borrower would be put through a sort of police third degree at least.

"Yes," replied the merchant; "except he told me to give him a statement in a month or so. Of course he knew all about us anyway."

In another little city I wandered almost at random into a modern, well-equipped department store. I learned that the proprietors had had a serious misfortune not long before, but were doing well now. They expressed their opinion of branch banking in emphatic and cogent terms.

"My borrowing line is just twice what it was before the branches came in," said one of them. "I wrote out a single check for $18,000 for fixtures alone for this new building. Before the city banks came in, the local people would have thought me crazy. I knew that to pay the overhead on this building I would have to increase my business by 20 per cent; but the fact is I have increased it nearly a third.

"The directors of the local banks I've known lend a dollar if they are sure ten dollars are coming back. They see just as far as their noses. The directors of the big branch banks are not afraid to lend money, and the result is a growing community."

In one farming center the manager of the leading fruit-growers' coöperative association told me he thought the branch banks made more character loans than the unit banks. As far as I could learn he was not a director or officer in either.

There is no reason why a branch bank should not take good moral risks. It can carry them longer than the single unit banks, and absorb losses more readily. Because of diversification, losses should run smaller in proportion to loans.

"I tell you it galls me sometimes when our unit competitor across the street tells the people, in big newspaper advertisements, to deal with home folks because only in that way can they get the personal touch," said a branch manager in a farming section. "Why, I can lend more money without turning around in my chair than they can by consulting their whole board of directors."

What critics of the branch idea seem to overlook is that branch managers are usually allowed to loan, without consulting the head office, as much as the legal limit of the bank before it became a branch, and sometimes more. In one farming center with which the writer is familiar the branch manager's limit is at least $30,000. In what is perhaps the most important farming center in the state, where the population is about 60,000, the limit is $100,000. A branch manager in Pasadena told me he had just loaned $160,000 a few minutes before I entered his office. "And Los Angeles won't know it until they get my report tomorrow morning," he added.

In England, Scotland and Canada the effect of branch banking seems to be to iron out interest rates and prevent extreme variations. In general this seems to be the result in California, although proponents of the branch idea do not claim that it has reduced rates to any radical extent. The prevailing rate appears to be around 7 per cent. The extreme development of branches in these other countries is probably not suited to the United States. On the other hand there never seems to have been any question in Great Britain that the branch system equalizes rates and results in a shifting of funds from communities where they are not needed to places in want.

The Home of Branch Banks

It is said that the system has worked poorly in South Africa and Norway, but as to this the writer is not informed first-hand. With all the faults of the Canadian system, it seems to have responded quickly to the needs of an undeveloped country. Agencies are opened in tents in new mining camps, and Eastern cities, where interest rates are comparatively low, complain that the banks shift funds obtained there to the undeveloped Western sections. It is a question whether the great ice-bound Western and Northwestern stretches of Canada would have developed as much as they have without branch banking.

Great Britain and Canada probably have more banks to the population than the United States, and offices are maintained in villages smaller than any unit bank could exist in here. In extremely small villages in England, branches, or agencies, are kept open only two afternoons a week. But the community has city facilities, whereas if there were no branch system it would have no facilities at all.

The home of branch banking is Scotland, and there is no country where the small customer has been better taken care of. The personal credit, or cash credit, which has been so peculiar to Scotch banking, has been of great aid to both farming and business.

Thus far in this and a previous article the whole emphasis has been upon the service which a bank can render a community by lending money therein. But obviously a still greater service is the protection of the depositors' money. If a bank fails and loses the depositors' money, not to mention that of the stockholders, it has fallen short of its primary purpose, even though it may have temporarily aided some pet community enterprise. This point is too clear to require argument.

Since 1920 there have been several thousand bank failures, mainly of small independent concerns, mostly in the Northwest, Central West and parts of the South. There were nearly 1000 failures in 1926 alone. Many failures took place in states having a deposit-guaranty law, which is evidently a slender reed to lean upon. A few small branch banks failed in Southern states. Most of these had only one or two branches, and could hardly be described as branch banks in the sense we have been discussing. The failures of chain banks were much more numerous. No large branch bank has failed in this country in recent times. Branches are sometimes closed if they prove unprofitable, but, of course, that is much less serious than a failure.

The Right to Fail

No one argues that branch banks cannot fail. There was one rather serious failure in Canada several years ago, and a number went down in Australia in 1893, when panic conditions covered so much of the world. Under any banking system or form of legislation there is possibility of loss. Branch banks merely represent a system which has greater strength than the unit system. On the whole a large bank is stronger than a small one, and less subject to failure. The bank-failure liabilities per capita in Great Britain in the years 1900–1925 inclusive were $8.30, as compared with $31.80 in Canada and $55.90 in the United States.

An adversary of branch banking has said the standard of the British system is safety first, last and all the time, whereas the criterion of the American unit system is enterprise and stimulus to growth. Even granting the second statement, one may ask whether the right to fail is a necessary part of enterprise and stimulus.

It is true that extreme agricultural depression furnished the groundwork for recent epidemics of bank failures in the Central West. But failures have been most prevalent in the very sections where banks have been exceedingly small and admittedly too numerous in proportion to population.

In 1920 North Dakota had one bank to 916 people and New York state had one bank to 31,000 people. Yet because of its lack of surplus wealth, North Dakota was the very place that needed big banks or branches of big banks. In old Eastern communities where values are stable a small bank can get along well enough. It takes a powerful institution to weather the vicissitudes of a new country.

We have had a veritable mania for starting small banks in this country, especially in the West. The average size of the failed bank in the last few years has been only one-quarter that of banks in general, which is pretty good evidence of the cause of weakness. Failures have quite largely been concentrated in sections where small banks abound. At one time some of these states chartered banks with capital as low as $5000.

The whole system has been careless, slipshod and haphazard. It may have the merits of independence and individualism, but even these virtues turn into vices when run mad. In any period of farm prosperity or rising land values a perfect swarm of tiny new banks springs up. Almost any untrained, inexperienced person can start a bank, and the last thing asked of him is

(Continued on Page 55)

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THE Ford engine and transmission are combined in one housing. Both units *must* be lubricated by *the same oil.* Yet each unit requires special characteristics in the lubricant. A high-quality *motor*-oil will lubricate the Ford engine correctly—but not the transmission. And a lubricant designed primarily to lubricate the Ford transmission and prevent destructive band chatter would fail to lubricate the motor properly.

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(Continued from Page 52)

that he shall be a banker. Nor are the motives for starting such concerns always of the best. As the banking commissioner of one of the Western states has said, many men have started banks "more for the purpose of providing a job for themselves and a convenient place to borrow, than with any thought of serving a need in the community or paying the stockholders a reasonable return." It is significant that most of the banks which have failed were not members of the Federal Reserve System or of any clearing-house association.

Great numbers of banks are so small that they cannot handle the more profitable accounts. Business is on a different scale and plan than in earlier days, and the extension of credit should also be on a different scale. A $25,000 bank is really only a $15,000 bank as compared with prewar values. The eggs of the little bank are too often in one local basket, its business is one-sided, and its officers are not always trained to distinguish between current and permanent capital requirements.

We do not know that because branch banking has been successful in California, it would necessarily succeed in states like Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas. These states do not present quite the diversity of crops, and conditions differ in other ways. Yet there would probably have been fewer failures in the Northwest if the larger St. Paul and Minneapolis banks had had branches in the rural sections.

It is a question whether economic pressure for larger capital resources will not gradually extend the limits of branch banking. If this tendency is dammed up artificially by legal enactments there is almost certain to be a marked development of chain banking, which has all the faults and none of the merits of the branch system.

Already a bootleg form of branch banking, by means of holding companies and other subterfuges, has got well under way in various parts of the country. One of the largest of these chains failed in the South last year. Chain banking lacks the features of openness and responsibility that go with branch banking. It is doubtful public policy to permit banks to operate separately when ownership is identical. Chain or holding-company banking lends itself more readily to stock manipulation and speculative excesses than the more open, recognized forms. Its growth is to be deplored.

Probably the next ten or twenty years will witness marked changes in banking in this country. Mr. Giannini, chief exponent of country-wide branches, says there should be a branch in every village big enough to support a motion-picture theater and a drug store.

It should, he adds, perform services for the public not now handled by banks, such as title insurance and perhaps other forms of insurance. He believes that banks should serve the public much as do department stores, and should in turn be owned by the public—that is, by tens of thousands of stockholders, after the fashion of the great utility companies. This is the day of the so-called common people, and Mr. Giannini says he owes his success to hundreds of thousands of men and women of moderate means.

These ideas may be wise or unwise. There is no space here to discuss them. The newer developments in banking may produce their own weaknesses or abuses. But this much is certain: In a land of change like the United States, banking as well as other institutions will not escape transitions of its own.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK

(Continued from Page 15)

"Don't you feel any sympathy?" I asked in surprise, for, in spite of the fact I had just started training my imagination, I had experienced a marked sorrowful emotion while observing the case.

"Sympathy? Ha-ha. Why, I am interested just as I would be in an insect under a microscope, but sympathy with stray neurotics is not in my line. I am a business psychologist, Mr. Ennis, and my psychology spells dollars—honest dollars, but dollars." He laughed a little more. "If you feel, though, that the young lady needs help, go ahead and help her. Follow my methods and little by little you will cultivate her confidence in her fellow men, or anyhow one of them." He laughed again.

Following her at a convenient distance, we turned the corner about fifty yards in the rear, to observe her entering a select boarding house on a cross street.

"There's your future pupil," said the professor with another laugh. "Go to it. You'll learn more about imagination by teaching than by studying, and it won't cost you a cent, on the contrary. Butt right in and introduce yourself as my student assistant. I'll back you up."

That night I woke from the following dream: I was patting a young girl on the back and saying in an emotional and imaginative way, "There, there, sweetie, everything will be all right and I will cultivate your imagination in the tick of a clock. Leave it to Jasper." And the young lady was not Willa.

III

I DO not have to say that I had no intention of butting in as suggested, though I will admit spending some time wondering if I knew anybody who could help me out. Thus I was agreeably surprised when the next morning Professor Smith, on his way to Mr. Burfield, stopped at my desk and said, "Here is a chance to improve the shining hour, Mr. Ennis. Last night at the hotel I ran into a party who lives at that boarding house and this morning I made the young lady's acquaintance over the telephone. She was very lachrymose when she discovered that I was a psychological expert and seemed delighted when I told her about you. So go to it, professor."

Twenty-four hours previous if anybody had asked me did I feel competent to give lessons in applied psychology and development of the imagination, I would have replied, "Certainly not." But my success in cultivating my own had been such that now I did not hesitate. Having eaten a sandwich on the way, I arrived at the boarding house a little after twelve and was shown into a small parlor. A minute later Miss Violet Mavis—for that was her name—greeted me.

"Well," I said after a little preliminary conversation about the weather and what the lessons should cost and she insisted on a dollar a lesson, though I offered to give same for nothing, "I want you to close your eyes and imagine you can trust me."

She closed her eyes as requested, and the lesson began. "I am trying hard," she said after a minute. "I would like nothing better than to trust you, but in all my life I have never trusted anybody. That is why it is so difficult for me to start now."

She repeated this statement more than once, her beautiful sad eyes filling with tears. And though I did my best, the only progress observable was that she seemed to suspect me a little less at the end than at the beginning, though this was not saying much. And if I had not used my imaginative gift to the fullest extent I would not have been able to accept her dollar with a clear conscience.

"Well," said Willa that evening, "have you gained the big-value reward offered for solving the mysterious ad, or are you still tick-tocking?"

With a sudden burst of constructive imagination I replied as follows: "Yes, Willa, I have solved the problem. I have imagined Jasper to be the last name of a man at the head of a large enterprise with offices in the second story of a big downtown building. He is a business man and philanthropist of the highest type and has often helped a poor old man by the name of Sweetser. Owing to an accident to the card index, Mr. Sweetser has not received his last check, and therefore he put this ad in the paper to suggest to Mr. Jasper that he is waiting. And the typesetter, unable to read Mr. Sweetser's rheumatic handwriting, printed the name as 'Sweetie.'"

"That is splendid, Jasper. Now lean back and let me put a sofa pillow under your head, because you must be tired out."

My response to this sarcastic stuff was another effort of the imagination, the result of a sudden thought.

"I may as well tell you, Willa," I went on, laughing easily, "that what I said just now is partly fact. The other day I met an old man named Sweetser who is badly crippled by rheumatism and I have been going around noons and reading him optimistic literature because he is much discouraged about his life at present."

The rest of the evening passed in a disagreeable manner, with Willa doing a tick-tock every time I would stop to think of something to say. I was glad when the time came for me to go. But if Willa was not acting friendly, other parties were changing for the better. It was astonishing to observe what imagination was doing for Mr. Burfield.

He was six feet three inches high and very large around the chest and hitherto, as stated, had always given the impression of being extremely hard-boiled. But Wednesday morning he was all smiles, and when the collector for the Community Chest called he left Mr. Burfield's office with his head high in the air, a thing he had not done for three years.

"Violet," I said that noon, for I was now calling Miss Mavis by her first name, "you have no idea of the wonders imagination is working on others and how happy you will be when you get to trusting your fellow man."

But though she showed great interest in all I said and was willing to close her eyes and make the mental effort directed, at the end of the hour she remarked with tears trembling on her long eyelashes, "I am sorry, Jasper, but though I trust you a little more, I cannot say I have made any great progress."

"There is nothing to be done except to continue along the same lines," said the professor that afternoon. Thus I continued though I could not sleep well nights as a result of always thinking about Violet's unfortunate case; her sad inability to trust others and the harrowing history of her unhappy childhood in Nevada.

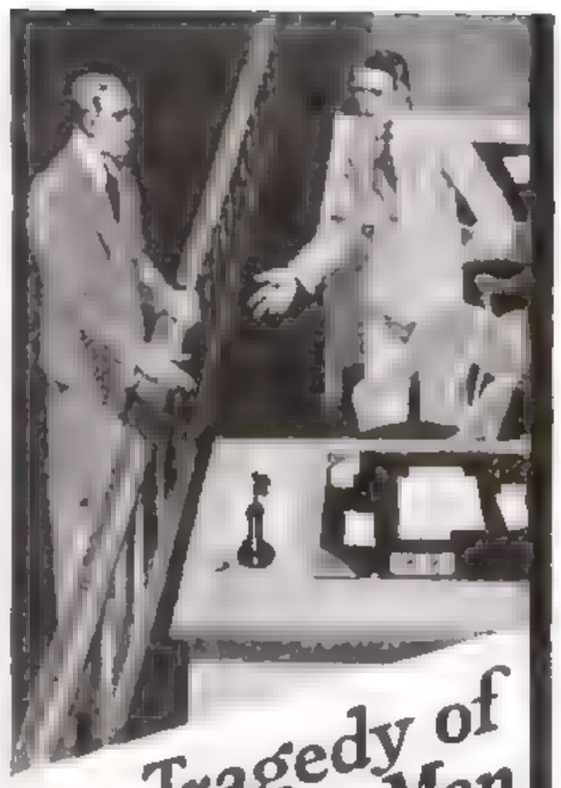
It was Friday noon when by chance I made a sensational discovery, verbally confirmed by Violet herself, who admitted its truth in a burst of tears.

"Professor Smith," I said Friday afternoon, when he stopped at my desk after having given a lesson to Mr. Burfield, "I have found out something in the case of Miss Mavis."

"What is it, Mr. Ennis?" he asked, seating himself and leaning toward me in a confidential manner.

"The first thing I have found out, professor, is the reason why this poor girl does not trust anybody. When she was an orphan and living with her aunt and uncle in Nevada, she was wrongfully accused by the former of having stolen some sugar. She had always trusted everybody until this sad occasion, but since her aunt went back on her, and the aunt was drunk at the time, she has never trusted anybody."

"This is very important, Mr. Ennis. Here you have the clew to her strange



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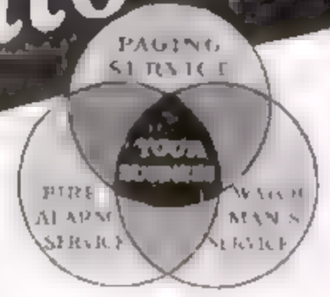

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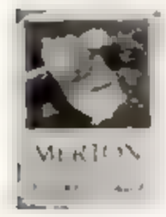

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behavior. But I can see you have something else to tell me."

"Yes, professor, but if I had not accidentally stumbled across her private scrapbook full of newspaper clippings, I would never have discovered same. The reason Miss Mavis is so worried about not being able to trust anybody is because circumstances will soon force her to trust a great many different people."

"How is that, Mr. Ennis?"

"It is a remarkable story, professor. The first point to note is that Mavis is merely her middle name. Her real name is Dugmore. She calls herself Mavis to avoid newspaper notoriety."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Ennis. It seems to me I remember some sensation about a party in Nevada named Dugmore. Wasn't he a lone-hand bandit?"

"No, professor, her uncle, James R. Dugmore, better known as Alkali Jim, discovered the Golden Vision Mine shortly before being bit on the left leg by a rattlesnake. At the time her aunt was having delirium tremens, with fatal results, and thus the girl, once an orphan depending on charity, suddenly became one of the greatest heiresses in America."

Professor Smith leaned back in his chair and looked extremely thoughtful.

"But here is where the most astonishing part comes in," I continued. "This poor girl, having spent an unhappy childhood, has a deep sympathy for all other unhappy children. Therefore she is going to distribute her immense fortune to alleviate the unnecessary sufferings of unfortunate little ones. And she is now looking for persons she can trust, to help her distribute the money; but, though she has spent six months looking, as yet she has found no one. Of course, the psychological reason for this is that she cannot trust anybody. That is her secret."

For a minute Professor Smith drummed his fingers on the table, then placing his hands in his pockets, he sat up very straight.

"Ennis, I know you well enough to be frank with you. Children, as you may suppose, don't interest me in the least. Nothing much interests me deeply except my own job. But I can say that even if I am out for the dollars, I prefer honest dollars. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly," I said.

"Then let me make it plainer. With the information you have given me I suppose I could swindle this poor girl out of her last cent—if I felt like it. And I could excuse myself by saying that if I didn't, somebody else would. But I have no wish to be considered a crook. Now, then, I have reached a point where this roving existence as a professor of applied psychology no longer interests me. I want to settle down. Suppose I win this girl's gratitude by curing her; suppose she appoints me as one of the administrators of her fortune; wouldn't it be for the best interests of all? Don't you think I am capable of administering her fortune honestly?"

"Yes," I said. "How are you going to cure her?"

The professor laughed again. "Ennis, you have given me the clew in that little story of her unhappy early life. I know what is wrong with her and how to cure it. Listen."

I had eaten practically no lunch that noon and, after the professor finished what he had to say, I was too excited to eat even a mouthful.

Instead I walked up and down the streets, sometimes stopping to pat a stray child on the head, but always wondering how I would be able to explain to Willa so she would see I was acting in her best interests as well as my own.

Probably I would not have been able to get Willa to agree to the plan if I had not previously had my imagination cultivated, but before ten o'clock that evening, by the use of this psychological gift, I had received her necessary signature. Midnight had passed before I finally fell asleep, happy and excited over my future prospects, because I had now made all preliminary arrangements to enable me to share with Professor Smith the task of distributing Violet's fortune.

IV

IT WAS a little before Saturday noon when I left the bank and, as per agreement of evening previous, showed up at the office where Willa worked.

"Well, old Self-Improvement," she said, "how is our little optimist this morning?"

"Oh, all right," was my cautious reply.

"And do you think Mr. Sweetser is getting worse hour by hour?"

"Yes," I said with dignity and imagination; "at ten o'clock I received a telephone message saying he was delirious. But even in his delirium his fixed idea is the same as I explained last evening. He keeps saying, 'If I could only put my hands into my trousers pocket and feel a big roll there, I could imagine myself back in the old days when I was so rich and so happy!'"

"Is he wearing his trousers in bed?"

"No, Willa, he is speaking figuratively. But he wants to handle a wad of money for the last time before passing on to a better world. That is why, when not calling pathetically for me, he is watching the clock."

"Why watch it, Jasper? Why not listen instead? Listening to a well-regulated clock is practically the same as reading a newspaper, because it goes ——"

"Willa," I said, interrupting this sarcastic line, "please do not kid the state of poor old Mr. Sweetser. And if you do not wish me to use your share of our money as a temporary loan to soothe his last moments, I will be glad to give it back to you now."

"No, Jasper," she said, "I want to do my bit. Let us go and smooth his dying pillow together."

With a final effort of the imagination, I answered, "I am very sorry, Willa, but that is impossible. Mr. Sweetser had a wife who died when she was very young and since then he has never spoken to any woman whatever. If you should come into his room it might be fatal."

"In that case, Jasper, I will stay away. But for goodness' sake don't lose that money. Here; let me put it in an envelope."

As half of the nine hundred and eighty dollars belonged to her, I decided to let Willa have her way. Taking an envelope from the desk, she placed the bills within, and then sealing it, wrote my name and address on the outside, drying the ink with a large blotter.

Picking up the envelope on the table, and with a hasty kiss behind the door, which was not returned, I walked out of the office wiping the perspiration from my brow.

At the corner the professor was waiting. "Well, Ennis," he said in a brisk, hard-boiled voice, "there will be one less neurotic in the world when we get through with the young lady whose imagination has turned sour on her."

"Yes," was my reply, "but I hope you will not say anything rough to the case, because she has had a very unhappy childhood and is still sensitive about it."

"Ennis, what your young friend needs is not sympathy but a few home truths, and believe me, she will respect the man who tells them. I understand her condition and you will see that everything will turn out exactly as I predicted last evening. Put your sympathy on ice and save it for another occasion."

I said no more, and a few minutes later we were in the little boarding-house parlor conversing with Violet.

"My friend and assistant Mr. Ennis," began the professor, "has told me something of your unfortunate experience as a child. Would you just as soon recount them again for my benefit?"

Tears quivered on her long lashes as, bowing her head, she began her life's story. Starting, she told how her parents had died when she was but five years old and how she had been adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Dugmore of Nevada. And the first thing this aunt did was to hand her an old flour sack. "There is your dress," said the aunt. "Cut holes for your arms and put it on." And so saying she ripped the regular little dress from the poor child's back and sold it to buy a bottle of whisky.

"What?" I said, turning suddenly, for the professor was standing behind me and I thought he had made a remark.

"I'm just blowing my nose," he snapped. "I suppose a man has the right to blow his own nose without being asked to explain his actions." And with this he walked to the window, and during the rest of the story remained looking out on the street.

Violet went on, telling how all through her childhood she was practically the same as a slave, always having to wash all dishes and, whenever she dropped one, being struck repeatedly with a blunt instrument. And finally, how she was accused of stealing sugar and received such a terrible beating that she had to lie on a heap of rags for a week.

Well, I am just human and have never claimed to be hard-boiled, and, moreover, it was the first time I had heard the complete story. And when Violet related such incidents as how her aunt would drive her out of the house barefooted on a winter's night or catch her by her golden curls and throw her across the room, I had to keep bringing my arm up and pretend to scratch my head in order to wipe away my tears. But I was certainly surprised at the effect of this story on Professor Smith.

He had come into the house with his usual cynical and hard-boiled air, but when he turned from the window his face looked as if it had been recently convulsed and his eyes were red and there was a tear alongside his nose. And after speaking a few words, he had to stop and gulp.

"Miss Mavis," he said with difficulty, "I have been listening to your story with a great deal of interest. I believe your trouble results from a psychical distortion of facts. You think, honestly enough, that you can trust nobody. Miss Mavis, please do not be offended, but is it not true that ever since the episode of that stolen sugar you have felt that nobody trusts you? Is not this your real fear?"

What happened next, though pretty much as the professor had predicted it, happened so suddenly that it took away my breath.

For a moment Violet stood there, tears streaming from her beautiful eyes and her hands across her chest. Then she said in a strangled voice, "Yes, you are right. And why should I lie and try to conceal the facts? Yes, my real trouble is—and I see it all now—is that I know there is no living soul on earth who trusts me." Her voice raised while her eyes grew larger and more desperate. "And why should anyone trust me? I am a thief, and I might as well admit it sooner as later. More than once when I was a child I would go to my aunt's cupboard and steal a crust of bread and gnaw it to soothe the hunger pangs that gnawed at my stomach. Yes, and I lied about the sugar; I did steal it; and once a thief, always a thief. So why should anyone trust me, rich as I am? Oh, don't look at me like that. I never meant to do wrong. I was so hungry. Oh, why should I live to be so humiliated? Oh, I wish I were dead."

In spite of our mutual lachrymosity, the professor and I moved quick enough to grab Violet from each side, thus preventing her from dashing out her brains against the wall. At first she struggled desperately, but little by little she calmed down and remained in our hands quietly sobbing.

"Little girl," said the professor, and you could hardly make out his voice, it was so strangled, "little girl, Mr. Ennis and I know you are above reproach. We trust you. Personally I am going to prove it by placing in your hands three thousand five hundred dollars—all the money I have in the world. I want you to walk out of the house with that money, because I know—yes, I know—that in ten minutes you will bring every cent back."

(Continued on Page 58)

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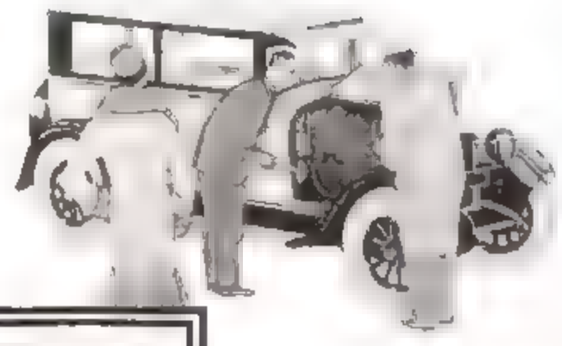

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That's why your engine is often hard to start. Why it sputters and coughs. Why it stalls in traffic. Why it will not "idle." Then you use your choke or adjust your carbureter for a richer mixture, feeding raw gasoline into your cylinders. This means, first, pitted valves and diluted crank-case oil and leads to burned-out bearings, scored cylinders and repair bills.

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ARNOLD
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SHOES

The
Nanette

(Continued from Page 56)

She stood there the same as a person in a dream. "No, no," she said in a voice so low you could hardly hear her. "No, don't give me false hopes. Don't be cruel to me and tell me what isn't true."

"It is true," said the professor, gulping and forcing a large roll of bills into her hands and then placing her hat on her head and helping her into her coat. "We trust you to the limit. Take this, and in ten minutes you will bring it back to the last cent. I know you will."

She did not seem to be able to speak and the last look she gave us from the hall was pitiful. The door closed and the professor collapsed.

"Ennis," he said, trying to hold back his lachrymatory activities, but not succeeding, "I thought I was cynical and hard, but I find I am just like anybody else. When I think of what that poor little girl has suffered ——" He stopped.

"That is just the way I feel about it," I said, when I could speak.

"Ennis," he remarked between sobs, "when I consider her case I am glad I am not as hard-boiled as I thought I was. And I am unspeakably grateful that we have found her in time to turn her morbid imagination into useful lines."

I did not say anything, because I was crying quietly and trying to wipe away the tears so they would not be too noticeable.

"Seven minutes have gone," said the professor, taking out a new handkerchief. "I would not look out of the window and try to spy on her, for all the money in the world. We are going to cure her by trusting her."

We sat there wiping our eyes until nine and a half minutes had passed.

"She has a wrist watch," said the professor, "and though she wants to wait the full ten minutes, wild horses could not keep her from being punctual. I cannot hear her, but she is just about to mount the front steps. There! She is opening the door. She is here."

The feelings I had had before were nothing to those which overwhelmed me when Violet, running in from the hall, ran to Professor Smith and, with tears coursing down her cheeks, kissed him violently three times.

"You trusted me," she said to the professor, "you trusted me." And resting her beautiful head on his shoulder she kissed him again.

"And I trust you too," I said, forcing the envelope into her hands. "I have always trusted you."

Dropping her arms from the professor's neck, she said, "Do you mean you are willing to trust me in the same way?"

"Yes," I said, controlling my emotion and imagination as well as possible, "yes—nine hundred and eighty dollars—all I have in the world—come back in ten minutes. I trust you." And with these words I practically shoved her out into the hall and closed the door behind her.

"Ennis," said the professor, crossing the room and shaking me by the right hand, "I am not a man given to spilling over, but I want to say that your action just now is the finest thing I have ever seen in my life, and I am glad I advised you to take your money out of the bank for the purpose. You can be sure you will have her gratitude forevermore, because your gesture has wiped away every trace of those blighting suspicions that have been ruining her life."

"She is at the corner," I said presently, wiping away my tears and letting my imagination take its course.

"Waiting anxiously," added the professor, "and from time to time looking at her wrist watch."

"And she is crying a little."

"Yes, yes, Ennis, but she can't help that. She feels so grateful to you."

When eleven minutes had passed the professor got up. "I hope she has not met with an accident. Wait here, Ennis, I will be back immediately."

I waited. At the end of ten minutes the maid called me to the telephone.

"Ennis," said the professor's voice, "prepare for a little bad news. Miss Mavis has met with an accident. She was standing at the corner, when, trying to escape a skidding auto, she sprained her ankle. I didn't want to worry you, so I had her taken to the nearest doctor's. He is fixing up the ankle now, but it is a long and painful job. She says, 'Tell Jasper to wait for me. I am so grateful and I want to thank him in the little room where he trusted me.'"

I had just started to ask the doctor's address when the professor rang off.

Wiping the tears from my eyes, I returned to the little parlor and paced up and down and listened to the clock, which seemed to say, "Jasper: Tick-tock, tick-tock. Sweetie."

At 2:30 I had just decided to try to locate the doctor's office when a step sounded without; the doorbell rang, and a moment later the maid opened the parlor door. My heart had practically stopped beating, because I thought it was the professor returning with more bad news. But what was my surprise to see Mr. Burfield.

"Well, well, Ennis," he said in a husky voice and pacing up and down the room, "I didn't expect to find you here."

"No," I said, not feeling much like conversation.

"I suppose you are waiting here to see someone."

"Yes," was my reply.

"I am waiting to see someone myself." And with this he pulled out a handkerchief and made as if he was wiping his forehead instead of his eyes.

"I don't imagine, Ennis," he said in the same strange voice, "that you have ever thought much about the unhappy children in the world today."

"I have often thought about them," I remarked, turning my face away from the light to hide my emotion.

"The crimes against childhood, Ennis, are the worst crimes that a despicable wretch could commit."

"You are right, Mr. Burfield," I assented in as clear a voice as possible. "You are right."

"We ought to look out for unhappy children, Ennis, and in the future I am going to do my share."

I nodded, but was unable to say more, being overcome by imaginative emotions of a lachrymose nature.

"We should try to understand others, Ennis, and feel for them in their troubles. That is where imagination comes in. Imagination rules the world."

I nodded again, but did not speak for reasons mentioned above.

"If it had not been for Professor Smith's training I would never have been able to appreciate the sad case of a remarkable young girl I met recently, whose life, though practically as pure as the undriven snow, has been transformed by her imagination into a living hell."

"Yes," I said, being able to pronounce this syllable.

"I will be frank with you, Ennis. I am waiting here for her now. She felt nobody trusted her, so I trusted her. She said she would be here in an hour. She is probably at the corner waiting. Maybe she is looking at her wrist watch. Presently she will come in full of gratitude and ——"

I felt like I had been struck by a flash of lightning. In one single instant my entire life passed before my eyes, including incidents of the last few days, which now took on a new and depressing significance. And in that instant I understood all, and wished that the house would stop revolving and collapse and bury me under the ruins.

When once more I came to myself I was still sitting in the chair as before and Mr. Burfield was still walking up and down and talking. Probably not more than a couple of seconds had gone by, but it seemed to me as if all that had previously happened that afternoon had taken place the day before.

"Mr. Burfield," I interrupted, "I would like to ask you a couple of questions."

"What is it, Ennis?" he said, wiping his eyes.

"Mr. Burfield, when curing that girl, how much did you trust her with and what was her first name?"

He looked surprised. "I don't know that it's anyone's business, but as I am not ashamed of what I have done, I don't mind telling you. Her first name is Violet and I left her alone in my office with five thousand dollars in currency."

"Mr. Burfield," I said, "at a little before one o'clock this afternoon I restored the confidence of a girl named Violet, and as near as I can make out it is going to cost me nine hundred and eighty dollars. I am thinking of calling up the police."

Right there I stopped and, after a couple of pertinent questions, Mr. Burfield started. He had always been a good free-hand talker, but now, with apt imagination's artful aid, he surpassed anything I had ever heard him say in the past. As he went on expressing himself, you could hear the doors slamming and screams from upstairs as various lady boarders went into hysterics. But his most imaginative remarks Mr. Burfield saved for his conversation over the telephone with the chief of police. The tears had stopped running down his face, which had got to be as red as a toy balloon; but this was the only way it resembled that article. Never in my entire experience have I seen a face harder-boiled. And he kept yelling to the chief, with adjectives which I will omit: "I don't care whether you think she is Weeping Sadie or Waterworks Lizzie! I tell you I am not interested in your pipe dreams! I want action! I want action!"

V

I DID not wish to face Willa, but I could not think of any way out. The result was that three hours later I was telling her the entire story, without concealment or subterfuge. "So that is the way it happened," I ended, "and that is the way I have lost all our money."

"No, Jasper," said Willa, "you didn't lose it, because you never had the chance. Don't try to figure it out. Just reassure yourself that though I have never cultivated my imagination I have too much ever to trust you with more than carfare and lunch money. When Miss Sweetser Mavis Dugmore Boobcatcher opened that switched envelope all she found inside was two five-dollar bills wrapped around a part of the legacy left by my lamented grandfather. Maybe she can sell those Confederate notes to a museum; it is all right with me. And here is the original envelope with our joint savings practically intact."

Unable to believe my ears, I stood there while she counted out my four hundred and ninety dollars less five.

"There you are, Jasper, and now if I were you I should look around and see if, with the aid of my imagination, I could not find somebody selling gold bricks or rutabaga wells. By the way, are you waiting for something? I hope you don't expect me to pay interest for taking care of your money this afternoon."

I turned to go, feeling as if I had lost my last friend and also as if some of the tears I had shed during the afternoon would come in handy now. But there was nothing doing.

"I do not want to seem to advise you, Jasper," she said as I reached the door, "but if I were you I should take that imagination you have so carefully cultivated and put it away in moth balls. Something tells me that in the future Mr. Burfield will be off imagination of all kinds. The only possible use you can have for yours will be on certain social occasions."

"What do you mean by that, Willa?" I asked, turning back.

"For the moment, Jasper, I am so sore that I feel I never want to set eyes on you again. But if, say, a week from tonight, you should drop around and I should remark in a casual way, 'Jasper: tick-tock, tick-tock ——'" She stopped.

"Well," I asked, "what should I do?"

"Use your imagination."

And I did.

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EXPLORATION

(Continued from Page 23

day at school, when Mildred's long golden curls had won her admiration. Nevertheless, it did seem ironic that Ernestine, of all people, should suddenly renew her devotion in order to further some scheme of her own.

All the time that these thoughts were racing through her mind Mildred was listening charmingly to the blond man's tedious description of his recent trip to Italy:

"Of course, the women didn't know where to get black veils at such a late hour, and we were told they wouldn't be allowed in the Vatican without them, so we thought we'd have to give it up; but then they told us that after you had been granted an audience you were obliged to go, so we decided ——"

Fortunately at this moment Ernestine turned to the man on her left and in the general movement to follow her example Mildred lost the further details. But in spite of her eagerness to talk to Peters, she did not forget to make the tiresome man think she was turning away from him with reluctance.

"You must tell me the rest of it after dinner," she said, even as she vowed to herself that she would never talk to him again as long as she lived.

Then she looked up at Peters. "What have you two been talking about?"

To her amusement, he dissembled. "Oh, hunting and farming and all sorts of prosaic things. I heard your partner going strong on the Eternal City."

She was further interested to know that he, too, had eavesdropped. "I wonder why it is," she said, "that other people's conversations, if heard in snatches, are apt to sound so alluring—just the way if you read a newspaper over someone's shoulder it always seems to have fascinating things in it which you can never find even though you buy the same paper."

She kept the conversation on this impersonal level until the end of dinner. There were two maxims of her father's which had contributed much to her success with men. One was: "There's nothing a man hates worse than to be forced to keep on paying compliments to a woman all evening just because he's been foolish enough to say one nice thing to her in the beginning." The other, she now thought, was even more valuable in dealing with Peters: "No man likes an easy job. The more attracted he is, the more difficult it should be."

When the men joined the women in the drawing-room after dinner Mildred motioned to Herman Tupster to sit in the big chair beside her. "I haven't seen you for ages," she said, even while she observed out of the corner of her eye that both Peters and Randolph, who were the last of the six men to come in, looked disappointed at finding her occupied.

Tupster was a red-faced, black-haired young man in the early thirties with a Rabelaisian sense of humor, coarse manners and an unusual background of good breeding.

He talked like a stableboy, but because his family connections were so excellent everyone said he was like an eighteenth-century country squire. Mildred usually avoided him, but tonight she was willing to sacrifice personal comfort.

"You're a likely looking wench!" he began. "What are you doing—angling for old Peters?"

This was so near the truth that for the second time that night Mildred felt herself blush. "Of course I am," she answered. "Doesn't his farm adjoin yours?"

"You wouldn't waste five minutes on me, and I know it." He looked at her with ardent admiration. "But keep on saying it. There's honey in your voice. . . . Uh-huh, my wife is looking at us now. She's pretending to vamp Randolph, but she's really wondering what the devil we're saying. She thinks you're a siren. Are you?"

"Absolutely—only I can't sing." He shouted with laughter.

Peters, who had been strolling around the room, came toward them now. "What's the joke?"

"You'll never know!" Tupster turned deliberately to Mildred. "There ought to be a law against you. If I was a wife I'd never let you in my house. I'll bet you've broken up more homes—not to mention hearts."

"Oh, don't worry!" she said. "I never do it on Fridays. That's my day off."

Peter's eyes sparkled. "You'll never get anywhere with her, young man."

"And neither will you." Herman folded his arms and contemplated his patent-leather shoes. When he spoke he looked at Mildred, although his words were addressed to Peters. "Besides, you've got to be a lot more careful than I have, because I've got the protection of a loyal wife."

"Oh, is that why you're so fond of her?" Mildred's eyes were wide open.

"Yes, you'd be surprised, you little country mouse, to find how useful a wife can be to a philandering male. I've never been able to see how you could get along so well without one, Hadley."

"No, I suppose you couldn't." Peters drew up a chair on the other side of Mildred. "What are you going to do tomorrow night, do you know?"

She noted the significance of this question as a personal matter, even while she saw that it gave her an excellent opening to introduce Ernestine's plot. "Some friend of Randolph's is coming out—an explorer named Bill Bromley."

"Oh, the fellow that wants to fly to the North Pole!" Tupster was interested at once. "He has a bully record. Was an ace during the war and has done lots of things since. I didn't know Randie knew him. Hope he'll bring him over to our place Sunday."

"You're all dining with me Sunday night." Peters' tone was anything but hospitable; it sounded as if he'd be glad to recall Herman's invitation if he could. "You can see him then."

It seemed to Mildred that it was time to change the subject. She got up. "Ernestine wants us to play bridge."

As Peters moved away Herman glanced significantly at his back, then whispered to Mildred. "I'm going to give orders tomorrow to have every single fence taken down between his farm and mine!" When they reached the card table he said aloud: "I refuse to play with this woman. She's so lucky at love tonight she couldn't possibly win at cards."

But in spite of his prophecy, Mildred stuffed bills and checks aggregating more than two hundred dollars into her gold-and-platinum mesh bag when the reckoning came at the end of the evening. The next morning, when she rang for breakfast, she was conscious that the evening had been highly successful in every way. Yet as the day wore on she grew superstitious again about the piling up of so much good fortune.

"I must be careful," she said to herself several times, although there seemed nothing about which carefulness was needed.

She and Ernestine played nine holes of golf, then lunched at the country club, where Randolph was playing in a tournament.

It was a warm sunshiny day, the grass was green, everyone was in a perfect humor, and it seemed to Mildred that life would be perfect if one could choose a whole calendarful of days like this. But before the men came in she had to go back to the Draper house to meet the decorator who was coming to look over the south guest room.

"I think I'll stay here and wait for Randie." Ernestine settled herself in a wicker chaise longue and picked up a fashion magazine. "Anyway, I'd rather leave it all to you. Your taste is—what's that word?—impeachable?"

"No, darling; impeccable, I hope. All right, I'll attend to it." Mildred signaled to the chauffeur. As she put one foot on the running board, the noise of an aeroplane caused her to look up; a dark-winged machine specked the blueness of the sky.

"Oh, that reminds me—if Bill Bromley turns up before we get home give him tea, won't you?"

"Right!"

The man slammed the door and Mildred waved a hand to her hostess.

It was probably her aggrieved feeling at being obliged to go indoors and work when everyone else was outside, amusing themselves, that caused Mildred to quarrel with Steinchen for the first time. She had met him at the station, taken him up to the house and shown him the room in question, with the request that he decorate it exactly as he had done her bedroom.

This seemed simple enough and she had thought he would be delighted with the order. But instead of showing any appreciation, he merely pulled at his short flaxen mustache and said, "I cannot duplicate your room here. Yours is a city room; this is a country house. I shall originate something here."

"No, you won't. Mrs. Draper wants a room just like mine."

"I shall do something very nice in this room—very unusual. The walls shall be yellow, the furniture some very beautiful old carved walnut. Spanish furniture, I think I can get."

"You've had that Spanish stuff in your shop for years!"

"I think you have never seen in my studio the furniture I mean." The more coldly deliberate his tones became, the more she desired to lose her temper and tell him that she knew he was lying. His light blue eyes were regarding her with hostility. "Perhaps you will change your mind when I tell you that the Spanish furniture is much more expensive than the French pieces in your room." He made notes on the memorandum pad lying on the Queen Anne desk. "If Mrs. Draper has the yellow Spanish room, your commission will pay half what you owe me now."

"And if you duplicate my room?"

"Oh, in that case, your commission would amount only to about 10 per cent of your bill. Also, I do not care to have uncollected bills around. I could have sold that bed and dressing table you have to a very rich customer at more than I charged you, and what is more to the point, been paid for it." His manner became more suave as she walked over to the window. "But to come back to the subject in hand. This room would be marvelous in yellow. There is the contrast of the blue sky outside, and the green trees; one must take all these things into consideration. French furniture of your kind needs the most artificial of settings—it is perfect in a skyscraper. In the country, it is another matter."

Mildred turned around decisively. "Don't talk to me as if I was a client!" she snapped. "You want to do this room in yellow and walnut not because of the green grass and blue sky outside, but because you've never been able to unload that furniture on anyone else. All right, go ahead, do it!"

He bowed. "I will make a little sketch before I go."

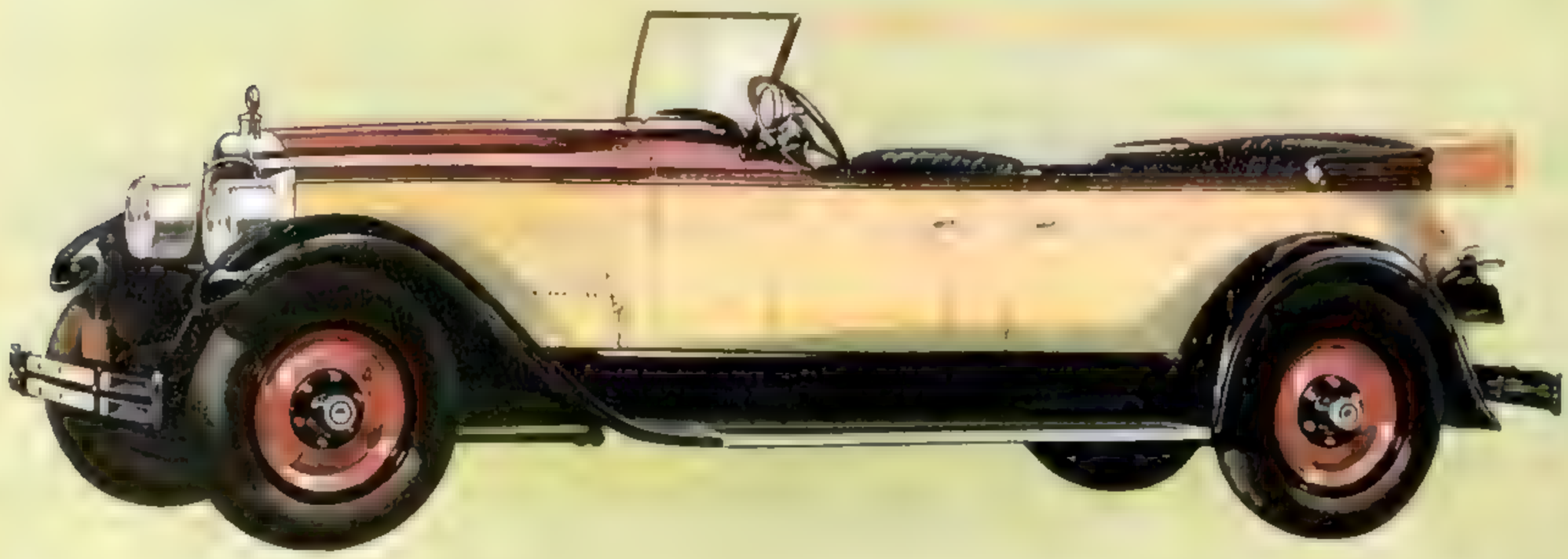
"The car will take you back to the 5:20 train. Don't forget when the room's finished to send me a receipted bill for half my room."

"When Mrs. Draper has paid me I shall do so with pleasure."

Mildred went down the hall to her own room, filled with anger. "I certainly needn't have worried about having too much good luck today!" she thought as she took a

(Continued on Page 64)

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



DEPENDABILITY

Thousands of families have not been without the faithful service of a Packard for a generation.

To these and many other families of more recent ownership Packard cars have come to mean far more than fine, efficient machines of transportation. They have gained some part of that affection men feel for faithful dogs and high-bred horses.

For the Packard is, above all, *dependable*. Owners learn to trust the unfailing performance of this fine car—day after day—year after year—with its surprisingly small maintenance cost and simplest sort of routine care.

The famed beauty and distinction of the Packard, its roomy comfort, great power and long life—all have had a part in establishing its priceless reputation. But underlying all these is the Packard dependability which for twenty-seven years has made the name Packard synonymous with quality motor cars.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

So lustrous ... so smooth!

a damp cloth keeps it spotless

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows the difference!

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and nonporous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

WHAT happens to ordinary interior paint? It gets hopelessly dirty. Hard scrubbing may remove the dirt, but it also wears away the paint. Repainting is soon necessary.

The wide popularity of Barreled Sunlight has been won by its satin-smooth surface that washes easily like tile, and is so durable that washing cannot injure it!

A finish so handsome, moreover, that it replaces the finest enamel—at a lower cost and with fewer coats.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Any tint can be obtained by mixing oil colors with Barreled Sunlight. Ask your dealer about the new, easy-mixing Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

Quantity for quantity, Barreled Sunlight covers a larger area. And the extreme ease of applying it by brush or spray saves many labor-hours.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss, and Flat finishes. Cans and drums. Where more than one coat is required, apply Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

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Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 62)

blue chiffon tea gown off the hanger in her closet.

Someone knocked at the door; a maid's voice said: "Will you please go down to the telephone in the library, madame? Mrs. Braite has been trying all day to reach you. She says it's very important."

"All right." Mildred turned off the water in the tub and ran down the stairs.

As she went into the book-lined room a man got up. "My name's Bromley," he said.

At first glance Mildred saw that he was tall and young and fit; that his black hair was smooth and was brushed back from a high forehead. She regretted immediately that she had not had time to change her dress. When she sat down on the sofa and picked up the telephone to speak to the cause of her dishevelment, her tone was not cordial. Then Dora's obvious distress claimed her attentiveness.

"Mildred, I'm in terrible trouble! I've been a fool, and I don't know what to do!"

"What's the matter?"

"Well, to begin with, I thought you were coming down and I planned my entire party around you."

"Don't be silly!" Mildred lost her temper for the second time that afternoon. Then, regaining her composure, and mindful that Bromley was sitting only a few feet behind her, she said more slowly and more sweetly: "You did say something about it ages ago, but when I saw you at Helen's last Sunday you didn't mention it, so I supposed you'd changed your mind."

"Well, as a matter of fact —— Oh, listen, Mildred, this is a real S O S. I've asked the Beales here both of them!"

"Dora!"

"Well, I had to. I had to have a showdown. At least I thought so. I must have been crazy. I didn't tell either of them that I'd asked the other. He accepted because he still hopes to get something out of Jim. You see, in the beginning, when they were living together, Jim gave him tips on the market, and Beale hasn't yet caught on to the fact that the tips were meant for her. Anyway, he's here now, just sitting around, drinking one highball after another and not saying a word. She's due at 6:30. Neither he nor Jim knows she's coming. What am I going to do?"

"Are they really separated?"

"They haven't lived together for six months. She left him just after she met Jim. I suppose she thought ——" Her voice broke. Mildred could visualize the expression of misery on her round, massaged face. "And I honestly think if Jim knew I'd done a thing like this he m-might ——" She could not go on, but Mildred knew that she lived in constant terror lest Jim should form a serious attachment for some younger woman. "I thought you'd be here and would somehow straighten it out. You can always handle Jim."

"Well, it's too late to think of this now. Of course I'd have come if you'd spoken of it on Sunday. But you've got to do something quickly, my dear. Beale is a bad actor when he gets started, and he's got an obsession about her. If he suspected that it was Jim's fault she had left him he might do anything."

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Listen!" Mildred's thoughts arranged themselves in a clear pattern. "Order the closed car; have a servant pack all Beale's things and put them in it. When it's at the door go to him and say you're sorry but you got your dates mixed and a lot of other people are coming. Don't mention his wife. Get the butler to help you. If he's been drinking a lot he won't even think it's awfully strange. Tell the chauffeur not to stop until he's safely at his club."

"Mildred, you're wonderful! I knew you could help me out. I couldn't have lived through it."

"Well, it will be all right now."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times! I can't ever thank you enough! Will you lunch with me at the Colony on Tuesday—just by ourselves?"

"I'd love to." Mildred hung up the receiver and stretched her arms high above her head. "A silver fox!" she said aloud. "I avert a divorce, perhaps a murder, and in exchange they will give me a silver fox!"

"Well, that's not so bad." Bromley's voice made her jump; she had forgotten his presence. Now she pretended that she had been addressing him. He went on: "Taken all in all, you spent only about five minutes on the telephone, so I should say your time was terribly valuable. Even corporation lawyers don't get much more than that per minute."

As he talked he came over to the sofa and stood looking down at her. "You know, I thought when you first came in that you were about eighteen. Then I heard you hand out a line like a bouncer in a night club, and now I don't know how old you are."

"And no reason why you should." He made her feel absurdly immature; instead of dealing with him with *savoir-faire* she wanted to snap at him. Then she thought that perhaps she felt at a disadvantage because she was still wearing the sport dress in which she had played golf. "I'll go up and change and be down in a minute."

"Oh, don't go! You're one of those women who take at least an hour to dress, and I'd be all alone. Besides, here comes tea."

The butler wheeled in a tea cart, which he placed in front of her. To her surprise, when she lifted the silver pot, her hand trembled so that she spilled tea into the saucer. She said involuntarily, "I'm worried."

"For fear you won't get the silver fox?"

Her eyeballs seemed to swell and burn; she carefully poured a fresh cup.

He sat down beside her on the sofa. Mildred thought that she had never seen anyone so self-possessed and so thoroughly detestable. In fact, she was so filled with enmity that she realized the necessity of pretending friendliness. "How did you get here?"

"I flew out, then got someone to motor me over from the landing field. When I arrived the butler said I couldn't go to my room because it was being surveyed."

"Yes, I was up there with an interior decorator who's going to do it over."

"Oh, are you in that business?"

"No."

"I see. Just another silver fox."

This time she did not wince. "Something much more valuable than that, I hope," she said gayly. "Why, I worked over it at least half an hour." She said to herself: "He will pay for this. I wouldn't ask Peters now to finance him if I got a million dollars out of it!"

She forced herself to remember all the scraps of information about flying which she had accumulated, and she asked him questions intelligent enough to launch him into a monologue on the subject. This put her at an advantage and gave her a chance to sum him up. She admitted that he looked both well-bred and distinguished. "I'll wager there's one per cent of Indian blood in his Virginia ancestry," she thought, because even in his most enthusiastic moments, when his dark eyes lighted up and his lean brown hands illustrated some point of his narrative, he nevertheless gave one the impression that his predominating characteristics were pride and inaccessibility of spirit.

When the door opened and Ernestine and Randolph came in she got up decisively. "I must write some letters before dinner."

But before she had left the room a maid appeared. "Oh, madame, the butler from the Braites' house has just telephoned. W-will you go over at once?"

Randolph said dryly, "I suppose they need an extra woman for dinner."

"Oh, no, sir—oh, no! Oh, he s-said there's been an accident with a gun — and Mr. Braite was dying!"

(Continued on Page 67)

Wear-Proof Journals

The 88% reduction in starting load, due to friction elimination, only begins to express the value of Timken-equipped railroad car journals.

They have the capacity, because Timken Bearings are more than equal to the tremendous shock and side-thrust, as flanged steel wheels race over steel curves, crossings and switches. Compactly, simply, with absolutely no axle wear, *ALL* stress is amply provided for by Timken material and design—Timken-made electric steel; Timken tapered construction; and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, considered the greatest bearing advance since the advent of the taper principle.

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If you would win new laurels for yourself as a successful hostess and a wonderful cook, try these two new recipes.

Log Cabin Maple Frango is the most delicious of all frozen desserts. Dainty, rich, creamy, with an alluring flavor of maple, rare and tempting. So cooling and refreshing on a hot summer's night.

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Order a can of Log Cabin Syrup today. Then make Log Cabin Maple Frango and Log Cabin Pecan Rocks. If you don't agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that this new dessert is the most delicious you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

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Dept. 19, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

LOG CABIN
Pecan Rocks

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup Log Cabin syrup
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup broken pecan nuts

Method

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually.
Add the well beaten egg
Sift the flour once before measuring.
Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt
Add alternately with the Log Cabin syrup
Add nuts and drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet.
Bake in hot oven, 400 F. for 15 minutes
This recipe will make 2½ dozen rocks

LOG CABIN
Maple Frango

1½ cups Log Cabin syrup
5 egg yolks
1 pint whipping cream
Ice
Rock salt

Method

1—Heat Log Cabin syrup to boiling point.
2—Pour slowly over well beaten egg yolks.
3—Cook 5 minutes, and cool.
4—Beat cream until stiff
5—Combine cream and syrup mixture.
6—Pour into tightly covered mold and pack for 3 hours.
7—Use two parts ice to one part of rock salt.
8—The mixture should freeze in long, icy crystals so a large proportion of salt is used. This recipe will serve 8 generously.

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

(Continued from Page 64)

Automatically Mildred picked up the coat Ernestine had just dropped on a chair. "The car's still at the door."

She turned formally to her hosts. "I'm so sorry to disarrange your dinner." Her voice sounded unnatural, but she did not feel in any way like herself.

She heard, as if coming from a vast distance, the comments of the three others all speaking at once; then, bareheaded, she went directly out to the motor.

The doctor and she arrived together at the big white house of the Braites. They shook hands. "Do you know how it happened?" he said as they waited for the door to be opened.

She had rehearsed, all the way over, the story which she hoped could be given out. "Yes, I think Jim was cleaning his gun and it went off accidentally." She looked significantly at him. "Don't you suppose it was that way?" As he did not answer, she went on: "I don't believe I've seen you more than once since you attended father. I shall never forget how devoted he was to you."

"And what a fine fellow he was! The bravest man I ever saw. He could stand any amount of pain and never whimper."

"I wish I was like him," she said, and it seemed to her as if it was the first time in many years that she had expressed spontaneously that which was in her heart.

A maid admitted them; her eyes were swollen and red. "Mrs. Braite is up in her room, madame. She wants you to come straight there. Mr. Braite is in the study."

As they separated, Doctor Romney patted her shoulder. "I'm glad you're here to help."

It was so dark in Dora's room that Mildred could scarcely find her way across to the four-post bed on which Dora lay, fully dressed. Her voice went on, monotonously saying over and over, "I've killed him! I've killed him!"

"Stop that!" Mildred spoke sharply. "You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"Oh, no; Beale did that. I killed him! I killed him!"

"First of all, he isn't dead. Secondly, you are not responsible for the acts of a crazy man."

"Yes, I am! I asked him here! He heard me talk to you on the telephone. That's why he did it. I killed him!"

Mildred put both arms around Dora's shoulders and raised her head. She spoke gently now: "Now, my dear, this won't do. You are no more to blame for Jim's accident than I am. Doctor Romney's down there taking care of him; he says he's sure he'll live."

At those words Dora burst into hysterical sobs. "Oh, I love him so! I've never loved anyone else! I'd kill myself if he died! I wouldn't want to live! Oh, if he'll only live he can flirt with anyone he wants to! Oh, Jim, Jim, don't leave me!"

Mildred piled up the pillows beneath her head, then ran into the bathroom. She returned with a wet cloth, with which she washed her hot face, and a glass of sedative which she made her drink.

"Now you'll go to sleep," she said soothingly. "And when you wake up, Jim will be better. You're going to sleep."

Within ten minutes Dora was breathing regularly. Mildred rang for the French maid and posted her at the door, then she went downstairs. In the hall she met the butler, an Englishman whom she had always tipped well. "How is he?"

"Just the same, madame. He's still alive."

"Saunders, who's in charge here?"

"No one, madame, up to the present. I've done what I could."

"How many people know about the actual circumstances?"

"Only Mr. Braite's valet and myself."

"Good! Then you can say on my authority it will be worth five thousand dollars to him to understand that Mr. Braite was cleaning his gun when it went off accidentally, and twice that sum to you, Saunders. Do you understand?"

"Oh, quite, madame."

"Where is Mr. Beale?"

"Locked in his room."

"Did you know that Mrs. Beale is arriving on the 6:30 train from town?"

"Oh, no, madame."

"I believe she is. Something has to be done about it quickly. She mustn't come to the house. Order the car, then ask Doctor Romney if he can speak to me a moment."

When the physician came out she realized from his face how serious Jim's condition was. "He may pull through. I don't know. I've seen worse wounds, when people have lived, but he seems to have no resistance. After all, he's only in the middle forties, but his nervous reactions are those of an old, old man. What a price to pay for success!"

"I have to go to the station. Beale's wife is due. I've given Dora something to quiet her and told her maid to call you if she wakens up. Don't let her see Jim. When you see her tell her he's sure to live. And tell her—oh, Doctor Romney, I really believe this is as important as saving his life—tell her she must never, never let Jim know that she asked Mrs. Beale here, or in any way stirred Beale up. Will you do that?"

He looked down at her with paternal affection. "Of course I will. There's the car now. But don't wear yourself out, child."

As Mildred descended from the automobile to the station platform she saw a tall, loose-jointed man whom she recognized as Henry Beale walking jerkily toward the news stand. She went up to him. "How did you get here?"

He had a slightly insane, foolish expression, but he answered docilely: "I walked part way, then someone gave me a lift. I came to meet my wife."

His face, with its indication of weakness and dissipation, had always displeased Mildred; but now, as he grinned at her, she had to clench her fists to keep from running away.

"I'm meeting your wife too," she said. "Now look here, Harry Beale, if you so much as touch her when she gets off this train I'll tell the police everything I know!" His blue eyes stared at her. "I know you shot Jim. So does Dora. But if you behave yourself no one outside will know it. The story is that he shot himself accidentally. But unless you treat your wife decently you'll go to Sing Sing!"

He closed his mouth. His vacuous expression changed to one of terror. It was evident that he was shocked back into sanity. She saw that he understood completely and would acquiesce. The train whistled around the curve.

"Now meet her," she said—"and wait here for the 6:40 back to town. I'll have your bags sent in on Monday. If you have any sense at all you can get her back now."

He seemed to have regained complete composure. He walked to the motor with her and opened the door. "I—I can't thank you. It's wonderful of you to have done this for me."

"I didn't do it for you. I don't care what happens to you. I did it for Dora."

She slammed the door and signaled the chauffeur to drive back. Then all the way home she sat with her face buried in the sleeve of Ernestine's tweed coat, crying as if her heart would break.

Having started in to cry it seemed as if the high wall which for so many years had protected her emotions had crumbled. When she got back to the house Dora was still sleeping, Doctor Romney and a physician whom he had called in consultation were with Jim, and the place seemed empty of life. She wandered upstairs into the big luxurious guest room which she had occupied on so many occasions, and it seemed to her as if she was a stranger to the gay and carefree person who had slept in that silk-draped bed and sat before that dressing table hung with lace and covered with brushes and combs and bottles of engraved gold. She looked into the mirror and was not surprised to see how little resemblance she bore to her usual self. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes red and Ernestine's coat was ludicrously long and broad for her. But it did not matter. She bathed her eyes and combed her hair, but she did not even powder her face. She felt as if the whole world was suspended in mid-air while she waited to see if Jim would live.

It was twenty-four hours before they felt confident that he would. In the meantime they had given him two blood transfusions, but the physician insisted that it did him even more good to learn of the eagerness with which the men who worked for him had competed for this service.

When Dora came out of his room where, through the half-open door, Mildred had seen her kneeling beside the bed, her face was transfigured. "It's going to be all right!" Her face shone with victory.

Suddenly Mildred was conscious of being terribly tired. "I think I'll go back to Ernestine's now."

Dora put her arms tightly around her. "Bless you—always!"

The servant who opened the Drapers' door told Mildred that everyone was upstairs dressing. "There is a large dinner at Mr. Peters' this evening. He was just on the telephone a moment ago saying he hoped you wouldn't disappoint him, madame."

"No, I won't. Will you tell Mrs. Draper I'm back and will be ready in time?"

She was so exhausted that after a hot bath and an attempt to repair the signs of tears and sleeplessness, which had made her face appear so unnatural, she lay down on the chaise longue and closed her eyes. But such strange unwonted thoughts raced through her mind that she could not rest. Finally she took out of the closet a low-cut black velvet dress and half-heartedly completed her toilet.

As she clasped around her neck the string of pearls which her father had given her on her eighteenth birthday, she smiled wanly at her reflection. She was so pale that she did not dare use rouge, and beneath her eyes were violet shadows which no cold cream could remove.

Yet half an hour later, when she walked into Hadley Peters' drawing-room, he said, "I've never seen you look so beautiful."

"Oh, haven't you?" said Bromley, who was just behind her. "I think she looks better in sport clothes."

Mildred moved on to speak to the other guests. On the way over she had told him and Ernestine and Randolph the story of Jim's accident, just as it had appeared in the Sunday newspapers that morning. Now she found it necessary to repeat it to everyone.

Herman Tupster was the only one who openly showed his disbelief. "I know darn well it isn't so," he said after dinner, when they were sitting with a group around the fire. "Nobody cleans a gun and has it go off accidentally. Come on, Mildred, give us the low-down on this thing."

Bill Bromley got up from the small sofa on which he had been sitting and leaned against the mantel. "Lots of guns go off accidentally," he said. "I remember several cases even during the war."

He told an amusing story to illustrate his point, and at its conclusion Mildred was able to slip away into the library. During dinner, Peters, at whose left she sat, had asked her to come in there after coffee so that he might show her a new etching. But he spent only a few minutes over the picture, and devoted the rest of the time to conversation so personal that even in her state of fatigue Mildred realized that he was seriously making love to her.

She looked around the beautiful paneled room. "This would be mine," she thought. "I would live in this place. I would have a house in town, and all the clothes I wanted, and jewels—and no more bills!" At the moment she was not capable of elation, but his admiration warmed her; and when at last she felt obliged to join the others she saw in a passing mirror that her cheeks were flushed a delicate rose.

(Continued on Page 69)

Ocean Suits sketched from life
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Whispers of admiration

YOU instinctively sense the approving glances, the whispers of admiration, that greet the fashionably dressed swimmer. No matter how graceful your dive, how smooth your stroke, your appearance can be enhanced by well styled bathing suits.

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Preserves	Tomatoes	Mayonnaise Salad Dressing	Sliced Peaches	Blueberries	Royal Anne Cherries
Jellies	Wax Beans	Salad Mustard	Pimientos	Loganberries	Red Pitted Cherries
Spices	Lima Beans	Prepared Mustard			
Olives	Succotash	Yankee Beans with Pork			
Olive Oil	Beets	Pork and Beans			
Cake Flour	Okra	Chili Con Carne			
Grape Juice	Carrots				
Food of Wheat	Spinach				
Jelly Powder	Hominy				
Baking Powder	Sauer Kraut				
Orange Marmalade	Salmon				
Figs in Syrup	Sardines				
Cooked Spaghetti	Shrimps				
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Teenie Weenie Sweet Corn
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(Continued from Page 67)

"I'll be in town Tuesday," Peters said, as she told him good night. "Please say you'll dine with me—just by ourselves."

"I'll have to look at my book," she answered. "Telephone me tomorrow and I'll let you know."

Herman held her hand in both his. "Please hurry the wedding. I want you to begin to be interested in me."

She could think of no retort, but she smiled appreciatively, then followed Ernestine into the hall. During the half hour's ride through the cool dark night her depression dropped from her as if it had been a cloak which she had taken off.

When they entered the house she said, "I've never felt so wide awake in my life."

"You look it." Ernestine yawned. "I'm paralyzed with sleepiness. You three can sit up all night if you want to, but I've got to go to bed. I'll see you in the morning."

After she had gone up, Randolph disappeared into the pantry and Mildred and Bromley settled themselves in comfortable chairs before the library fire.

Bromley had been silent on the way home; now he said: "No matter how late Randie stays up, I want you to wait and talk to me alone afterward."

His dark eyes were even more commanding than his words. She had again the feeling that in his character there were the directness, the courage and the arrogance that suggested Indian chiefs and for some reason an eagle.

"Oh, flying, of course," she said aloud. Then, at his expression of astonishment, she laughed. "I was wondering to myself why you reminded me of an eagle."

"Well, will you stay up?"

"Oh, yes. I thought you knew that."

Randolph brought in a tray of bottles and glasses. "There's some sandwiches out there. I couldn't carry them all. Will you get them, Bill?"

The moment the other had disappeared he whispered, "What did Peters say? Will he finance the flight?"

For the first time that day Mildred recalled the reason for her visit. She temporized: "I'm going to see him again on Tuesday."

"But every minute counts now."

She thought resentfully: "Even if he did only ask me here to use me, he ought to hide it better. If I were married to Peters, he'd never use that tone!" Aloud she said sweetly: "It was impossible to pin him down tonight. And he's so difficult it would be a mistake to force his hand."

"Well, that's right. But I did hope we could get it settled. . . . Oh, here's Bill."

Bromley put down the plate of sandwiches, then seated himself on the floor facing the sofa, his hands clasped around his knees.

He and Randolph drifted into reminiscence of their experiences in the air service, and Mildred listened to him and watched his face and hands as he talked, wondering why he was so unlike any other man she had ever known.

"Are you bored?" her host said at last.

"Not at all. I've loved it."

He got up. "Well, I think I'll have a nightcap and then go to bed."

"I'm not at all sleepy," said Bromley, glancing at Mildred. When they were alone he stood up, facing her as she sat curled up on the sofa. "You're just as hard as nails, aren't you?"

She gasped, then the shock of his words braced her like a plunge into cold water. "Of course I am."

"And proud of it?"

"Yes."

"I see. Now that you've captured Peters, you think it's paid. Now you can tell anyone where to go."

"You've expressed it perfectly."

"Are you going to begin on me?"

"Oh, no, I shall send you to the North Pole."

"You send me—what do you mean?"

"This is what I mean." His insolence had aroused in her such deep anger that she threw aside all restraint: "You pretend to despise me because I want other people to help me. I admit that I do. I love luxury. I can't afford it. I exchange my wits for it."

"I suppose Mrs. Braite will give you a diamond tiara for your work over there."

She jumped to her feet. "Don't you dare say that! I love Dora Braite. What I did there I did for that reason. You can't talk to me like this! And after all, what's the difference between us? You need money for your work, so you ask a woman to wheedle a man into giving it to you!"

He raised his arm as if to strike her. "I never did such a thing in my life!"

"I suppose you didn't know Randolph wanted me to get the money from Peters."

"I never heard of it till this moment. He told me he knew a rich man who liked to finance explorations because of the publicity he himself got out of it, and so on. I didn't ask him who it was. It never occurred to me it was Peters. And as for getting you to raise money for me, I'd see him in hell first!"

"For one so self-possessed, you seem a little excited. Be calm! I didn't ask him!"

"Well, thank God for that! I can find lots of ways to finance this expedition without getting a woman to help me do it!"

"Columbus didn't seem to mind having a woman help him. In fact, I was thinking of disguising myself as Isabella and offering you these." She unclasped her pearls and held them out for his inspection in the hollow of her small pink palm. "They'd just about fetch the sum you need. You can have them."

He stared at her, his eyes still alight with anger. "Where'd they come from?"

"My father gave them to me. They're the only jewels I've never sold. I've been tempted to lots of times though."

"And why haven't you?"

"Because I always remembered him saying, 'So long as you have these you'll have independence; keep them until something else seems more important.'"

"Are you trying to tell me that you think my flying to the Pole is more important to you than silver foxes and limousines and perfumes? I suppose it amuses you to make a fool of me! You like to have men so mad about you that they don't know what they're doing!"

She blinked. "Mad about me? Nobody's mad about me. Peters is mildly in love."

"Oh, that old fool! He isn't capable of love. Don't pretend you haven't known I was mad about you from the first moment you came into this room yesterday afternoon. You knew it as soon as I set eyes upon you. There isn't a single symptom you've missed!"

As soon as she was able to speak she said, "Such as your excessive politeness, I suppose!"

"Of course! Do you suppose I'd have fought with you if I hadn't loved you? What do you suppose makes little boys pull the hair of girls they like?"

She sat down again; her heart was pounding. "I—I don't know. I always wondered."

"It's because they love them and wish they didn't, just as I wish I didn't love you. I wish I'd never seen you!"

"Well, that's something else I can't understand."

He dropped to the sofa beside her. Her head was very near his shoulder. "Well, I haven't got any money or any of the things you want."

While he was looking into her eyes she slid the string of pearls into the pocket of his dinner coat. She was doing sums in arithmetic in her head. "I could sell my bedroom furniture to Ernestine and be able to pay Steinchen what I owe him. There's a lot of other stuff I can sell that we'll never need. . . . Small houses are quite cheap in the country."

Bromley put his hands on her shoulders. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking," she said, "what a lot of things there are in this world for us to explore together." And she turned her face hopefully toward his.

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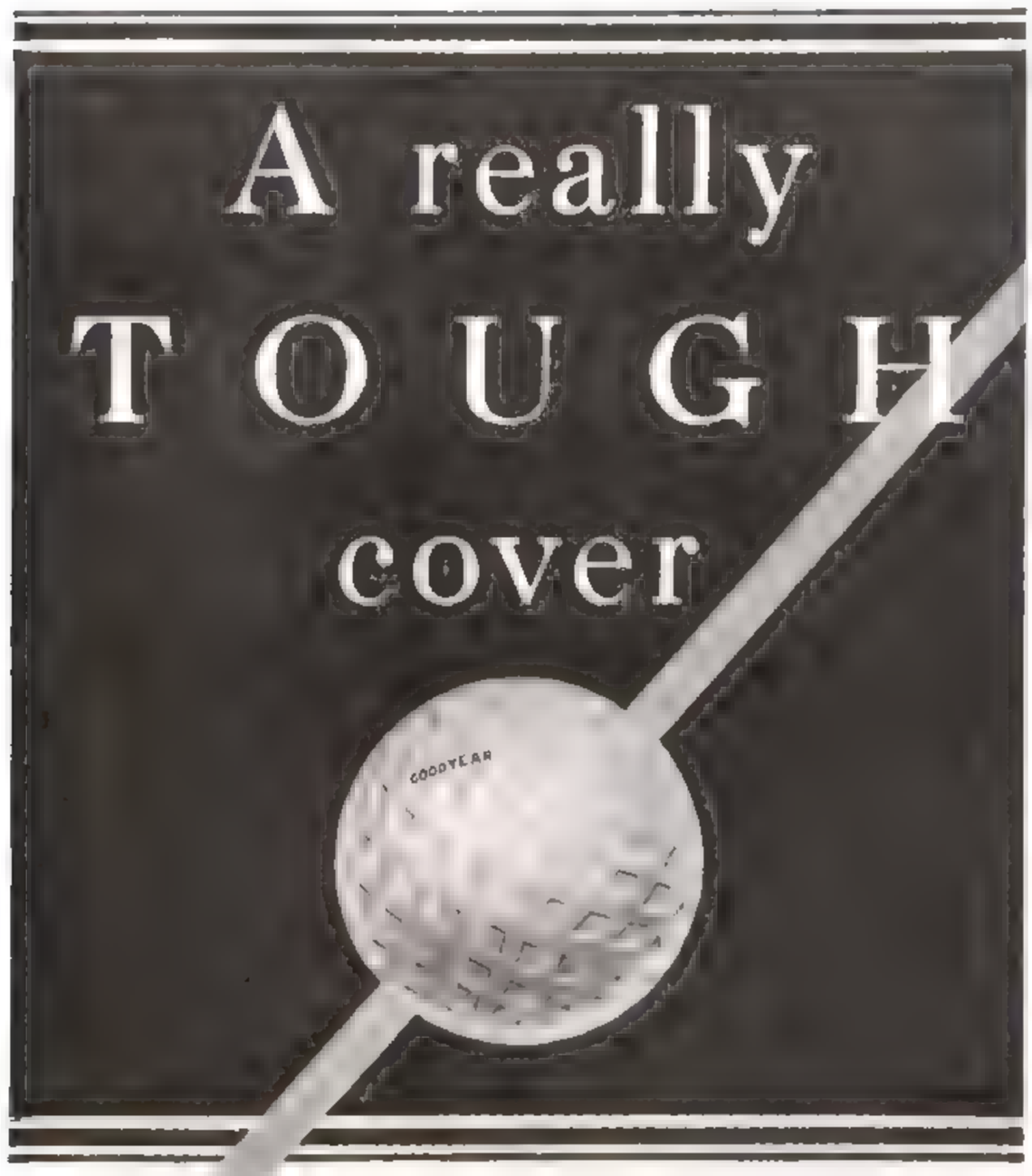

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CAPTIOUS COLUMBUSES

(Continued from Page 31)

historically, within its own borders. Nor have there ever been American heroes whom it has been dangerous to worship. And, above all, America is not a dejected or disappointed country—as most of the countries of Europe are. The ideals accepted by Americans during the war did not work through to actualities, but the average American is as little disturbed by the failure of these ideals as he is by our failure to march to Berlin—probably for the same reason. Finally, the postwar period, which called for an enormous economic readjustment in America, was simple in comparison with the stabilization of any European nation. These differences are so profound that it would have been normal for us to escape the contagion of the new nationalism altogether. We did not. For one thing we are always glad to imitate Europe, and when we discovered that a sophisticated Englishman had taken the trouble to write about Queen Victoria, we promptly decided to write about Martha Washington; when it became chic in Chelsea to bring down an antimacassar and a few stuffed birds from the attic it also became proper in Park Avenue to display a few decorative atrocities of the early General Grant period. Besides, we had had a little disappointment; Europe was not all we had hoped. And as Europe turned its eyes inward we were more or less compelled to do the same.

We looked within and discovered a great many things; but perhaps the greatest discovery of all was that we had a past. It had been so insistently drummed into us that we were a new country that the idea of having a past, good or bad, was a novelty; it gave us some sort of background, some sort of standard. It seems there had actually been a man named Jefferson who had ideals of human liberty, and one named Hamilton with a lofty conception of the functions of government; pioneers, taking their lives in their hands, unearthed the records of a body called the Supreme Court, which, they said, had handed down decisions interpreting the law of the land, establishing judicial habits of mind. New as the country was, it had had a period of good architecture and interesting furniture; it had produced a few heroes, some builders, perhaps a poet.

Whatever happiness we derived from this contemplation of the past was short-lived. For the new explorers very soon taught us that, reading from left to right, our past was dubious, our present drab, and our future probably terrible. Our minds were full of illusions and myths, our ideas of our own history were uniformly wrong, our heroes had clay, if not club, feet, and the Liberty Bell certainly did not ring on the Fourth of July, 1776. It was heartbreaking!

Workers in the Vineyard

In effect, they gave us to understand, the only things really worth while in our history were those quaint characters, those disparaged groups, those subject races, of whom we had taken no account. The redskin, hardly visible in American art since the days of Fenimore Cooper, was rediscovered and he and his music and his corn dances and paintings were christened "Amerind" and held up as the only contribution made by this continent to the art of the world. At about the same time the spiritual and the work song of the negro were unearthed by followers of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was a pioneer in the field half a century earlier, and these, in turn, were also named as our only contribution to the music of the world, the basis of the true American music of the future.

In another field—that of biography—the work differs in tone. Biography has become financially good since the exceptional success of Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria. Though a number of writers without his sophistication and intelligence have tried to use his method—a combination of irony and sympathy—the workers in the vineyard are too numerous to be all of a class. Not all of them snip little paragraphs out of contemporary newspapers to quote them with a sneer; some have taken their calling seriously and produced good biographies, in which the subject comes off at least as well as the biographer himself. The interesting thing about this passion for biography is that it has turned to so many of the queer characters, the odd types, of American history.

I recall no Daniel Webster, no Seward or Clay, no Calhoun or Adams, outstanding in the biographical list; the writers have chosen either the very greatest figures—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Grant—or the singular people—Buffalo Bill and Boss Tweed, Jesse James, Anthony Comstock, the Beecher family, the legendary Paul Bunyan of the lumber camps, Robert Ingersoll, Ward McAllister and Carry Nation; Brigham Young and Barnum were treated by the same author who is now at work on a history of Tammany Hall. Meade Minnigerode wrote of the forties; Mark Sullivan took the turn of the century. Thomas Beer took the whole period of the 1890's and called it the Mauve Decade. even the movies fell under the spell, revived the Western, and called it the Covered Wagon or the Iron Horse. Individuals, great families, great political institutions, all were subjected to reëxamination and were revalued; presently the America of today was put under the microscope too.

Modern Idol Snipers

The novelty in all this is in the attitude of a great many of the writers. They are all trying to explode certain illusions in the American mind. They suggest that we have been fed lies instead of history and that our minds are a jumble of myths. We are supposed to believe that Columbus discovered America because he knew how to make an egg stand on its head; that the Pilgrim Fathers were courageous exiles from religious persecution; that Washington never told a lie and remained childless so that he might be known as the Father of His Country; that a bell proclaimed liberty throughout the land on July 4, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed, chiefly by John Hancock, whose claim to glory is a fine signature; that the United States never engaged in an unjust war and was never defeated, not even when it tackled Great Britain single-handed in 1812; that Lincoln was a backwoodsman; that Grant was a great general; that Roosevelt dashed alone up San Juan Hill.

They assure us that these things are either false or unimportant. They smash these precious idols before our eyes, giving us proof that it was not Pershing who said, "Lafayette, we are here"; that the Continental troops bothered Washington considerably by their habit of deserting to gather in the harvest; that the War of 1812 was only a side show of the Napoleonic epic, in which we happened to back the tyrant; that Lee was always a superior strategist; and that the Declaration was not signed and no bell rang on the Fourth of July. The iconoclasts go on until it seems to be only a matter of time until we hear that Nathan Hale was a traitor, Aaron Burr a farsighted statesman, and Benedict Arnold the only true patriot. Certainly if success attends these efforts we are in danger of being informed that William Tell never shot an apple on his son's head—it must have been two other fellows—and that there is positively no Santa Claus!

The processing is known as "debunking history" and its results are supposed to make us extremely uncomfortable. To hear that Captain Kidd was not a pirate and

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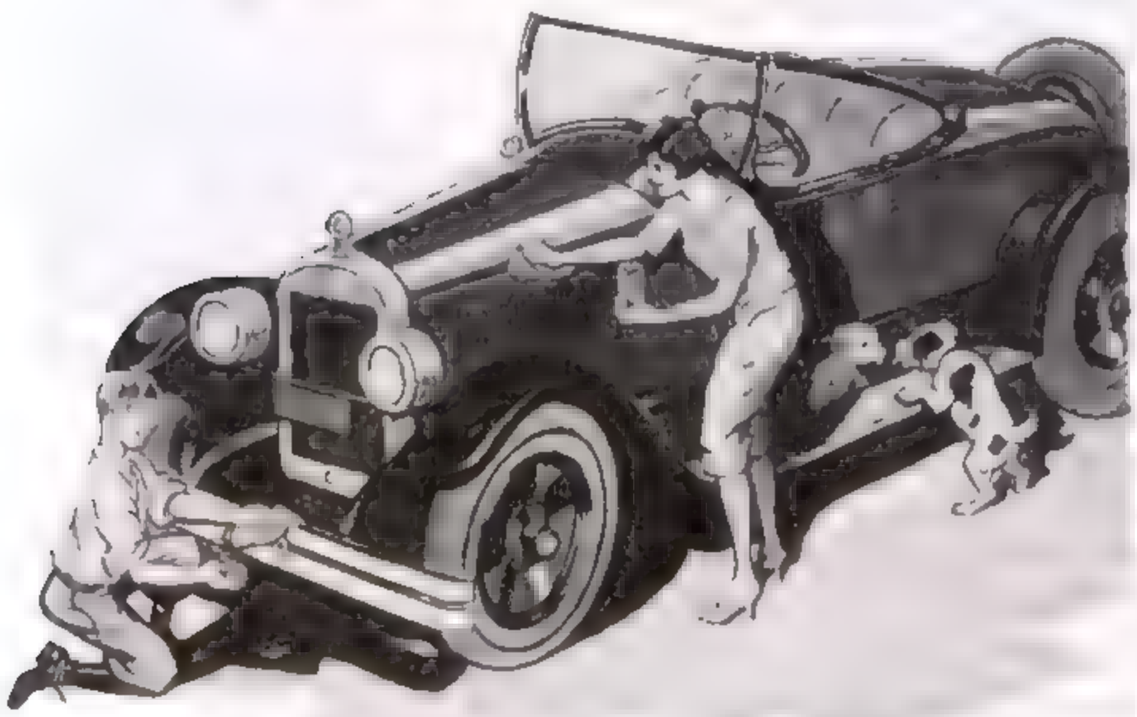

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No. 7
AUTO TOP FINISH
is amazingly easy to use. Brush it on tonight and it will be hard and dry by morning.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF DUCO

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that Washington used swear words is supposed to be enough to rock the foundation of the good American's belief in God. Obstinately the American has refused to be upset. He has bought the books and magazines, has read the horrible revelations, and remained almost wholly unaffected by them. Somewhere or other there is a defect in the logic of the debunker.

That defect will become apparent if we add to these debunkings the parallel process which attacks not the historical past but the actual present. Here also we come upon a new attitude and a surprising success. The novelist who has had the most consistent success in America since 1920, with sales threatening to rival those of Mary Jane Holmes and the Duchess, has written devastating and angry attacks on the social life, the stupidity, the business hypocrisy, the false religion, of America. Among the new playwrights in the same era a most enviable success has been gained by two collaborators who in three successive years had three successes, ridiculing the pretensions of average men and women, and making a nightmare of American business methods. And the father in Israel of all the debunkers has recently created a highly successful magazine which is a monthly encyclopedia of all the stupidities and hypocrisies of America. Even the movies have made some success in the field of satire.

There have been hundreds of others, not uniformly successful. The significant thing to note is that the Sinclair Lewises, the Menckens, the Kaufman-Connellys, whose attacks have been most spirited, are precisely the ones who have achieved the highest popularity. It is said that Sinclair Lewis expected Main Street to be a financial failure, and that as royalty check followed upon royalty check his own opinion of the artistic merits of the book went correspondingly down. But his opinion of the inhabitants of Main Street did not go up, in spite of the fact that these miserable worms were buying his book with an unrestrained eagerness. The intention of Main Street was to show up the littleness, the meanness, the intellectual barrenness of the average small-town life of America; and the small town instantly hugged the attack to its bosom. The intention of Beggar on Horseback was to show up the brutalizing effect of modern business on any man with a sensitive spirit, and the play ran about a year in New York, another on the road, and was made into a moving picture.

Laughing it Off

There are, of course, many explanations of the success of a book or a play; but it is impossible to get around the fact that the Main Streeters and the Babbitts read sneering descriptions of themselves, winced perhaps, laughed and refused to be terribly upset. It cannot have been merely an additional layer of hide, for some of the attacks were made without delicacy; the ax chopped where the scalpel could not penetrate.

Yet universal anger is the one emotion which the debunkers have failed to evoke, except when they attack, or are supposed to attack, organized religion; just as in their historical adventures the debunkers can stir Americans to fury only when they make insinuations against the morality of great American heroes. Everything else, viciously attacking the whole faith of Americans in their past and in their present, is met with indulgence.

Perhaps a clew to the failure of the debunkers can be found in a purely literary circumstance. The first of the great debunking novels of the present is Main Street; the second is Babbitt. And it is a peculiar fact that both of these novels have illustrious French models, or, let us say, parallels, in the nineteenth century. This is not a literary essay and I am not saying that Mr. Lewis rewrote French novels in terms of the American present; for all I know, he may not be acquainted with both of the originals. But the parallel remains equally significant, whether it was intentional or not. The essential story of Main Street concerns a girl who has ambitions for an interesting, exciting and beautiful life, and who finds herself in an American city surrounded by moneygrubbers and pretenders to culture, where only the village infidel has the faintest conception of her ideals.

And that, within limits, is the story of the famous Madame Bovary, in which all the crassness and ugliness of a small French town are the background of a study in illusion and in sex. The relentless hatred which Flaubert felt for the bourgeoisie of the French countryside is matched by his unwavering scrutiny of the mind and soul of a woman filled with romantic longings; and these are precisely the subjects to which Mr. Lewis addressed himself. He followed this with Babbitt, which is essentially a dumping out of the rag bag of an American business man's mind, his superstitions and illusions and childish beliefs, his misinformation, his aspirations, his mental blankness. And that, again within limits, is the content of a less-known novel by the same Frenchman, called Bonvard and Pécuchet, in which Flaubert seemingly attempted to catalogue all the stupidities of mankind.

The Trend of Criticism

What this suggests is that a great deal of the criticism of America by Americans is consciously or unconsciously inspired by European standards. Superficially—and almost all the attacks are superficial—there seems to be no reason why the criticism applicable to France in 1840 should be appropriate to the America of the 1920's. Humanity may remain the same, but the critics of America at this moment are very little concerned with the permanent character of men and women; they are only busy with the passing show of American life. And it is odd that their point of view as well as their point of attack should coincide so markedly with that of Europeans of about a century ago. The whole business of hating the middle classes is an old game abroad; it was worked to death in every generation between the time of Victor Hugo and the time of Oscar Wilde; and in every case it was found slightly inadequate as a sustained attitude toward life. The suspicion may arise that this outworn European habit of mind is not exactly the new revelation for America. The prosperous American may be stupid and hypocritical, immersed in thoughts of money, empty headed, without a true culture; the business of showing him up is undoubtedly a good one. But when the showing up is over, the prosperous American remains as interesting and as problematical as ever, peculiarly unangered and unabashed.

It may be because, without knowing Flaubert, the American feels that what is being said of him is not particularly relevant. Dressing up in the regalia of fraternal orders and singing Auld Lang Syne at lunches may be silly—even as silly as dressing in velveteen jackets and dancing half-naked at the Quatz' Arts ball—but the agony of a sensitive soul over the fact that real-estate men are not Greek athletes and romance troubadours at the same time can only be moving as a joke. It is not important as a criticism because no sane person pretends that things are otherwise, and no intelligent person particularly wants them to be otherwise. The spectacle of a butcher with full command of the literature of the third primary grade pretending to be a poet is a figure of fun, and was immortalized in that way by Molière; but it is not a serious condemnation of the character, or even of the culture, of a nation.

The recent revelations about America are nearly all in the same vein. We are a crude, uncultured people; our acquaintance with art and letters is superficial and fragmentary; we have bad manners; our seeking for culture by way of the Chautauqua and

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(Continued from Page 72)

the woman's club is a thing to mock at; the meanest European peasant surpasses us. So it runs. Each month Mr. Mencken prints in the American Mercury several pages of incredible clippings from the newspapers of the country, forming an apocalyptic vision of the dullness and stupidity of American life; in ten days' reading of one London newspaper I collected an equal assortment; and a week's news in the French provincial press will supply such a record of human fatuity, superstition, violence and ignorance—if you pick only the right items—as will make the reader think himself back in the Middle Ages. The sentimental beliefs on which the American is supposed to base his normal life are paralleled throughout the world. Destroy them all and the essential man remains untouched.

The truth is that the average intelligent man has long ago discounted these stop-press revelations about the unmitigated baseness of American life. When a writer comes to him with a significant picture of the chaos in which America lives, or expresses with irony or sympathy something essential in the American character, he is ready to listen.

But sniping at great figures and setting up foreign standards for the average man have both ceased to be interesting. What remains interesting is the motive of the snipers and the critics.

The Sophistry in Sophistication

The assumption always is that the debunkers are more sophisticated than the rest of us. The average American, in this theory, falls for any sort of bunk, from patent medicines to political panaceas; and the debunkers fall for none, because they always are willing to search for and then to face the facts. I have suggested that the American is, perhaps, not alone in his tendency to be buncoed. The South Sea Bubble and the witch-whipping curé of Bombon are not precisely American phenomena. But beyond that, I question, timidly, whether the debunkers are actually as sophisticated as they think, whether there isn't a deal of bunk in debunking itself. It is the prime trait of a man of the world to understand everything, to see everything in its proper proportions, and not to get too wildly excited by what he sees.

The good stupid American, witnessing the phenomenon of the debunkers, seems to have said, "Well, there's probably something in what they say. Let us see how important it is in comparison with the League of Nations and next Saturday night's poker game." He may have given the wrong degree of significance to all three, but his attitude was essentially sophisticated. Whereas the debunkers, noticing that American small-town life appears drab to a sensitive Europeanized soul, have lost all sense of proportion and all *savoir-faire*. The Babbitts—it seems a shame to encourage them—have actually proved themselves more urbane and sophisticated than the debunkers.

The sophisticated man is too familiar with history to indulge in exaggerated hopes, and is seldom disappointed. It is only incurable romantics and little children who are always going about being disillusioned with life. And the debunker, who claims that the middle class lives on illusion, seems to be suffering under the greatest illusion of all; namely, that his ideal of life is the only correct ideal and that all life ought to conform to it at once. It is one of the most pathetic phases of the reforming temperament, a sort of debased Puritanism which always attacks the Puritan.

The debunker, caught in an unguarded moment, may confess that he dislikes his country, and in spite of himself you will be able to trace a faint flush of pride in the confession. Patriotism, loving your country, is the virtue of common people; superior people are above it.

But modern psychology will not let the debunker rest. If he belittles greatness, psychology suggests that he has an inferiority complex; if he grows violent in abuse of his countrymen the only explanation is that he loves them or envies them too much.

The Rah-Rah Spirit

The phenomenon can be studied at close range among adolescents. In every college the body of undergraduates is afflicted with a peculiar emotion known as the rah-rah spirit, college pride, and a variation of loyalty which leads one to believe that one's own college is by law and nature better than any other college. It is easy to analyze this spirit and to show that it is a composite of herd instincts and egotism. But in each college there are a number of students to whom the rah-rah spirit is offensive, and some of these make a point of meeting the rah with the razz. They consistently belittle their college, and they no more hate it than French mothers hate their babies when they call them "little monkeys." It is simply the desire to stand a little apart from the crowd, the desire to disguise their love and to prove their loyalty by being discriminating.

The same attitude on a larger scale is visible in the debunkers. If they were actually indifferent to their country they would not be so desperately hurt by its secondary faults; if they were as superior as they seem, and not so adolescent, they would note defects and virtues in some proportion. Particularly, they would not exaggerate the reverse side of their love into a petulant nagging. The one thing they have not yet explained is how it happens that a country so dull, so unintelligent, so hypocritical, so weak-minded as our own has been able to face criticism with the good humor they themselves so conspicuously lack.

For that explanation we have only to look abroad. The philosophers of Europe have for a considerable time been prophets of evil, but the statesmen, with rare exceptions, have exaggerated the strength of their separate countries. It is the natural thing to do in a country weakened by a disastrous war and an inconclusive peace. But in America the philosophical critics have exaggerated the country's weaknesses and the country has let them do it without bitterness. It is a familiar gesture, as familiar as members of the same family kidding each other. It might be called a gesture of modesty, and it happens that it can only come with the assurance of strength.

From seventy to ninety per cent of today's driving is on roads like this—full of the tiny irregularities, scarcely visible in the daytime, that cause "galloping"

Why your car "*gallops*"

Constant discomfort is caused by countless bumps —scarcely visible by daylight

HERE is a picture everybody knows, everybody who has ever driven at night.

The road that appeared almost glassy smooth in the daytime has suddenly developed startling bumps!

That is because bright lights and heavy night shadows make them stand out as they really are.

For the bumps are there! Whether you see them in the daytime or not, they exist, thousands of them, in every road, however "smooth." And they are of the greatest importance as the complete explanation of why your car "gallops," no matter where you drive.

No more "galloping"

Small as they are, they are yet large enough to keep today's soft springs in constant motion, producing that uncomfortable bobbing and jiggling of the whole car, that mushy see-saw bouncing you know so well.

There is but one way to stop this unpleasant "galloping." You must have a spring control sensitive enough to absorb the very slightest rebound, such as would be caused by bumps like these.

And you can have it now, you can rid your car of "galloping," with the new Hasslers!

Big bumps, little bumps—alike!

Ruggedly built to stand the hardest use, thoroughly effective in the control of the severest shocks on rough roads—the new Hasslers are at the same time so delicately responsive that no inequality is too small to bring their corrective action into immediate play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

So perfectly adjusted that they preserve the full resiliency of your springs, while yet effectively checking rebound.

A special type for your car

There is a set of Hasslers especially designed and adjusted for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. A Chrysler set for a Chrysler. A Pontiac set for a Pontiac. A Ford set for a Ford. And so on.

Inexpensive, easily and quickly installed, the new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in riding comfort.

Have a set put on when you buy your car, or on the old car—now. Learn how much the new Hasslers add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Service Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The new Hasslers are watertight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car. No readjustment is ever necessary.

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of the new Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there.

The NEW HASSLERS
NO MORE GALLOPING

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 36)

and be left always to wonder where the other path would have led. Or one could compromise, as had Bessie, for instance; holding to security, but making her small tentative explorations into more or less shady bypaths. Or—again—like Kay, one could take the hard road to life and adventure, suffer, stumble, but somehow have lived. Like old Lucius too.

Toward morning Henry tiptoed into the room. She closed her eyes immediately, but she was touched. Perhaps, after all, security; a strong hand to hold to at the end. He looked at her, turned and crept out again.

XXXVIII

KAY never told Katherine about Clare, but gradually, little by little, she learned some of the details of those missing months. She saw the little ranch house, the struggle to live, and between the lines the attempts at adjustment. She saw the town on the reservation—the loneliness, the dust and heat of summer, the work; but in none of these things did she find the reason for the tragedy which was written on Kay's face. She lay still and thought: "There is something else, something else she won't tell me. There is something else."

But she learned that Kay was staying indefinitely. It comforted her while at the same time it worried her. She liked to have her coming in, to listen for the click of her high heels outside, and then see her enter in one of the dinner frocks from her trousseau.

"That's really a sweet dress, Kay. Do you remember how they fought to put pink on it? It's much better as it is."

That the dress hung looser than it was meant to she never mentioned.

She even went downstairs more often, sitting behind her tea table with a delicate pink flush on her face. People came and went, sedate, well-bred people who greeted Kay as though she had never been away, and waited until the doors of their limousines were closed before conjecturing. Although it was already almost winter on the high plateau Kay had left, it was only autumn in the East. A few leaves still clung tenaciously to the trees; there were days almost as warm as summer. Socially the city was taking its fall respite, between summer resorts and the opening of the season the first of December. The houses of the neighborhood were being gradually opened. One day their wooden shutters would be up, and a card, "Deliver mail and parcels to the caretaker in the rear." The next the windows would be open, an advance guard of servants would take possession, and house cleaners, paper hangers, painters, upholsterers would come and go.

Bessie was in New York. Kay never saw Herbert; once, passing the library door, she heard his voice beyond it and saw his car at the door. She went upstairs as quietly as she could. She could not see Herbert; not yet anyhow.

But the news of her return gradually spread. The telephone would ring, and some excited high feminine voice would call her: "Why, Kay, I've just heard you're here! I absolutely must see you."

They came in, in their short skirts, their thin legs in sheer stockings, their plain little hats which were somehow so costly. They opened gold or platinum vanity cases and worked over their smooth faces; early as it was, they were usually going somewhere. They put their arms around Kay so that the scent they used smothered her after her months of the pure air of the back country. They admired her clothes, her hair, her hands. Her hands! And underneath it all they were avidly curious. If she turned suddenly she found their eyes on her.

"I do think that frock's too divine!"

But they were not thinking about her frock but about her. She had been married. She was one of the initiate. Moreover, she had married dramatically. "A cowboy! Imagine! I didn't see him, but they say he's the handsomest thing!"

"Tell us about your ranch. You have a ranch, haven't you?"

"It's a little place. Very lonely. On an Indian reservation." She would smile over the teacups, her lips a trifle stiff.

"And do you really raise cattle?"

"They raise themselves, rather. Of course they have to be worked."

"Worked? Do you hitch them to things?"

And when they departed they were still avidly curious, unsatisfied.

"It's my belief she's left him."

"Well, she'll never tell you!"

She seldom left the house. They came to her, these girls, and when they did not come she did not miss them. Their small affairs seemed trivial and frivolous to her, against the great adventure of living and dying as she began to see it. Sometimes when they came in to luncheon and sat around the table in their bright frocks, she saw instead of them Mrs. Mallory's party. The tired capable faces, the worn capable hands. And she felt nearer to those older women than she did to these young ones.

Her tumultuous inner life she buried always. For a time she had expected to hear from Tom; even on the train East the entrance of a boy with a telegram had set her heart beating fast. But as the days went on and no letter came she abandoned the hope. He had meant what he said; he would never ask her to go back.

At the end of three weeks she wrote him a letter. She wrote in a discouraged hour, and the letter was not particularly calculated to heal the breach between them:

"I have found my mother very ill. She may live a few months, but that is all. I am glad now that I came; it has made her happier. Of course I shall stay until the end.

"What else can I say? I know now that although I did my best, it was not enough. I could not even hold you for six months. There is no reproach in this. Maybe all men are unfaithful to their wives, or at least disloyal at times. I don't know; I find there is so much I don't know. Of course you know that if you send for me I shall come back; not now, but when I can. But you must realize that you must want me and ask me first. I came to you once; I cannot do it again.

"I am not happy here; even without mother's illness, I would not be happy. I am spoiled for this life. I miss"—she hesitated there—"the mountains and the open country. I feel shut in."

She found that she was crying, had to get up and find a handkerchief, moved about the room before she could compose herself to go on. She was homesick for the West, heartsick for Tom. She dabbed at her eyes angrily. How weak and childish she was still to care so much for a man who did not care for her! She was one of the hopelessly faithful. It was awful, it was degrading, but there it was. She went back to her small desk.

"And I did love you so dreadfully, Tom! I must have, to do what I did do. If I have been unfair, I am sorry, and when you want me—and I can come—you know I will."

He never answered it.

One day, without warning, Bessie Osborne wandered in. She went upstairs, opened Katherine's door, sauntered past the scowling nurse and kissed the invalid.

"You're looking better," she said, lying as unconcernedly as she did everything else. "I hear Kay's back."

"Yes. She came some time ago."

"Has she left him?"

Katherine cast an agonized glance toward the nurse. "Nora wrote her I was not well, and you know the winters out there. . . . Why, Bessie, whatever have you done to your hair?"

Bessie had taken off her hat, and not only revealed an evident intention to remain but a head of a hue closely resembling orange.

"New color," said Bessie calmly. "I've tried everything else; this was all they had left. . . . Well, how is Kay?"

The nurse had recovered her voice. "Excuse me," she said, "but the doctor's orders are against visitors."

"I'm not a visitor," said Bessie, glancing at her coldly, "and if there is anything you can do conveniently for the next ten or fifteen minutes I should like to talk to my sister-in-law."

The nurse went out defeated, and Bessie moved her chair closer to the chaise longue.

"How is she? How does she look?"

"I think she is a little thin."

"I dare say," said Bessie dryly. "Hasn't she told you anything? Was it a fight, or another woman?"

Katherine flushed. "Really, Bessie," she said, "I can't ask her, and she has told me nothing. They have had this small ranch, and ——"

Bessie listened as she went on. She had never had any opinion of her sister-in-law's brains, and before her ten minutes were up she rose and picked up her hat.

"Where is she?"

"In her room, I imagine. She seems rather tired. She doesn't care to go out much."

In the hall Bessie stopped and made a few faces to relax the rigidity she felt about her mouth, and then she tapped at Kay's door. She had always been fond of Kay; there had been something of old Lucius in her. But if she had let this scatterbrained marriage of hers go on the rocks so soon, then perhaps there was something of her mother in her too; some softening of fiber, some—— It was probably another woman.

She opened her attack abruptly, almost the moment she entered the room. "So it didn't go?" she said, standing inside the door.

"Not as well as it might."

"And whose fault was it?"

Kay shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. Both, I suppose."

Nevertheless, in the end she told her story fully. One could do that with Bessie. And Bessie sat with her long cigarette holder between her long fingers with their pointed nails, and listened uncompromisingly. She never spoke until the end.

"Then you simply walked out and left him to that girl!"

"If he wants her he can have her."

"Oh, don't be such a little fool! You're young," said Bessie. "You have a lot to learn."

She was puzzled nevertheless. Where did happiness lie for this child-woman before her? To send her back to that dreadful little ranch house and poverty—was that the answer? If Henry only had an ounce of sense and would finance the man—but then Kay had said he would not accept help from them. That made it difficult, but also it showed that McNair had what Bessie had referred to before—namely, guts. Again, did the man want Kay back? His long silence, this cheap girl out there——

"Have you seen Herbert?"

"Not yet. I dare say I shall have to sometime."

"But you're all through with that?"

"Yes. I've spoiled his life, among the rest, but I——"

"Spoiled his life!" said Bessie, getting up impatiently. "You have a lot to learn. Men can spoil women's lives; women enjoy unrequited affection. They hold on to it, dream about it. But men! Men don't remember anything unpleasant if they can help it. They wipe off the slate and start over again. It may please them for a while to think they are injured, but when that ceases to please them they stop."

"Then Herbert ——"

"It still pleases him, but he'll get over it."

She sauntered over to the dressing table, rouged her lips thoroughly, put on her hat. She could see Kay's face in the mirror.

"Don't let anyone influence you," she told her. "It's your life. If you want to go back to your cowboy, go. If you want Herbert, stay and get busy. He's on the branch now, but he won't hang long." And with that she went away.

XXXIX

TOM had taken up his life again as best he could. On the day Kay left him he had driven furiously out of town, but at the top of the hill he stopped the car and got out. The train was already disappearing in the far distance. He stood gazing after it, his hands clenched, his eyes hard and hopeless. She was gone.

It had grown very cold. The wind swept across the plains, rattled the top of the old car, penetrated his none too heavy clothing. His bad foot ached, the brim of his broad hat flapped in his hand. He had taken it off when the train went out of sight.

He was still stunned. He looked around him. This was the place he had come to last summer through the dust and heat, to mourn! To crave, like a drunkard liquor, for the open country; to be alone and to look, off and off, to where behind some distant butte the sky kept rendezvous with the earth. And now he had the answer to his prayer; he could watch the sunrise on a frosty morning and see the moisture rise like smoke from the backs of his warming cattle; he could follow the narrow twisting trail, if he liked, over the edge of the world and beyond. He had had his answer, all right, and what was it worth to him?

She was gone!

He went back to the reservation, lit the fire and the lamps, limped about preparing his supper, but a curious thing had happened to him. He tried to see Kay in the little house, but he could only see Clare. She had spoiled the house, as she had spoiled his life. He tried to visualize Kay in her low chair by the lamp, and he saw Clare.

"You can go out and sleep in the barn if you want to. But who'd believe it?"

Not Kay. Kay was gone. She had left him. Never again would he come home to the lamps lighted and Kay. What had he done to deserve it?

He returned to the Newcomb job the next day. Bend, straighten, pitch. Bend, straighten, pitch. The machine roared and shook, the belt writhed, his foot swelled, his arms and back ached. But the labor was good for him; at least he could sleep.

He was silent and morose with the men. When the threshing was over he took his pay check and limped out, to get into the car without so much as a "So long." He went back to the ranch house, unlocked the door and went in, stared around him and went out again. After that he entered the house as little as possible.

He settled down, in a way. Winter had come. There was no snow as yet, but it was already very cold. The enmity of the Indians and their refusal to sell him hay, the poor condition of the range and his responsibility to Tulloss added to his real heartache as to Kay, sent him about in a state of savage loneliness.

(Continued on Page 82)

Even mild exercise may cripple, if the ZONE OF DANGER is left unguarded!

THERE are certain sensitive nerves and cords in every man's physique which Nature has left unguarded, and which, like Achilles' heel, are ever vulnerable to injury.

In exercise of any kind, the slightest unexpected exertion . . . a quick lunge, a sudden twist or turn . . . may painfully wrench or strain these tender ligaments.

That is why the Athletic Directors of nearly all leading colleges make it mandatory for their men to wear athletic supporters.

It is unfortunate that all men who lead active, stressful lives do not appreciate the wisdom of this protection.

The "Saturday golfer," for instance, who sits in an office five days a week, surely cannot afford to take risks which a well-conditioned athlete is not permitted to take.

The mature man, or the man of sedentary habits . . . can draw rich dividends out of wholesome exercise. But if he would get the best results out of any form of exercise, he should take imperative precautions for safety.

George Little

Athletic Director
University of Wisconsin

TWO TYPES . . . EVERY MAN NEEDS BOTH

This page presents two types of health supporters. Every active man . . . worker or sportsman . . . needs both.

One is for safety in athletics and exercise. The other, for personal neatness, comfort and protection in everyday life.

Wear the PAL whenever you are engaged in sports . . . golf, tennis, horseback riding, swimming and the like. PAL will enable you to put your best in your play . . . giving you the courage and freedom of movement that come with physical security and bodily protection.

But wear an O-P-C as an article of daily comfort. As a mark of neat grooming, and as a conservator of energy and vitality, O-P-C will protect your nerves and strength from the numberless little subtle strains in the day's work.

No man who has once enjoyed the comfort of these two dress accessories will ever again do without them.

Both these Bauer & Black health supporters may be obtained at drug stores and from leading sporting goods dealers.

BAUER & BLACK
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

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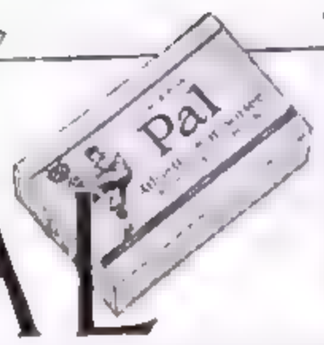
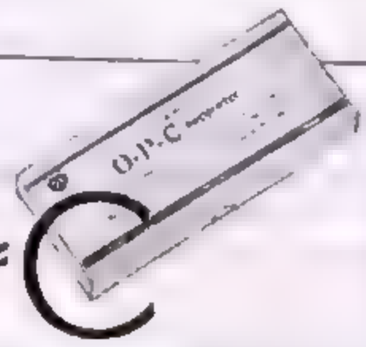


PAL
THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

FOR SAFETY IN SPORTS

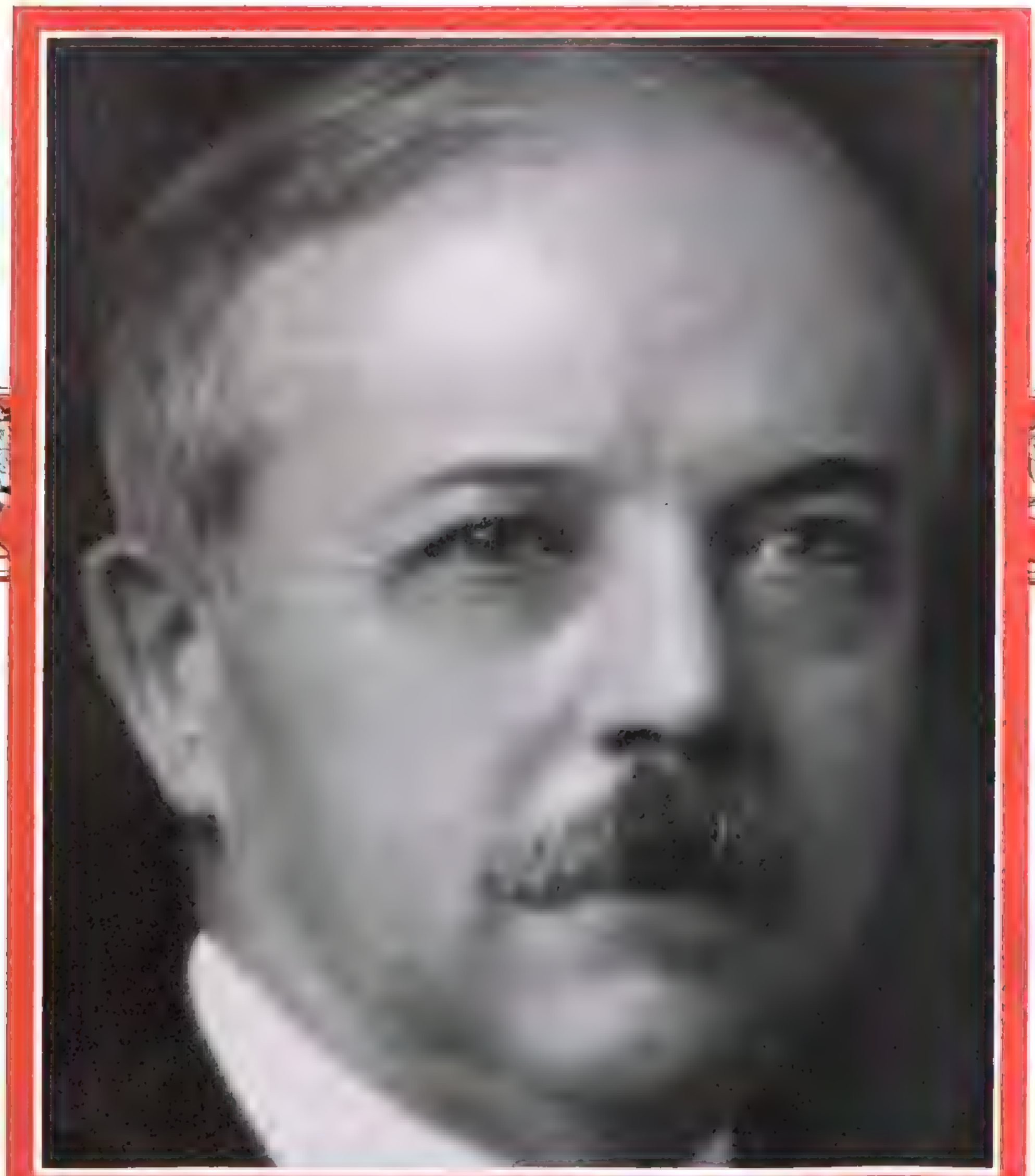
PAL is the standard athletic supporter; so recognized by leading colleges and gymnasiums. Knitted (not woven). Light, cool, porous, non-chafing. Covered elastic threads knitted into fabric give amazing flexibility. Responds to all exertions of the body, instantly, while still rendering firm support. Washable, durable. *At druggists and sporting goods stores, one dollar, except in Canada.*

O-P-C
THE HEALTH SUPPORTER



FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

For thirty-five years, the O-P-C Comfort Supporter has been the daily companion of myriads of active men, brain workers, thinkers and doers. It has enabled them to save nerve strain and conserve their vim and youth. It is a requisite of the well-groomed . . . the safeguard of the physically active. It may be had in lisle at $1. Or in silk at $1.25 or $1.50, except in Canada. *At druggists and sporting goods dealers.*



F. A. SEIBERLING — *Pioneer*

Under his direction, 50,000,000 tires have been made and sold. He is the inventor of the first straight-side automobile tire—the first practicable quick detachable rim—the first tire-building machine—and is the originator of today's cord tire. He has perfected and introduced the unit tread and side-wall construction with All-Tread bars as safeguard to the casing. Mr. Seiberling's message on the three pages immediately following is of vital significance to every tire user, for it expresses the ideal upon which he founded a business five years ago—upon which he has built an unparalleled success. He has never said "How cheaply?"—always "How well can we build?"

Not "to do as the Romans do"—but

TO BUILD AS THE ROMANS BUILT

ACROSS THE FACE of an empire the Romans wrote their message in masonry for all the ages to read.

Built by the master builders of the ancient world to withstand the tramp, tramp, tramp of Caesar's countless legions—the grind of chariot wheels—the thundering hoofs of galloping steeds—those far-flung highways of Imperial Rome stand today as a monument to honest craftsmanship.

Why did these roads, these mighty piles of masonry, outlive their builders by scores of years —by centuries?

The answer is our heritage from a golden age:

Infinite care—unsurpassed skill—UNSTINTED USE OF THE BEST MATERIAL.

And we of The Seiberling Rubber Company believe that even with our greater knowledge of methods and materials, this formula is as sound today in Akron as it was two thousand years ago in Rome.

To "do as the Romans *do*" is to follow the crowd, to substitute catchwords for quality, slogans for skill, makeshifts for material.

Old-fashioned as it may seem, we set out to do, not "as the Romans do," but "as the Romans DID"; to build, not down to a price, but up to an ideal—

To satisfy our pride in our craftsmanship—

And five years of unparalleled success have confirmed our belief that that which is honestly built can be honestly sold.

F. A. Seiberling

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY,
AKRON, OHIO

THE IMPORTANT RESULTS OF THE SEIBERLING POLICY ARE DESCRIBED ON THE TWO PAGES FOLLOWING.

A ROMAN ROAD *of* Rubber *and* Cotton

Old-Fashioned Ideals Fulfilled by Modern Methods

Over the hills and through the valleys you carry your road with you—laying it as you go—picking it up again as you pass—a road of rubber and cotton. And, built as Seiberling builds it, it is truly a Roman Road.

For this tire, with its famous side-bars for side-wall protection, is more than an example of supreme tire-building skill; it exemplifies the use of the best of tested methods—of hitherto unattained precision in manufacture, and the UNSTINTED use of the best materials.

NEVER SKIMPING ON RUBBER OR COTTON TO MEET A PRICE, SEIBERLING HAS, ON THE CONTRARY, ADDED TO BOTH.

IN TODAY'S SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD, EVERY CORD IS A HEAVIER CORD, EVERY INCH OF FABRIC HAS MORE CORDS.

EACH TIRE CONTAINS 25 PER CENT MORE COTTON.

AND THE TREAD OF ALL SEIBERLING BALLOON TIRES IS INCREASED IN WIDTH ON AN AVERAGE OF TWENTY PER CENT—TWENTY PER CENT MORE RUBBER IN EACH TIRE.

Not "as the Romans do"—but as the Romans BUILT.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Seiberling Tyre Co. of Great Britain, Ltd., 19 Summer Row, Birmingham, England

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Chosen for original equipment by the makers of the Chrysler Imperial "80", Marmon and Peerless. Selected, after severest competitive tests, by three hundred of America's great Motor Coach lines.

These remarkable tires are now manufactured in Canada by Seiberling Rubber Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. They are available throughout the Dominion to those motorists who demand the best in quality—the most in material.

BODY 25% STRONGER

A tire built by the most modern methods—but in which methods have never been a substitute for material. And now the Seiberling All-Tread contains even more material than ever before.

TREAD 20% WIDER

(Continued from Page 76)

He took to carrying a rifle with him, on the pretext to himself of killing coyotes and wolves. But it is as well that he did not meet Little Dog at that time. In his brooding anger his hatred had settled on the Indian; by a sort of twisted reasoning, he blamed Kay's defection on his lameness. "If I had been a whole man she would never have gone."

He was liable to violent and explosive angers too. One day, coming over the top of a rise, he saw a gray wolf running and found a cow down and dying. He shot at the wolf and wounded it, and in a frenzy of passion he finished the job with his bare hands. He was ashamed of it when he had ceased to see red, and he carried a badly mangled finger for a long time.

Later on, however, with every indication of a long winter to come, he buckled down to work. Day by day he picked up his poor stuff and brought it slowly in for feeding. Along with the other outfits, he planned for the preservation of winter pastures, not to be grazed over until it was needed later on. Owing to the scarcity of grass, the cattle ranged far; forty acres was hardly enough for a cow now, and later it might need more.

He covered incalculable distances in the saddle, to go back at night to an untidy house which was cold beyond his power to warm it. The water would be frozen in the kitchen pail, the remnants of his last meal still on the table, his bed unmade. Finally he nailed heavy papers over the windows and at least kept out the wind. It made it dark and gloomy, but as he seldom entered it in daylight it did not matter.

He hardly ever went to Judson. George and Sally had asked no questions after the first, "Wife's gone East, I understand."

Tom knew how news traveled up and down the railroad. He nodded. "Her mother's sick."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that. . . . What you needin' today?"

Once he saw Bill. A freight had pulled in for water, and from the cupola of the caboose he saw Bill waving. He limped over and climbed in. It might have been the same car in which he and Bill had gone to Chicago; the same worn black leather berths, the same stove and tin coffeepot in the center; the same desk for the conductor, with its oil lamp, its green order slips, its calendar, time-tables and box of pipe tobacco; the same fuses and torpedoes in their places on the wall. But Bill was constrained.

"Hear you've got quite a herd of your own now."

"You can call it that. . . . Still like this job?"

"'S all right. I get to hankering now an' then for a horse—you know how it is—but it's not so bad."

The engineer whistled to call in the other brakeman, the train jerked.

"Well, I'm off. So long, Bill."

"So long, Tom."

That was all. Tom turned and waited until the train pulled out. Bill was up in his chair in the cupola again, leaning out and grinning.

"Remember the night you threw the Swede off?"

"Sure do!"

The train moved on and Tom was left on the platform, staring after it. Then he drew himself up. There had been pity in that last look of Bill's.

It was soon afterward that Kay's letter arrived. He took it quietly, put it in his pocket and left town. Only when he was well out on the frozen road did he dare to open it and read it. It was like a blow between the eyes. She still believed he had been unfaithful to her, after all he had told her! "Maybe all men are unfaithful to their wives, or at least disloyal —— And I did love you so dreadfully, Tom." Did! Did! Well, that was clear enough anyhow. She had cared for him, but now she was through.

He took to brooding over that phrase, in the saddle, in his untidy house. More than once he got out paper and ink and set himself to answer it. He would sit there, his elbows squared, the pen held in his cold and roughened hands, trying to think how to put all his seething thoughts into words. But he could not do it. What could he say that would bring her back? Why should she come back to this, anyhow, or to him?

Once he roused in the icy dawn, to find that he had slept all night by the table, his head on the paper. He wakened stiff with the cold.

He worked on doggedly, but the heart had gone out of him. Fortunately he had little leisure in which to think; the struggle for existence for himself and his herd absorbed him utterly. He was never rested, he was always cold. Out on the range, in the piercing wind, it was nothing unusual to find his rope, his saddle blanket and his latigo frozen stiff. Luckily the snows were not heavy until the first of the year. His dry stock, wintering outside in breaks or broken places, followed the ridges blown bare of snow and somehow managed to subsist. His poor cows and his calves he fed, going short on provisions for himself to buy oil cake.

When, on the range, he met other cowboys muffled to the ears, he heard similar tales of woe, but with this difference—they could go back to the line camps and be fed. When they needed oil cake they could get it, even if grudgingly, from the owners. But Tom had no such resource. He was determined not to go to Tulloss for money and not to touch what Kay had left in the bank. He would make good or starve.

There came times when Kay almost faded from his mind. She became an intolerable memory, associated with days of warmth and sunshine and hope. He did not know it was Christmas Eve until he met a lonely line rider on the range. The day was dark, with a fine hard snow driving in his face. He was almost on the other man before he saw him.

"Hell of a Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Didn't know it was Christmas Eve."

They passed and were lost in the storm. Tom rode on, his head bent, letting the horse choose the way. So this was Christmas Eve! A long time ago, years and æons ago, he and Kay had sat on a little porch in the sunshine and had planned for Christmas.

"I'm going to get some turkeys so we can have one on Christmas. Isn't Christmas without turkey."

"I'll have to look it up in the cookbook."

"Shucks! I'll show you how to fix it. You've married a cook, Mrs. McNair, if I do say it."

He got home that night and took off his boots. He had made a bootjack now, so he could do it alone. Then, for some reason he could not explain, he hunted around and found a candle and put it in the window. He had seen a Mexican puncher do that once, a long time ago, on Christmas Eve.

"What you doin' that for, Mex?"

"Maybe somebody outside and want to come in," said Mex mysteriously.

So he lighted his candle and sat looking at it, and after a while he slept in his chair. . . .

So far there had been little snow. The temperature fell as low as twenty-six degrees below zero once or twice, and Tom carried an ice ax on his saddle to cut water holes in the frozen creeks; it required strength and skill, for to cut where the water would flow over the ice might mean a steer down with a broken leg. But soon after the first of the year the snow began to come down in earnest. Tom wakened one morning to find the mountains glittering white, like snowy giants over which had been carelessly flung a robe of gray. And this gray was the pine trees, now strangely the color of sage. The ranch buildings seemed flattened out, familiar rocks had lost their contours, and with every breath of the icy wind the cottonwoods by the creek sent down soft snowfalls of their own.

He rode into a line camp that day, to hear that Gus, the Swede from the L. D., was still on his homestead and likely to be snowed in. Tom had had no particular liking for Gus, but the law of the frontier was still the law of the back country: No man to be passed by in trouble. The next day he packed some of his small supply of food on an extra horse and rode the eight miles to Gus' cabin near the foot of the mountains.

The snow was still falling, the road no road but only a track, and that deeply covered. But by watching his landmarks he found the place, and was only just in time. As he opened the gate he saw that the snow around the cabin was not broken, except for a few dog tracks, and that no smoke was rising from the chimney. He concluded that Gus had gone, and might have turned back, had he not heard the dog barking inside. Then he opened the door.

There was some daylight outside, but the one room was dark. There was no fire, but a heavy sickening stench hung over everything. There was no sound when he first opened the door; then a small black-and-white shepherd dog came crawling to him, and Gus' deeply accented and familiar voice spoke from one of the built-in bunks.

"Come in, stranger," it said. "You're yust in time."

Piled in the bunk on top of him was a heterogeneous collection of wearing apparel, a saddle blanket, and a coyote skin, badly cured and odorous, and above these coverings his gaunt unshaven face was lifted.

"Sick, Gus?"

"I run an ax into my foot here some time back and the thing's festering."

Festering it certainly was. Tom, working about the cabin after examining it, wondered if he could get Gus out after all. The Swede was feverish; he had had little food for a week, and for the past day or two had been eating snow for water. He could not get to the creek. But that was not the worst of his grievance. His two horses had been stolen.

As he ate and drank the coffee Tom made he grew more garrulous. It was plain that his fever was rising. He began to ramble. Tom gathered that he knew who had taken his horses, and tried to find out, but Gus' eyes grew cunning.

"That's my business," he said shortly. "Yust keep out. I'll attend to it."

Later on he fell asleep; he tossed and muttered, but when he roused he was apparently rational enough. Tom was overwhelmingly weary. He piled wood on the fire and lay down in the bunk across, and was soon asleep.

He was roused by the creaking of boards and opened his eyes. A long knife in his hand, Gus was coming stealthily across the floor; his eyes were blazing, his face tense. Tom sat up.

"Here!" he said. "What're you doing?"

"I'd have had him in a minute!" Gus bawled.

"Had who?"

"That pack rat. He was yust over your head. He's the one that's carried off most of my grub."

Grumbling, Gus went back to his bunk and to sleep, but Tom did not close his eyes again. He never knew the truth—whether there had been a pack rat above him that night or whether Gus, in a fit of delirium, and dreaming of some mysterious revenge, had meant to kill him.

The next day he got him out and sent him to the hospital at Ursula. Some time later on Tom heard he had lost the foot; then he lost sight of him for months, until it was time for Gus to take his place in that small and unimportant drama of the back country which was Tom McNair's life.

But the snow continued to fall, and Tom's anxiety for his herd steadily increased. The drifts banked high against drift fences; it even covered the ridges, usually wind-swept and clear. On the railroad great snow plows dug into the mass, flung it to right and left and cleared the track, only to have it buried again. By keeping on high ground Tom could get about, although slowly, to see his cattle snowed in in the washes and coulees below. They had gnawed every twig and branch, had eaten the tops of the scant bushes, even the bitter sage where they could get at it. Some had made their way to the ranch and stood outside his fences, snuffing hungrily at the hay spread in the feeding yard under the shelter sheds for his weaners, his cows and calves. They made an incessant mournful plea which almost drove him mad, but he was helpless. The snow fell, thawed, froze, fell again.

Ruin stared him in the face. Steers went down and did not rise again. He made a circuit of the line camps, to find the hay shovelers working overtime and no feed to spare at any price; and even if he could have bought it at the railroad, he could not have freighted it in.

Then one night he hit on something. He went home, cooked a bit of supper and then taking a lantern went out to the barn. The horses stirred uneasily when he entered. He limped through to the corral and found two strong logs and some lumber left from his repairing of the house; he dragged them inside, found his tools and set to work. In that terrible freezing silence the sound of his hammer was like pistol shots, but in a couple of hours he had made a crude snow plow.

He went to bed then, without taking off his clothes, and in the early morning he began again. Harness, this time. He had only two horses broken to harness, but he had no time to worry about that. He took latigos, raw leather, anything he could find, and by noon he started out. The broken team led, and after a time the other horses fell to work. He could not touch the drifts, but on the ridges he cleared a track, doubled on it, widened it. The cattle were terrified; he had later to round them up and drive them to the exposed grass, scanty as it was. But they learned before long; they even followed the plow. For the time at least they were saved.

He was completely exhausted, almost snow-blind. The rims of his eyes were swollen and excruciatingly painful, he limped badly, he had not shaved for three weeks. He went back to the house, fell on his unmade bed and slept twenty-four hours before he moved.

When he got about again he heard terrible tales of disaster. Only the disappearance of the snow would enable the cattlemen to total their losses; but compared with theirs, his own were negligible.

He was not through, of course.

Early in February came a chinook. A warm wind began to blow, the snow melted rapidly, and the cattle, inured now to the cold, began to drop all over the pastures. They would get down and be too enervated to rise, and there they would lie until they died unless they were forced to their feet again. Once again he began his battle, this time to tail them up. It took all his strength and more agility than his bad foot permitted him. More than once a tailed steer, on its feet and angry, tried to hook him. Once, indeed, he was knocked down, but the animal was too unsteady to pursue its advantage.

But at last, miraculously, the spring came. In the tracks made by his snow plow, in the bare spaces on the ridges, the brown grass took on a greenish hue. The nights were still cold, but at midday the sun was warm. His eyes commenced to improve. His cows began to drop their calves, awkward little creatures, pop-eyed and dazed; they lay for a time, moved, got up, and stood gazing about on legs which still shook under them.

He felt no exultation; only a vague relief.

XL

KATHERINE died in May. She lay in her Empire bed draped with primrose silk, with her hair carefully marceled and dressed as usual. And the undertaker had put a little—just a very little—rouge on her dead cheeks, so that she looked quite well and as if she were sleeping.

Naturally Henry, being Henry, saw that her departure on her long journey was attended by adequate ceremonial. Exactly the right people came, much as they had

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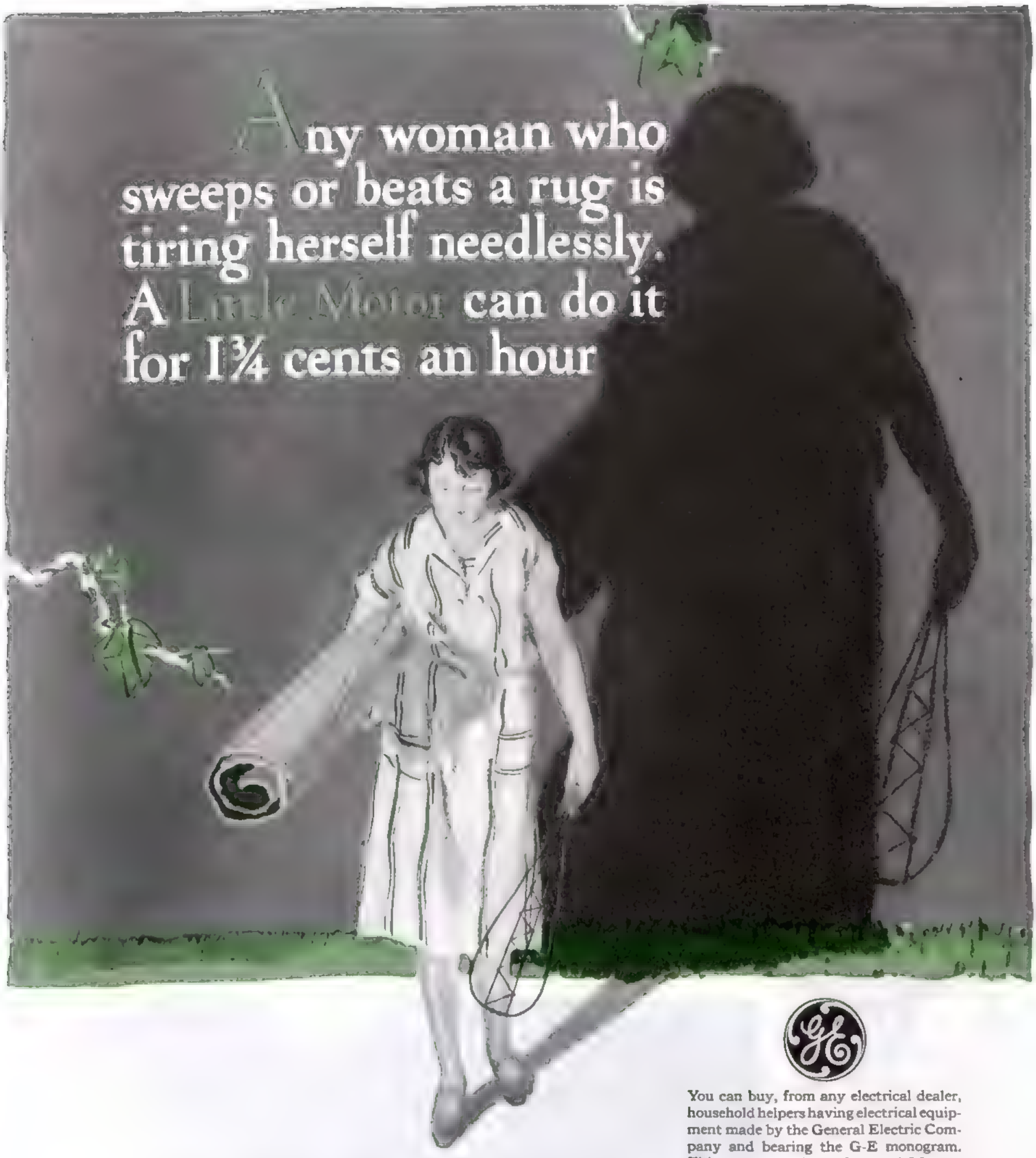

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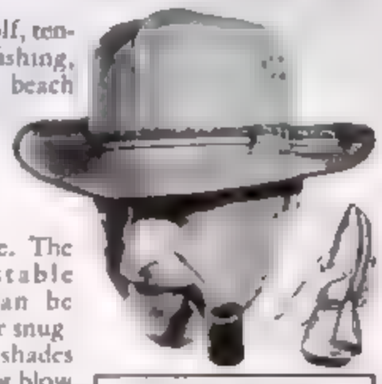
You can adjust the headsize of KOKO-KOOLER instantly A patented buckle on the hat band does it in a second. One flick of your thumb loosens the hat ¼ to ½ of a size. One tug on the hat band tightens it again. Perfect for cool comfort on the hottest days . . . snug security in windy weather

Only 75c to $1.00, depending on grade, at all good stores Be sure to ask for KOKO-KOOLER by name and look for the label inside the crown. Note coupon below

The KOKO-KOOLSTER



Ideal for golf, tennis, boating, fishing, camping and beach wear, etc Has all the features of the KOKO-KOOLER described above. The same adjustable headsize—can be worn loose or snug Flexible brim shades eyes but cannot blow down and shut off vision. Rolls up to fit pocket. At leading dealers' everywhere—$1 00

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Please send me, on approval, CARE OF DEALER MENTIONED BELOW, one KOKO-KOOLER ☐ KOKO-KOOLSTER ☐ Size

My Name

My Address

This part to be filled in by your dealer You may send above hat as ordered to—

Dealer's Name

Dealer's Address

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come to tea in happier times, the men in morning coats and dark ties, taking their silk hats carefully in with them for fear of damage in the hall; the women in rich dark clothes. From upstairs in her bedroom Kay could hear the rustlings and whispering, followed by the silence which meant the bishop had taken his place on the stairs, and then strong and full-voiced, reassuring, came his voice:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

She could not cry. An hour or so before the service her father had gone into Katherine's bedroom and closed the door. It was not, she thought, that he had deliberately shut her out, but that he had forgotten her. Somewhere across the hall were Aunt Bessie, other and more distant relatives, the close friends. She sat in a chair and looked at her hands. They were very white, once more, against her black frock.

"First thing you've got to do is to get those hands healed up."

Well, they were healed up now. But she must not think of that; not now, when her mother was dead, and downstairs they were committing her soul to God and her body to the soil. The soil! She herself had fought the soil and it had beaten her.

Later on they went, rather rapidly, to the cemetery. There was a sort of indecent haste about it; instead of the slow and mournful carriage procession of her childhood, moving with reluctance toward the outskirts of town, the long line of automobiles twisted and darted through the traffic. It was an incredibly short time until they were standing on heavy mats under a great marquee, with a rose-lined pit at their feet and old Lucius' ugly shaft towering beside it. What was it her mother had wanted to put on the shaft? "He has followed the trail into the sunset." And they had not let her do it. Her poor mother. "Your mother's different, but she hadn't your courage. She never did get away." Well, she had got away now. Her poor mother.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God ——"

It had been raining. They made their way back to the limousine over a thin moist covering, into which Aunt Bessie's high heels sank and left little pits behind her. She was very smart in her black clothes; she always looked her best in black. And the best people followed decorously, also making small pits in the ground, and got into their limousines and drove rapidly home for tea and a rest before dressing for dinner.

Kay was stunned. She had known that it would come, but the dreadful finality of it, the horror of leaving that delicate, carefully nurtured body out there alone in the cold earth was horrible to her. And with this there was remorse, that she had added to the distress of the last few months, that she might even have hastened the end.

In the car she reached out and took her father's hand, but although he pressed it, he released it very soon. He sat staring ahead, his silk hat just grazing the top of the car, his heavy figure lurching with the movement of the car, dry-eyed, silent, solitary. She could not reach him. She never had reached him really. After a while Bessie opened her vanity case and powdered her reddened nose, and then they were at home again.

The sickly odor of flowers still hung over the house, the servants and the undertaker's men were folding up the camp chairs and carrying them out, and in the hall was Herbert, correctly dressed, with exactly the proper dark tie, overseeing the straightening of the house.

She had hardly seen him all winter. He looked thin, but his hair was as sleek as ever. And if he paled somewhat when he saw her, he did not lose his composure.

"I've ordered tea," he said. "It will be in at once."

She went into the drawing-room, and rather to her surprise he followed her.

"I need not tell you how grieved I am, Kay."

"No; I know, Herbert. The only thing ——"

"Yes?"

"I think I shortened her life."

"Not at all. I've been over that with the doctors. I was afraid you would think so. They say it was a purely physical condition and—I think I ought to tell you this, Kay; I always knew that in her heart she felt you had done the right thing. At the beginning, after you had gone, I used to see her. She never actually said so, but ——"

"And then she found it wasn't the right thing after all!"

He looked at her gravely. "Was it as wrong as all that, Kay?"

"I was all wrong, I think. You are being very kind to me, Herbert. I thought you would hate me."

"Never. If I really loved you I had to put your happiness first."

"Happiness!" she said. "What is happiness anyhow, Herbert? To want something and get it? But then the moment one got it one would have to go on wanting something else! There isn't such a thing then, is there?"

"Not all the time," he said steadily. "You can't live on a mountain top always. But there is contentment, and now and then the bigger thing comes."

Bessie joined them for tea, but Mr. Dowling remained in his library. Kay, looking across, could see him working at his desk, and knew that he was himself addressing the handsomely engraved cards which thanked their friends for their flowers and letters of sympathy. But there was one message of condolence which received no acknowledgment.

On the day after her mother's death she had sent a brief telegram to Tom: "Mother passed away quietly yesterday." His reply did not come for almost a week. That did not surprise her. She knew what the roads must be. But the message itself, with its bitterness, was like a blow in the face. "Sorry to hear of your trouble, but there are worse things than reaching the end of the trail after a hard day."

No suggestion that, now that her contract had expired, she could return to him. A perfunctory sympathy, an implied reproach, and that was all. She thought back over her letter to him last autumn; she had told him she would come back if he wanted her, but it had been a hard letter, in a way. If she were writing now, it would be different. How could one be hard when life was so insecure at the best, and so short? When every time the clock ticked there was just so much less time to live, to love and to be loved. When to quarrel was to lose precious time—time, which was all one had.

She found that her mother had made a will, leaving her all her small estate. It was not much, but she had taken great happiness in doing it. It had been Bessie Osborne's suggestion.

"You know Henry as well as I do," she had said, more gently than the words would indicate. "All the Dowling men have used money as a club over their women. And Kay has her own life to live. If she wants to go back West ——"

"Do you think she does?"

"I don't know. But she ought to be able to if she should. She'll get all I have, of course, but I ——"

She had stopped abruptly. It would not do to say to this dying woman that she, Bessie Osborne, expected to live a long time yet, and to enjoy every minute of it.

"I think she ought to be free to make her own choice," she finished, rather lamely.

So Katherine, like old Lucius, had made her will; and after it was signed and witnessed, just before it was put into the heavy envelope and sealed, she added a line or two in pencil: "My darling girl: You must make your own choice, and maybe this will help. Do what you think is best. I only want you to be happy."

Kay almost broke her heart over that when she saw it.

Later on, able to think it over more calmly, she realized that one cannot devise happiness by will.

Henry had resumed his life decorously and regularly; save for the band of crape on his left arm, he exhibited no signs of his loss. He was more detached perhaps. He spent more hours in his library, looking ahead at nothing at all. But for any part Kay had in his life, she might not have been in the house. His office, his club, his dinner, and then an early going to bed comprised his days. He went to church as usual, creaked decorously up the aisle for the

(Continued on Page 87)

A Stream Near One of the Chicago Suburbs

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT
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YOU'LL NEVER BE SURE TILL YOU DRIVE AN OLDSMOBILE

No matter how confident you may be that a certain car is the one you want to buy, you can't be *sure* unless you compare it with others at about the price you wish to pay.

Perhaps you need not pay that much to gratify your finer tastes as well as satisfy your every need.

Or, you may be denying yourself the full measure of satisfaction to save merely the few dollars more that would bring you an Oldsmobile.

So come to your Oldsmobile showroom and go over this truly great car, point by point. Drive it—that is the way to really know it.

And even if you do not change your mind, you then can make your choice with truer satisfaction.

You owe it to yourself to select—to choose by *comparison*.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

But you'll never be sure till you drive an Oldsmobile.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

No Tooth too Remote for the Curved Pro-phy-lac-tic to Reach

Are all your teeth
easy to reach and clean?
See how easy it is with this
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.
Note the curved bristle surface. See
how it contacts with every tooth. When this
curve was designed, every single tooth was considered.

SEE the big end tuft. This is a feature that enables you to get away in the back of your mouth and scrub those hard-to-get-at molars. And in helping you to do all this, the curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic plays a big part. It conforms to the formation of the jaw, which makes it easy and comfortable to use. It is common sense from start to finish, with the definite aim of enabling you to reach *every tooth* in your mouth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—and with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange.

For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Always sold in the yellow box.

DON'T try to use your Pro-phy-lac-tic too long. Because of the high quality of the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes, they never seem to wear out. But the elasticity, the springiness, of the bristle, which is so important for effective cleansing, may be lessened. Be on the safe side. Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and compare its "feel" with the old one. With twice-a-day brushing, you will need a new Pro-phy-lac-tic about every three months. It is a good idea to keep several new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes on hand. To present one in the yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.

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Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

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(Continued from Page 84)

plate, passed it, returned with it, stood until the offertory was finished and the morning collection elevated before the altar, returned to his seat. At the proper times he prayed.

But now and then she found his eyes on her, with a furtive sort of appeal in them. It never went further than that, and as the days went and he resumed his ordinary routine she wondered if she had been mistaken. Did he need her? Or did he care? They were not often alone; his friends dropped in, elderly men like himself, prosperous, slightly dull, their illusions lost, their enthusiasms long dead. She studied them sometimes.

These men seemed to ask so little of life: good food and comfortable shelter, a busy day at the office, a few old friends. Did they ever lie awake at night and listen to the clock ticking away the time? Time, which was all they had left, and which was rapidly decreasing.

She contrasted them with the men she knew in the West, men as old as themselves but fighting to the end; wearing out, not rusting. Perhaps success was like happiness; there was no such thing. It was only the fight for it that mattered. When you need not fight any more ——

It was not until three weeks after her mother's death that the question of her future course became imminent. Her father called her into the library, and as he had when she first came back, fortified himself by placing the desk between them.

"Have you decided what you intend to do now?"

"That depends on you, father. If you need me ——"

He waved that aside with a gesture. "Your mother," he said, and paused—"your mother wished you to have full freedom of choice. You have followed your agreement with me, and ——"

"I did not stay only for that reason."

"I understand that. But I must know your plans now; I must know where I am. I have had an offer for this house. Of course if you stay I shall not sell."

"You don't really need me at all, do you, father?"

"You cannot take your mother's place, but of course I shall miss you."

And again she caught that half-stealthy appealing glance of his, of which he was ashamed.

"On the other hand, if you wish to go back to that fellow —— Have you heard from him?"

"I had a telegram when mother went away."

"You have been corresponding?"

"No. I wrote him I was staying on, but he—never answered."

That angered him. His florid color, which had been subdued lately, rose high; he ran his finger inside his collar.

"And after an affront like that you are ready to go back to him! Where is your pride? Are you going to tell me that a daughter of mine would force herself on a man who doesn't want her?"

The scene, for it amounted to that, went on. He was angry at Tom for not wanting her, but he would have been equally furious had he done so. She could not reason; after a time she could not even talk. It seemed to her that nobody really cared, except as a matter of pride, what she did—except Herbert. She began to think of Herbert as at least representing peace, as against the truculence of her father and Tom's stormy nature. She was not startled therefore when he was brought into the conversation. A gentleman. A kindly gentleman who could and would care for her, according to her father. A man of her own breeding and stamp. Good blood, good looks, good family. But she said the first thing that came into her head, and was instantly sorry for it. "That's the way they describe a pedigree bull out West."

He got up, moved around the desk and opened the door for her.

"I see that I have been wasting my time," he said, and she went out.

Early in June they moved out to the country house, and one day she went out onto the terrace, to see Herbert coming up the drive in his car.

"Won't you come and take a ride?" he asked. "I won't even talk if you want to be quiet."

She went. Why not? They drove a couple of miles before she spoke: "I'm glad you came, Herbert. I was feeling rather—lonely."

"I thought you might," he said quietly. "You see, I know what loneliness means."

She was warmed by that, somewhat comforted. After all, to be loved was something. It was easier than loving; it hurt less.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PSYCHOLOGY STUFF

(Continued from Page 5)

unseen on a transport—or how, arriving there, he made his way unerringly to the section where his master's regiment was quartered. But the tale was proved true, and the little dog lived long thereafter to revel in his self-made fame.

Automobile Experts

Returning to Sunnybank from a day in town, in premotor times, I used to drive from the train across a concrete bridge about a mile distant from our house. At least fifty horses crossed that bridge every hour. The roadbed above the concrete and ironwork deadened the hoof beats so that they were no louder to the human ear than if they had been padding along an ordinary dirt road.

But the instant my horse's hoofs struck that bridge our great old collie, Lad, would bound up from the soundest sleep, wherever he might be, and would set off at a gallop to meet me. He paid no heed at all to the crossing of the bridge by any horses other than our own. But his ears had learned to distinguish one equine tread from all others.

After motor cars replaced the leisurely pleasant horse-driving era, no fewer than four of our Sunnybank collies could distinguish the sound of our cars from all others, whether on that same mile-distant bridge or elsewhere.

To human ears one motor engine sounds like another. But many dog owners will bear me out in saying that their dogs teach themselves to know unerringly the throb of their masters' automobiles, and can tell them from all others.

An even harder thing to understand is a dog's power to follow his master's car by the scent of its wheels. When you remember that tires are changed frequently this ability seems the more uncommon. One dog is credited with tracing his owner's car in that way for nearly a hundred miles, part of the route through city traffic.

I don't claim that all dogs can do any of the things I have been describing. But so many dogs can do one or all of them that it is far more than a mere exception. How it is done, I cannot guess. Yet it is a distinct and natural trait, as normal to dogs as is reading or writing to us.

In Colonial days the New England Indians were amazed—so say ancient records—at the magic power of white men to make words from the seemingly meaningless marks on a piece of paper. Humans are just as amazed at canine actions which could be explained in the same matter-of-fact way.

A phase of this sound-and-scent gift is a dog's ability to know his master's or mistress' mood, or anyone else's, no matter how cleverly the mood is hidden. All dog observers have noted that. Here is an instance of it:

A dog came trotting to meet me one evening as I neared a friend's house. In the dim light I thought I recognized him as a familiar acquaintance. So I stooped and petted him, rumpling his ears and calling him by name. Later in the evening my host said his old dog had died a few weeks earlier and that his present dog was virulently savage with strangers. I told of my own meeting with the dog, and that he had been friendly with me. Yet secretly I wondered how I had escaped an ugly bite in my careless petting of such a ferocious brute as his owner described.

The dog was lying on the veranda as I came out. Somewhat cautiously, and only with a desire to prove to my host that I had not been bragging, I called the dog again by name and put out my hand to stroke his head. With a wild-beast snarl he leaped at my throat.

Hard to Fool

An hour earlier he had met my advances with no show of hostility. But an hour earlier I had not been afraid of him. How did he know afterward that I was afraid? Perhaps some subnote of apprehension was in my voice.

Perhaps my gesture lacked assurance as I started to pat him. But to me my voice sounded steady enough and my hand did not hesitate. Any human would have been fooled into thinking I was quite at ease. The dog knew better.

Long ago I read a treatise, whose title and whose author's name I have forgotten, which claimed that fright or even the mildest apprehension causes a faint odor to exhale from the pores, and that all animals can detect and read aright this scent of fear. Numerous instances were cited to prove it. Perhaps my experience with the strange dog may have come under this head. The theory is not my own. But it may also account for the known fact that many a savage dog will permit a fearless baby to haul him about and hurt him.

Our fiery little red collie, Sunnybank Wolf, would suffer no stranger to touch him. Yet a two-year-old child once climbed on his back and drove her heels delightedly into his ribs and yanked his sensitive ears. Wolf reveled fatuously in this gross familiarity, which would have been resented to the death if any adult had tried it.

Wolf was the mistress' car dog, ever riding on the seat beside her. If a neighbor approached the car at such times the collie was fiercely on guard. A hand laid on the car was the signal for a furious attack. One evening as we were waiting for the mail a friend came out of the post office and walked up to the car, resting his arm on its door top, and saying:

"We're pretty unhappy at our house tonight. My dog was run over and killed this afternoon."

The Stranger at the Gate

There were tears in the man's eyes and his throat was rough. Wolf whimpered softly, then leaned down and licked the alien hand that rested on the door. A month later, when the same man touched the door, Wolf flew at him in rage. Perhaps scent or perhaps only hearing had something to do with the collie's first attitude. I think it is this gift of scent or of hearing which teaches dogs to read their owners' moods. In any event it is a trait as normal to them as is word comprehension to humans.

I have seen dogs refuse to stay in the same room with owners who were drinking heavily. Before the first sign of drunkenness was noticeable to other humans, these dogs were aware of it by sound or scent and disgustedly they slunk out. I have known three such happenings and I have heard of others.

I do not vouch for the following anecdote, which passed current in the village of Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, in my boyhood and which puts a reverse English on this boozophobia trait:

There was an oldster on the village's outskirts whose nose came honestly by its vermilion hue. Every Saturday night, as soon as he drew his week's pay, he would descend upon the local speak-easy. Sometime after midnight, or whenever his money was all gone, he would turn homeward in a condition of mentality which made the road's width seem of far greater import to him than its length.

Ever, as he reached his own gate, his faithful collie was waiting there to guide the wanderer's heavily accented steps safely up the winding path and up the suddenly tricky stairs. For years the dog had waited thus on Saturday night for the return of his besotted god.

Then one pay evening the thirstily expectant roisterer arrived at the village, to find that the Civic League had shut down every source of drink. For hours he roamed disconsolately from place to place, seeking in vain to allay his raging thirst. At last, frustrated and forlorn, he turned his steps homeward. For the first Saturday night in ten years he was coming home dead-cold sober.

The faithful dog was waiting, as usual, at the gate. But as this utter stranger turned soberly and steadily in at the gateway the collie remembered his own duties as a watchdog. He flew at the man and bit him in three places. As I said, I do not vouch for this pathetic yarn, though it was attested by many an old-timer in my own distant youthful days.

Airedales, pointers and dogs of divers other breeds have figured in even more puzzling experiences. One of the psychological traits shared by many dogs of many kinds is the instinctive dread and avoidance of any rabid or otherwise unbalanced animal.

True, some fool dogs will trot over to investigate a strange cur that is running amok down the street, just as some fool humans will test the cleaving powers of a buzz saw or argue with a big man who is fighting drunk. But wiser dogs give such a brute the widest possible berth when they can, even the pluckiest of them. Sound or scent tells them he is not normal, as it tells them their master is no longer normal after his severalth consecutive drink. And they keep out of the way.

Mad-Dog Madness

There is more profoundly hysterical talk of rabies and less actual knowledge of it than of any other menace on earth. Rabies exists, even as the sleeping sickness and leprosy and ossification exist. But it is one of the rarest of canine diseases. Not one supposedly mad dog in many hundreds actually is rabid.

A dog is mortally sick and tries to get away to some quiet place to die, or a dog is lost in a crowded street and is driven wild with terror and confusion by the pursuit of small boys, or a dog is tortured with thirst on a red-hot day, or has a fit. At sight of his uncertain gait and foaming jaws up goes the panic yell of "Mad dog!" That

(Continued on Page 90)

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a good writer —that's the point

(Continued from Page 87)

cry is ever lurking, eager for utterance, in the fear swamps at the back of human brains. The crowd forms, the bellowingly wary chase begins, and someone wins honor by firing six wabbly-aimed shots into the body of a pup that is probably friendly and harmless.

The genuinely rabid dog seldom will swerve an inch from his path to attack. On he runs, lurchingly, snapping at the air—and at nothing else which does not come within his direct line of travel—until he drops from exhaustion. He is little more likely to turn aside to chase a human or any other dog than is a typhoid patient likely to pursue his doctor up an alleyway with an ax.

A bite census was gleaned from several big-city dog pounds a year or two ago and the results were published. Some of the figures covered a period of more than a quarter century. The toll of impounded dogs ran high up into the thousands. The number of bites received by poundkeepers and dog catchers was appallingly large. But out of all those innumerable bites not one employe had incurred rabies or any other lasting injury.

It has been estimated that S. P. C. A. employes have handled in all more than a million dogs, and this without the recording of one case of true rabies among such handlers. In Constantinople and in countless other Eastern cities for a thousand years stray dogs were tenfold more plentiful than they are in any American city. Yet rabies among Orientals was almost unheard of.

The Key to the Lockjaw

Those facts by themselves ought to form a fairly sufficient exorciser of the mad-dog bugaboo. The dog catcher's prey is made up chiefly of the stray and sick dogs which are reputed to be the most virulent rabies carriers. New York's Health Commissioner cites only nine reputed deaths from rabies in that city of about 6,000,000, since 1920—an average of less than one rabies death a year to every 3,000,000 people.

At Sunnybank some years ago the gentlest and friendliest of my collies showed alarming signs of what was declared to be dumb rabies. She had all the book-and-veterinary symptoms. Her jaws were wide open and would not close. She was in evident agony. Hour after hour she had stood over a water trough, trying vainly to drink. I came home from a short absence and found her in this deplorable state. At first she had foamed at the mouth—and foaming at the mouth is one of the easiest and least important things a sick or worried dog does—but now her mouth was dry and blackening and her bloodshot eyes were glazed

She was ready for a pistol bullet. My orders alone had been awaited before she should be put to death. But the orders were not given. I asked how long she had been stricken. I was told the attack came on in the very middle of a hearty meal. Even the local vet did not catch the absurdity of that symptom.

I took hold of her hot jaws and examined her mouth. A chorus of protest warned me against such folly. I pointed out that if she could not close her jaws she could not very well bite me or anyone else, and I went on with my examination. I had a pretty certain idea what I should find, and I found it.

In the far-back hinge connecting her upper and lower jaws, on the left side, I saw a bit of mutton knuckle bone, half as large as the first joint of my thumb. It had become jammed there as she was gnawing it, and it had held the jaws apart with as merciless thoroughness as a fitted wedge in a hinge would hold wide a door. It was not easy to work loose the lump of bone. It took all the strength of my fingers. But as soon as I had removed it the tired jaws sagged together and the luckless collie plunged her head into the nearest water, drinking madly until I pulled her away from the trough lest she die of a more real malady than pseudo rabies. For days in midsummer she had suffered agonies of thirst and hunger and discomfort. And it had not occurred to anyone to seek a saner and infinitely likelier cause for her misfortune than the dreaded dumb rabies.

Too often, when a dog is ailing, rabies is the instant diagnosis. Nobody takes the trouble to hunt for a simpler solution of the trouble. As wisely diagnose every prickly heat rash as incipient smallpox. I have known five instances among my own friends' kennels where a dumb-rabies verdict was given against a suffering dog whose jaws were fixed and wide, and where a morsel of bone proved to be the sole disease germ. Please don't think I am belittling genuine rabies. It does exist. But it is almost negligibly uncommon in most parts of America and it is practically unknown in modern England.

I have been bitten again and again in the course of my lifetime acquaintance with dogs. Two of the biters were said to be mad. Thus far I have not developed rabies to any alarming extent. I have but one form of treatment for dog bites, a treatment which I and thousands of other folk have found 100 per cent effective, and which I think any physician will indorse. Here is the idea:

A dog bite is as dangerous, no more, no less, as would be a similar wound from a piece of sharp metal or bone or other inorganic substance; plus any infection—not germ of rabies—that may be on the dog's teeth. As a rule, there is no infection on the teeth of a healthy dog.

If the bite is where your lips can reach it, suck it out thoroughly, then wash it in hot water. Dry it and paint it thickly with iodine. Then forget all about it. It will heal. If you are afraid the dog may have been sick or rabid use carbolic acid instead of iodine. Wrap a bit of cotton on the head of a match or sliver of wood. Dip it into carbolic acid and swab out the wound with it. This will hurt most annoyingly and the burn will last for some days. But it will kill any chance of infection if it be done soon enough.

I said, "Then forget all about it." This is not the least important part of the cure. You can worry yourself into a right delirious state of fright if you are foolish enough, and you can attribute every headache and twinge of rheumatism for weeks thereafter to incipient rabies. Treat the hurt, mentally and physically, as if it had been made by a nail point or by the teeth of a comb.

This long-winded dissertation on dog bites may have been dull reading to you, but it may save you from wakeful nights of worry if ever you or anyone close to you should chance to be bitten. That is psychology too—human this time, not canine.

Lead a Dog to Water

No fewer than forty people have written, asking me to indorse or to condemn the bills in various legislatures for the compulsory inoculation of all dogs against rabies. These letters go unanswered. I have no practical knowledge and no opinion on the subject. The serum may be effective, or it may be injurious, so far as I know. It is a theme on which I am profoundly ignorant.

If your dog is moping or off his feed, here is a remedy which, three times out of five, will bring him back to health: Give him a tablespoonful of castor oil. Two tablespoonfuls, or even more, will do him no harm if he be fairly large. It is loathsome stuff, and he will detest taking it. But, whatever is amiss, the castor oil cannot harm him. More times than not, it will cure him.

If he does not get well quickly after such a dose remember it is idiotic economy to try to save a two-dollar veterinary fee by giving continuous home treatment to a two-hundred-dollar dog. Send at once for the best vet within call. In the long run you will save money and heartache thereby. Remember also that the odds are more than a thousand to one against his having rabies.

It might be a sane idea for city councils to pause in their sporadic attempts to prevent rabies by muzzle and leash and special policing, long enough to pass an ordinance providing low and shallow drinking dishes to be placed here and there in shady spots and to be kept full of cool drinking water for stray dogs that are tortured by thirst.

A dog does all his perspiring through his tongue. Unless a muzzle be of sensible type and strapped on in such way as to allow him to pant, it is a torment and a menace.

Also, his lolling tongue and dry throat demand frequent draughts of cool water. Of old, when a dog would not try to drink, it was supposed to be a sign he had hydrophobia. As a matter of truth, when a dog will not try to drink, it is a sign of nothing except that he does not happen to be thirsty.

Speaking of dogs and city councils, as a rule a large dog should not be kept in a large city. He is as bad for the city as the city is bad for him. I have refused, always, to sell a Sunnybank collie pup, at any price, to a buyer who lived in a metropolis. If other dog breeders would do the same, a growing wholesale nuisance and cruelty would be abated. A big dog in a city flat is as much out of place as a hawk in a canary cage. A five-minute romp in the country or suburbs is better for his health than is a five-mile miserable promenade on flagstones at the end of a leash. That is not only good psychology but good humanity.

A Canine Psychologist

Talking of dog psychology, I suppose the timeworn and never-settled question "Can dogs reason?" ought to come under that broad head. The question seems useless to me, for I can see only one answer to it. I have found dozens of proofs, satisfactory to me, that dogs have a decidedly logical process of reasoning, and that the dullest of them does not rely solely on instinct.

When I pick up my hat and coat every Sunnybank collie that happens to be in the house jumps to his feet, romping around me and then running eagerly to the front door. The dogs know from long experience that my donning of hat and coat implies a walk. If I lay down the outdoor garb without putting it on, they drop their exultant manner and go back to the rugs where they were lying.

Now that is a very simple illustration. But to me it proves the power of reason. Surely it is not instinct. Instinct is an inborn quality planted in the mind of animal or man and handed down more or less intact from the beginning of time. Fear, desire, play, warfare, sensory traits—these and the like are wholly instinctive. But a kennel dog, which never has been in a house and has not learned by observation to associate coats and hats with the outdoors, shows no sign of interest when such garments are put on or taken off.

Thus it cannot be a hereditary racial instinct which makes your house dog caper wildly about you at this promise of a walk. The indoor dog has studied the action out in his own mind. From daily experience he has found that coats and hats are associated with the walk he loves. Reasoning is nothing more or less than a line of thought or of action based on personal experience or on precept. What clearer instance of reasoning could a human give than is displayed by a dog that reacts to these preparations for a walk?

In Northern California our car turned into a byway along which a wise little black collie was guiding a bunch of sheep. The advent of the unaccustomed machine made the sheep huddle and mill. They prepared to bolt in every direction. The dog did not hustle fussily around the bunch, keeping it intact. Instead, he sat down lazily in the middle of the road and opened his mouth in a cavernous yawn of utter boredom. At sight of his show of drowsy indifference to the approaching monster, the sheep calmed down. If their guardian could treat the

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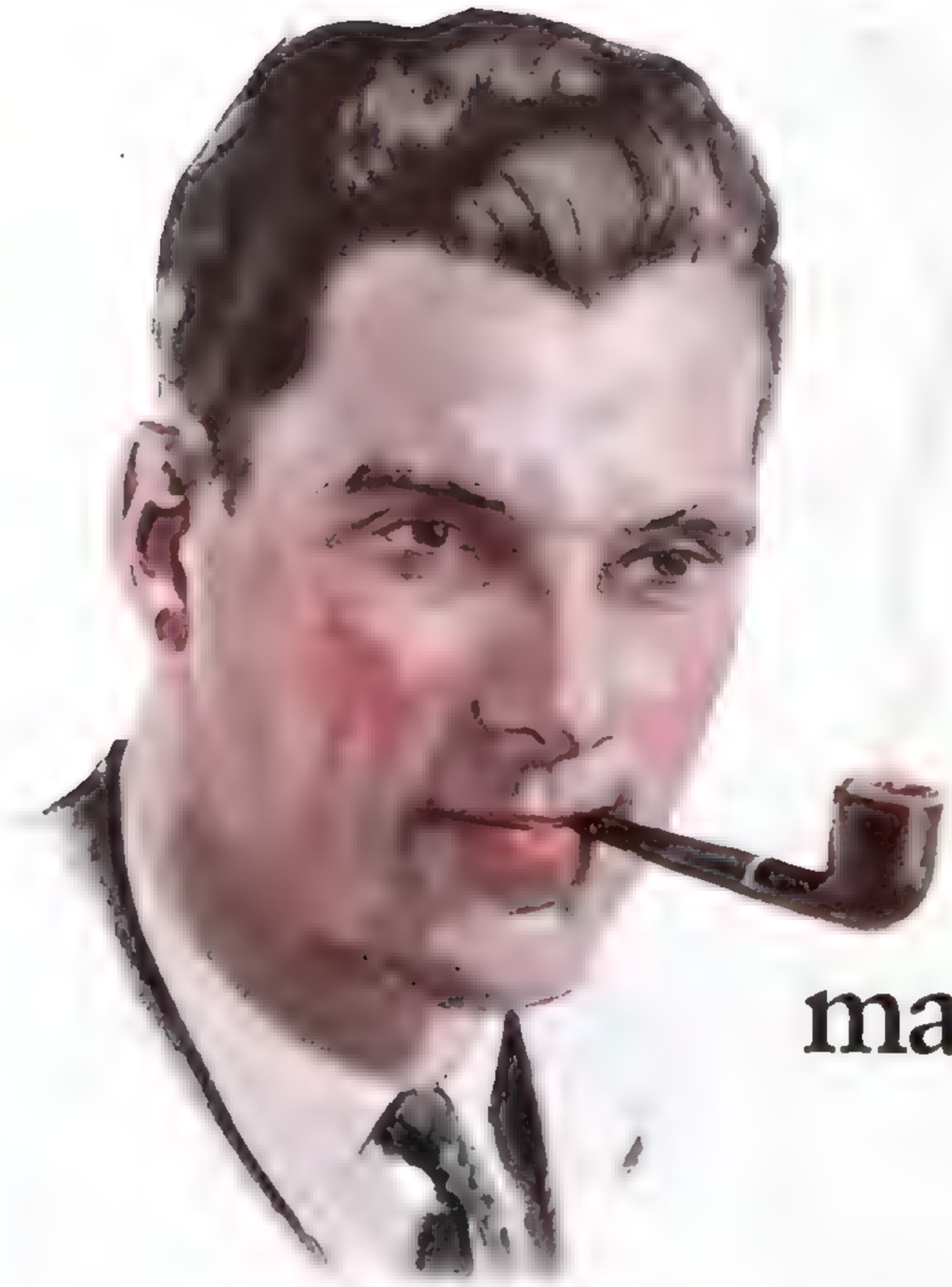

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novel spectacle with such bored lack of interest, it could not be worthy of a stampede.

That bit of acting was based on pure reason, on the dog's experience with the crazy ways of sheep and on a long study of their silly temperament. It could not well have been mere instinct. Ollivant cites a like happening in his great Bob, Son of Battle.

Here is still another bit of canine reasoning, which I think I have mentioned elsewhere: Our great old collie, Lad, undertook to train his fiery little son, Wolf, into the narrow ways of good canine citizenship. One of the puppy's most vexing tricks was to follow his sire at a distance whenever Lad buried a bone for future gnawing. As soon as Lad's back was turned Wolf would dig up the bone and carry it off.

After the third or fourth robbing Lad hit on a way of curing his son of the habit and of saving his own buried bones from theft. He dug a rather deep hole and deposited the bone in it. Then, with his nose, he shoveled an inch or so of dirt over it. Dogs always dig holes with their forepaws and fill them in with their noses. It never occurs to them to use a backhand motion of the paw to shove the dirt into place again. Then, in the partly filled hole, Lad laid a whitened and ancient and wholly undesirable bone, afterward covering it with earth. Along came Wolf and began to dig. When he had delved down to the topmost bone he gave one contemptuous sniff at it and strolled away, having no suspicion that a really delectable bone was interred just below it.

Now that ruse of Lad's seems to me to have been the result of a clear chain of reasoning, worthy of any human. It was straight logic in its every step, without a trace of blind instinct.

True, dogs sometimes show a lamentable dearth of reasoning power, even the wisest of them. But so do the wisest humans. Sir Isaac Newton ordered a hole cut in the bottom of his stable door so that his favorite cat could pass in and out of the building. Then he ordered a smaller hole cut, just alongside the first opening, so the cat's kitten might also be able to get into the barn. Nor could Newton be made to understand for a long time that the kitten could have gone in and out by the same hole as the cat. Few dogs exhibit less reasoning power than this.

A Treacherous Toy

It is reason and not instinct that leads your dog to learn your teachings. I train my puppies to heel by taking them for walks on the leash. I say "Heel!" and at the same time pull gently but steadily on the leash. After a few lessons the pup begins to understand that the command of "Heel!" implies also an irresistible and annoying slow tug on the leash against which he is straining. To avoid the tug, he drops to heel. He has figured it out for himself and he has found a way to prevent me from hauling him back. It is the same with almost all lessons I teach him. He learns by a form of reasoning rather than by instinct.

When our great silver, black and white collie, Gray Dawn, was a five-month puppy someone gave me an ornate dog whip. I did not use it, but left it in my study at Sunnybank. There Dawn found it. He annexed it gleefully as his own. He carried it everywhere and he slept with it between his paws. The little fellow seemed so fond of his odd toy that I let him keep it.

One day a fortnight later Dawn's irrepressible genius for mischief led him to rip all the fringe off a veranda hammock and to tear to shreds a pretty handkerchief which the mistress had left lying there. It was rank destruction. As I caught him in the act, I punished him for it.

Ordinarily I would have scolded him and sent him to the kennels in disgrace, for I find I can manage my dogs without beating them. But this was his second offense of the kind and it was necessary to give him more drastic treatment if he was not to become a household pest. I looked about for a loose-folded newspaper wherewith to slap him noisily, if hurtlessly, across the loins, as an accompaniment to my sizzling rebuke for his misdeed.

Finding none and realizing that a dog's punishment must be instant if it is to be effective, I picked up the sadly bedraggled whip that lay where Dawn had dropped it beside the hammock. I tapped his loins lightly with it two or three times while I explained sharply to him what a bad little dog he was.

Even a light flick from a dog whip is stingingly uncomfortable. Dawn did not whimper or cower. But he stared at the whip in foolish astonishment. When I tossed it down again on the porch he continued to glare at it. It was his loved plaything, his bedfellow, his delight. And it had turned upon him wantonly and stung him. In ludicrous wonder he glowered at the whip, then in growing indignation. After a minute or less he had thought out his plan of action. Vindictively he caught up the whip between his jaws—with none of the mincing playfulness wherewith he had always handled it—and trotted down the steps and across to the nearest flower border.

Dogs Without Vanity

There he dug a destructive hole amid the heliotrope plants. Into the hole he dropped the punitive whip that had betrayed him. Nosing back the loose earth, he stalked away. Never did he go back to the spot again to exhume the toy he had been so fond of. For all I know, it still is buried there. That savors of reason, I think, and decidedly not of instinct. It is not instinct for a dog to bury his enemy. Dawn punished the whip that had punished him. Or he may only have been trying to make certain that I should not be able to use it on him again. In either event, it was a bit of logical reasoning.

That handkerchief destroying was the gray dog's last act of vandalism. He had had his lesson—a lesson that has profited him ever since.

It is not altogether a senseless love of mischief which leads puppies to chew and tear every chewable and tearable object they can get hold of. A dog has forty-two teeth—ten more than we humans begin adult life with. Sometime—at varying times—between his fourth and seventh months he sheds his milk teeth and cuts his permanent set. It is a period of itching and of otherwise troublesome jaws; a time when surcease is sought by gnawing and ripping anything whose contact may perhaps ease the eternal discomfort of his mouth.

In each puppy yard at Sunnybank is an old hiking shoe of mine—a shoe which needs frequent renewal. The just-weaned puppies play joyously with it. To the older pups it is an ideal teething ring. Incidentally it teaches the youngsters the scent of my track. Thus, from babyhood, they are acquiring education with their play. There is none of the grown dogs, brought up in this way, that cannot trail my footsteps anywhere. That, I grant, is instinct and not reason. But reason has more than once been connected with it. Here is a case in point:

My big auburn collie, Bobby—my constant comrade in car and boat and on tramps and in my study—was uneasy whenever I was out of his sight. Once I left him indoors while I went to the windmill, about two hundred yards from the house. There I mounted a ladder to the top of the tank. The mistress had arranged to let Bobby out of the house as soon as she should see me climb to the tank top.

Out he ran to find me. Instead of sniffing for my trail, he made a bee line for the outdoor hammock desk under the trees, where I do most of my work in fair weather. Failing to find me there, he galloped off to the kennels and thence to the boathouse, and from there to a field where the men were mowing.

In other words, he used his reasoning powers, as might a human; seeking me in the several places where experience told him I was most likely to be found; and first of all going to the desk where I spend much more of my time than at any one other outdoor spot.

Failing to locate me by reason, he dropped back upon instinct. Nose to ground, he cast about until he struck my trail, following it at top speed to the foot of the windmill ladder. There, of course, the scent vanished. So Bobby cast about again, twice or three times, to make sure he had not been mistaken. Always his search brought him to the ladder foot. Presently he lay down there to wait. He did not know where I was. But he knew where last I had left ground, and he seemed to understand I must return to earth at the same place.

Barring his instinct and his undoubtable reasoning prowess, a clever dog relies first on his sense of smell and next on his keen hearing. On his nearsighted eyes, unbacked by these stronger senses, he relies almost not at all.

Lead a dog up to a mirror. He may show an instant's curious interest in his own reflection there, though, as a rule, he does not. Scarcely one dog in a thousand will give more than the most fleeting heed to his mirrored self. His eyes tell him another dog is facing him there. But his nose and his hearing tell him there is no other dog. Accordingly he believes his nose and ears, and scornfully he discredits what he sees. On the other hand, our two peacocks, Caruso and Melba, stood one day from noon to dusk, fatuously admiring themselves in a triple shaving mirror I set out on the lawn for their amusement.

I don't suppose dogs really have a language of their own in our meaning of the word. But every dog student knows that they have some psychic way of communicating their thoughts and wishes to one another through the touching of noses. I have seen Lad go from dog to dog, touching noses with them in succession, as a well understood and instantly obeyed signal for them to follow him on some woodland ramble or rabbit chase. Two strange dogs, meeting in the street, seldom will fight or even growl at each other after once they have touched noses. I don't pretend to understand the meaning of this, but I have noted it again and again.

The Insuperable Wall

There is another bit of canine psychology I cannot grasp, and which must have more or less to do with dog language: Up to the time he was fifteen years old, Lad was the undisputed king of our Sunnybank collies, ruling benevolently if firmly. Implicitly the others obeyed him. Always they followed, at his signal, wherever he might lead them.

Then, at fifteen, the old dog became deaf; so deaf that he could hear only a loudly raised voice. He was abnormally sensitive as to his affliction, and he used to study our faces with pathetic wistfulness to try to catch our meaning. But from that time on the other dogs paid not the slightest heed to him, nor did he to them. He seemed to be shut off from them by some impalpable but insuperable wall, or to have become invisible. True, they did not collide with him or interfere with him in any way. But they gave no other sign of knowing he was there. Not once did he and they touch noses.

Very evidently Lad did not notice this sudden disaffection of his old-time underlings. He went his own way as though he were the only animal on the place. His deafness made no difference in his comradeship with the mistress and myself. But it barred him forever from any association with the Sunnybank collies. Why? I don't know. It is one of the several thousand things I shall never know about the dogs that I have spent a lifetime in studying.

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ALL FOR THE BEST

(Continued from Page 27)

bought it, would he continue it as a Bethlehem journal, move it to Sugar Hollow, or attempt to make it a thing of county-wide scope? Don believed the sheriff meant to move the plant to his own town, where he could fight the Sugar Hollow Sentinel most effectively, in both the field of circulation and that of advertising. None of the three possibilities gave Don acute pleasure.

Presently he started his car and drove toward Bethlehem, where he arrived in half an hour, and stopped before the door of the Times office. Editor Malloy was in, but his welcome was not hearty. Certain matters rankled in his heart.

"I'm Oakes, of Sugar Hollow," Don said.

"Recognized you," said Malloy.

"How's business?"

"Since you hogged the county printing," said Malloy, with feeling, "it hain't been so good."

"'Stole a pig and away he run,'" said Don.

"Eh?"

"'Tom, Tom, the piper's son'—you know. Ancestor of mine. Runs in the blood. How dreadful are the ways of heredity!"

"Maybe that adds up to common sense," said Mr. Malloy, "but not to me."

"You should cultivate," said Don, "an agile and pleasing fancy. By the way, you are staying with the paper, of course?"

"Stayin'! What d'ye mean—stayin'?"

"When Sheriff Fox enters the field of *belles-lettres*, so to speak."

"Who told you that?"

"I just came from an interview with the gentleman. It was all unsought by him, but nevertheless an interview. A poor thing, but mine own."

"And he told you! He was so tarnal anxious to keep it dark!"

"I'm a little light-bringer," said Don. "How doth the tiny candle throw its beam! But, Malloy, did you take spot cash, certified check or promissory note?"

"I hain't taken anythin' yet," said Malloy, "but I cal'late to take cash on Friday."

"Unlucky day," said Don seriously. "Make it Saturday."

"Any day's lucky that fetches me real money."

"But why the delay? Why not close the deal today?"

"Oh, he's ready any minute, but I got a few things to clean up," said Malloy.

"Ah!" said Don, and then his eyes fell upon a letterhead of the Bethlehem Printing Company, Inc. They rested there for a moment, focusing themselves with interest upon those last three letters, which informed him that Mr. Malloy was not an individual enterprise but a corporation under the laws of the state. He rather wondered at that. Why should so small an enterprise incorporate? What advantage lay in it? As he scrutinized Mr. Malloy, he came to the conclusion that editorial person performed few acts without a definite purpose. . . . Also, a corporation indicated stockholders.

For the moment Don's interest in Mr. Malloy personally abated; indeed, it became almost nonexistent. But his interest in Mr. Malloy's activities and ambitions increased. There burned within him a hot desire to ask questions of the proper persons; in short, he experienced a decided itch in his nose for news.

As all good newspaper men know, there is always somebody who can answer a question, and who will answer it, if only he can be found. The getting of a great news story is not a matter of inspiration, but of hard work and good judgment. First you must know there is a story to get. That may require genius. But the actual obtaining of facts is done by persistence and labor. Always somebody will talk, and the job is to find that person. Curiously enough, there is always somebody who knows any desired fact. And equally curiously, if you lay your hand on him and conduct your inquiry with some art and no little patience, he will lay all before you. Don scented a condition; now he champed at the bit to be in pursuit of someone who could make that condition plain to him.

"I must now be up and doing," he said, "with a heart for any fate; while you, Mr. Malloy, I assume will continue to sit here and to labor and to wait. I hope to see you again. Perhaps not many times, but once—surely once."

"G'-by," said Malloy shortly. And then to himself: "Once more ain't necessary—not to me—not with that line of talk."

Don surveyed the town from the seat of his car, calculating where to commence. Who would be at leisure and who would be likely to know? His eyes rested upon the brick front of the bank.

"If," he said to himself, "the president of that bank is busy, then human nature has gone and played me a mean trick. Bank presidents are foreordained. They're all alike. They tantalize themselves with office boys who bar out men coming in to tell them a funny story. I know a funny story"

He stopped his car before the bank and entered. "I'm quite sure," he said engagingly to the young man in the teller's window, "that your president wants to see me. Will you tell him so?"

The young man seemed rather bewildered, but asked, "What name shall I say?"

"Oakes," said Don. "From little acorns grown, you know. Tell him I want to talk about this and that, and to know a number of answers that aren't in the back of the book."

The young man disappeared, scratching his head; but presently he returned and motioned toward a door. Apparently he feared to speak again lest he elicit other and further upsetting verbiage. Don walked to the door, knocked, and was requested to enter. The president was an elderly gentleman, smooth-shaven and of notable dignity. He fixed Don with a lender's eye and asked discouragingly, "What can I do for you, young man?"

Don smiled. When he turned on that smile it was difficult to be severe with him. It made him seem so very youthful and unsophisticated and charming, and in need of paternal guidance.

"You can tell me," said he, "why is a corporation?"

"Why is what corporation?" asked Mr. Winters.

"Mr. Malloy's," said Don. "I scrutinized his establishment. Incorporation is not indicated as a prime necessity. Does he indulge in it as a luxury?"

"And who," asked Mr. Winters, "are you?"

"The editor of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel—no less," said Don; "and, please, I would like to sit down."

"Do so," said the stately Mr. Winters. "What is your interest in Mr. Malloy's corporation?"

"That," said Don, "of an interested bystander. I am not often frank and open. But I shall be so with you. You have a searching eye. I have not a subterfuge concealed about my person. Mr. Winters, the truth is I covet Mr. Malloy's newspaper"

"Ah!" said Mr. Winters, and considered. "I have heard of you," he said presently. "My friend Doctor Noble has spoken of you."

Don wagged his head sadly. "It would have to be the doctor," he said. "I disappoint him. An impatient man—Doctor Noble. He wants somersaults over twelve elephants before the springboard is set up."

"He tells me you have sold out to the courthouse gang."

"The worst of it is," said Don, "he believes it. His daughter also believes it. A harsh, unbending young woman!"

Mr. Winters smiled. Then he asked a direct question: "Is it true?"

Don returned a categorical answer. "No," he said; "but don't tell the doctor."

"You imply," said Mr. Winters, "that when your springboard is set up you will do some elephant leaping?"

"Would you believe me if I said yes?"

"I would," said Mr. Winters.

"Thank you," Don said, and smiled again. "But Archimedes never found the place to rest his lever."

"So he didn't lift the earth, eh?"

"Do you know," said Don, "I think I've a flair for bank presidents. I always get along with them. . . . Now about Mr. Malloy."

"For publication?"

"Only in case," said Don. "Just give me a grip on the critter's tail and I'll work my way up to his horns. You will not be quoted. . . . I understand Sheriff Fox has owned Mr. Malloy."

"Body and britches," said Mr. Winters. "He is going to own more of him than that. Malloy is selling the Times to the sheriff."

"Which," said Mr. Winters, "does not suit your book."

"Not even as a footnote."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

Don countered with a question: "Would the decent folks of this town support a decently run newspaper? Would you, for instance, prefer some other management than Malloy's?"

"You may make that assumption."

"Which," said Don, "brings us bang up against the incorporation."

"I cannot speak from exact knowledge," said Mr. Winters.

"A good surmiser is the noblest work of God," said Don.

"I once heard of a newspaper which made a practice of selling its stock—to people who desired that certain news should not be printed," said the cautious Mr. Winters.

"I've heard of such things. Let us be hypothetical: Mr. A edits a newspaper. He discovers a certain discreditable fact about Mr. B. He presents himself to Mr. B, to whom he says, 'My newspaper is a rotten investment. It never pays dividends. But an editor must live. How much of my stock will you buy if I forget to print the following story?'"

"You catch the drift," said Mr. Winters.

"Naturally, the man who makes such purchase is unlikely to utter loud and public complaints."

"True."

"One's sympathies," said Don, "are so seldom with a blackmailer. Such a person could be spared from our midst. In fact, our midst might even sigh with relief at his departure."

"Mr. Malloy," said Mr. Winters, "is incorporated for ten thousand dollars—one thousand shares of the par value of ten dollars each."

"You do not, by any odd chance, know the owner of any of these shares?"

"I don't," said Mr. Winters with great positiveness; "but William Jenkins runs a first-class drug store."

"Is it so? And have you any other merchants who might be classed as progressive citizens?"

"Well, there's Timothy Walker and Horace Barr—good men."

Don arose. "Wouldn't it be queer," he said, "if a prominent man like Malloy were to go away suddenly, preferably after sundown, and never return?"

"It would amaze me," said Mr. Winters. He paused. "But are you thinking of leaving Sugar Hollow?"

"No, indeed. I love to be close to Sheriff Fox, and especially to his first assassin, Mr. Big-Foot Mosher. My aim is quite other than that. The thought is to publish one

(Continued on Page 96

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(Continued from Page 94)

paper which shall cover the county—a daily, in time. What is the circulation of the Times?"

"About twelve hundred."

"I thank you, sir. A very pleasant afternoon is being had by all. And now for Mr. Jenkins, the eminent purveyor of pills."

Don left his car and strolled down the street to the drug store, where he found Mr. Jenkins engaged in the benevolent occupation of selling a chocolate soda to a small boy. When the transaction was completed to the satisfaction of both buyer and seller, Don accosted the druggist.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "I would a word with your private ear. You have a private ear, of course?"

"Two of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins, "and both flappin'."

"Suppose we step behind the prescription screen."

"I don't sell it," said Mr. Jenkins—"anyhow, not to strangers."

"And I," said Don, "don't buy it—even from friends, and I feel you and I are going to be friends. Are you one of Mr. Malloy's fervent well-wishers?"

"Come behind," said Mr. Jenkins. "You put me in mind of somebody I used to like."

They retired to that privacy where the chemist was in the habit of compounding elixirs upon prescription, and Mr. Jenkins proffered a cigar. "Smoke," he said. "I dunno whether you got anything to do but cuss Malloy, but seems as though that's allus a welcome pastime."

"Would you be saddened," Don asked, "if Malloy were to fold up his tent like an Arab?"

"I druther see him fold up his body with the stummick ache," said Mr. Jenkins venomously.

"That," said Don, "will be one of his symptoms. . . . You don't chance to own any stock in his publishing company?"

"It wan't by chance," said Mr. Jenkins; "I just happened to "

"Do you consider it a good investment?"

"I got a better one. Once I dropped a dollar in the river. The dollar's there yit. It's suthin to fall back on, like."

"I'm not inquiring into the circumstances surrounding and abutting upon your purchase of that stock. But I'm always willing to listen to a man with a vocabulary."

"We hain't got that fur yit," said Mr. Jenkins. "And you hain't told me who you be."

"Oakes, of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel."

"Um-m—heard tell of ye."

"Would you consider parting with your stock for what a polite man given to hyperbole might call a consideration?"

"If you got the hyperbole," said Mr. Jenkins, "I kin give ye suthin that'll cure ye up in a week. Tablespoonful before meals."

"What I need is a dose of stock."

"It's yourn."

"Let's be upright and honorable gentlemen," said Don. "I can't tell you what I can pay for that stock. I can't tell if I can descend like a wolf on the fold and get away with a lambkin. But if I do, and get away with it, you get a fair, just, reasonable but not altruistic price for it."

"Done," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Mr. Malloy will be around—probably tomorrow. Sing him a sweet song and lull him to sleep. But my name doesn't come in the chorus."

"I kin shut my mouth the tightest of anybody in the state," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Just indorse the stock," Don said, "and I go away and do this and that and engage in certain activities and permutations."

"Come in ag'in," said Mr. Jenkins. "I sure admire to hear you talk. When Malloy drops in to git this stock—which I cal'late is the idee—I'll tell him to drop around later, when I got time to git it out of the bank."

"None but a mighty mind," said Don, "thought up that stratagem. . . . Good afternoon."

"And many of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins.

Don did not drive back to Sugar Hollow, but spent the remainder of the day in Bethlehem; he even slept the night in the hotel. Among other calls, he visited President Winters of the bank a second time, but at his home, where certain parleys of a financial nature ensued. Their purpose was precautionary. After this Don went to his bed and slept with the profundity of tired youth.

In midmorning he revisited the office of the Times and closeted himself with Mr. Malloy. A portion of their conversation is of interest.

"Mr. Malloy," Don asked, "when you travel, do you prefer to do so at your own expense?"

"What's the idee?"

"I thought you might. Many do. For instance, I am certain I could persuade this commonwealth to pay your fare for a brief railway journey. But, as I read the statute in such case made and provided, I doubt if they would pay your fare back again before the lapse of about seven years."

"Be you loony?"

"A train," said Don, "leaves these parts in one hour and thirteen minutes. I am sure you will wish to be a passenger. But meantime I have a favor to ask of you."

"Say, young feller, you're talkin' out of turn."

"No; it just came my turn. Before you go I want you to telephone my friend Sheriff Fox and invite him to drop over to close the deal with you."

"I kin run my own business," said Mr. Malloy.

"True," said Don; "but what—there's the burning question—what is your business? Let us discuss the length and breadth of that. Let us survey the situation in all its devious angles."

Whereupon, for some fifteen minutes, the situation was surveyed. At the end of that time Mr. Malloy ceased to be bellicose and became mild. Indeed, there were signs of apprehension, not to say acute alarm, and he performed certain acts of a clerical nature with astonishing readiness.

"Now," said Don, "you will telephone the sheriff, being careful to instill into your voice a casual tone of bonhomie, as it were. Set the hour as three o'clock."

Even in this Mr. Malloy granted his cooperation.

"Now you have just time to pack," said Don; "but not time to stop at the bank. By all means do not stop at the bank."

"What? I got to stop at the bank. I got money there."

"No," said Don, "the Bethlehem Printing Company, Inc., has money there. Which is quite something else again. . . . And a committee will attend you to see that you play according to the rules. I made the rules. Mr. Jenkins is self-appointed chairman of that committee. It will even accompany you on the first leg of your journey lest you be lonesome and are tempted to telephone, telegraph or otherwise communicate. . . . The committee awaits without, My Lord!"

Mr. Malloy said nothing.

"It is a little hobby of mine," said Don, "to eliminate warm personal friends of the sheriff, especially if their characters are not flawless. In time," he said pensively, "I believe the sheriff will be lonely."

In company with Druggist Jenkins and others, happy to serve in that capacity, Mr. Malloy was ushered to the train and accompanied upon his way toward the south and west. His present whereabouts are not known, neither are they inquired after.

At three o'clock Don Oakes, with President Winters for company, awaited the arrival of Sheriff Fox, who was no less than promptness itself. With him came Prosecutor Ellsworth to give a watchful eye to the legal formalities of the occasion. These, as it turned out, were few.

Don met them at the door with extended hand. "Chairman of the reception committee," he said. "The appointment came so late I had to omit the badge. Step in, gentlemen."

(Continued on Page 99)

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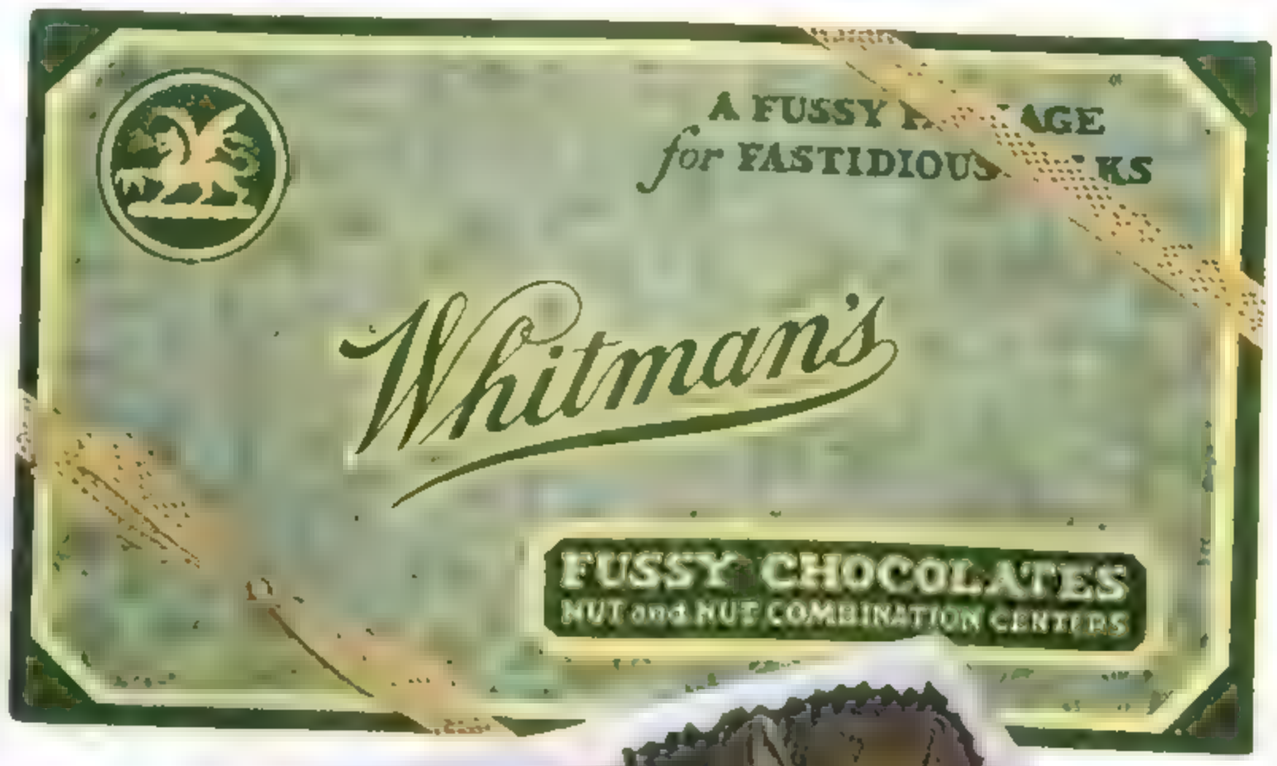

The Fussy Package contains chocolate pieces enclosing Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, Peanuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Double Walnuts, Pecan Caramels, Triple Almonds, Nougat, Nut Bricklets, Nut Brittle, Almond Dates, Double Peanuts, Nougat Caramels, and Almond Caramels. Packed in boxes from half pound to five pounds.

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"Where's Malloy?" asked the sheriff belligerently.

"Ah, there's the rub—where is Mr. Malloy? Not in the vicinage, I venture. But somewhere he is warm and well fed and happy."

"I got an appointment with him," said the sheriff.

"To be sure," Don nodded. "To close the deal for this paper, wasn't it? Well, I'm acting for Mr. Malloy."

"You're what?"

"He begged it of me as a favor," said Don. "You've no idea the confidence he places in me. . . . Of course, you both know President Winters."

"Surely," said Ellsworth suavely. "But, Oakes, we are taken a bit by surprise. The sheriff holds a legal option on this newspaper."

"Given by Mr. Malloy?"

"Who else?"

"Unfortunate," said Don. "You picked the wrong person. What you have is as good an option as Mr. Malloy could give, no doubt, but in that capacity he has been deficient for some time."

"I fail to understand you."

"Can one," Don asked, "give an option upon what is not his property?"

"Certainly not. But Malloy ——"

"—— lacked exactly that prime requisite. You see, Mr. Malloy had a habit, and nobody ever put a thing in his coffee to cure it. He had the stock-selling habit to excess."

"What do you mean?"

"This concern, as you will have informed yourself, is a corporation, capital stock ten thousand dollars. Of this he sold a block to Druggist Jenkins, a nicely engraved certificate to Horace Barr, another to Timothy Walker, and others to selected unfortunates who came under his notice."

"What?"

"During the past ten years," said Don. "These gentlemen did not buy of their own free will and accord, but they bought, and Malloy delivered. Mr. Malloy was a news getter, but not a news printer. When a story came into his possession which reflected upon some sterling citizen or his family, Mr. Malloy did not blazon it to the four corners of the earth. No, indeed. He made him out a stock certificate and called upon the erring freeholder. 'I'll take cash for this,' he would say, 'and no disagreeable facts shall appear in the Times.'"

"Blackmail!" exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth.

"Of," said Don, "a peculiarly reprehensible nature. If one blackmail can be darker than another."

"But he kept control. He kept 51 per cent of the stock."

"He should have," admitted Don. "But somehow the idea appealed to him and he just couldn't stop. Upon investigation I discovered he had sold, not 49 per cent of his stock, but something more than 125. A droll proceeding. A social error which he recognized when, this morning, I presented the certificates, duly indorsed to myself, for transfer on the books of the company."

"You what?" roared the sheriff.

"I've wrought a miracle," said Don. "I now own 25 per cent more of the Bethlehem Times than there ever was. A unique condition. If there is an apple, a man may own all of it, but he can't own all of it and a quarter unless he possesses unusual talents."

Sheriff Fox scowled at Ellsworth; Ellsworth sat with elevated brows and studied Don Oakes. "For your size," he said, "and age, you certainly pack a punch."

Don nodded graciously. "It was an advantageous bargain for me," he said. "Indeed, I am acquiring a going concern at a rate which it would be exaggeration to call nominal. I'm more than grateful to the sheriff for causing me to investigate this matter. As nearly as I can judge, I own this establishment, lock, stock and barrel, and it didn't cost me a red, auburn, cerise or otherwise cent. Mr. Malloy had an account in the bank."

"Eh?"

"In the name," said Don, "of the corporation. It was an oversight. The account amounted to some seven thousand dollars. The late stockholders, who never expected to realize anything on their investment, have agreed to accept this amount in full for their stock, which makes everything fair for everybody. I get a paper, the boys get some money, Mr. Malloy gets escorted out of the county—and you, Sheriff Fox, have the satisfaction which comes from knowing you have made a fellow man happy. In case of doubt, I am the fellow man, and I am as happy as a king."

The sheriff leaped to his feet and made for the door. Ellsworth exhibited less feeling and more graciousness. "I wish your price weren't so high, Oakes," he said. "We could use you in our business."

"If," said Don—and his eyes rested for a moment upon those of the young prosecutor—"if I were in your place, Mr. Ellsworth, I'd hunt me another business. The one you're in is hazardous."

"I," said Ellsworth, "am beginning to think it may be."

As he passed through the door Don called to him. "Tell the sheriff this was all for the best," he said. "He wouldn't have liked this paper if he'd got it. There are things about him which remind me of almost anything but a newspaperman."

"Perhaps you're right," conceded Ellsworth.

"Ellsworth"—Don's voice was earnest for the first time—"have you a neat but efficient cyclone cellar?"

"Never felt the need of one," the prosecutor said over his shoulder.

"Read the barometer, sir, read the barometer. All signs point to a blow."

"Thanks," Ellsworth said; "but I guess business will go on as usual." With which he disappeared to search for his irate companion, whose society gave him a minimum of pleasure on the return drive to Sugar Hollow.

"Ellsworth," said the sheriff, breaking the silence some miles out, "I'm a-goin' to git that young spriggins if it's the last do in the catalogue."

"Sheriff," said Ellsworth, "get you a pair of thick gloves before you lift a red-hot stove."

OUT, IN AND ON

(Continued from Page 21)

might when Rosalie was looking, things were fairly bleak for the McCoys. He was a reliable and honest engineer and he had lost three jobs within two years through business failures with which he had nothing to do.

"Hard luck," he reflected. "I can pull through, but it's going to be tough for Rosalie."

Arriving at his beloved golf course, he found nothing in sight to cheer him, for his familiars were not to be seen and the locker room was deserted. In vain he prowled about, hunting for regulars.

"Where's everybody?" he demanded of Bert, the locker-room attendant, and Bert replied that he guessed they wasn't coming out today.

Gloomily, silently, Dave proceeded to his private locker, where he found several brand-new balls to gladden him, and Tommy Jones, the bright-eyed caddie master, hailed him with a Merry Christmas.

"Nobody hardly out today," Tommy volunteered. "Must be all buying presents, so it's a punk day for golf. Maybe you could go round with Mr. Bellman."

"Who's he?" Dave asked suspiciously.

"A stranger here, but he's been playing a week or two. He has a visitor's card."

"No," said Dave firmly; "no strangers. I'll go round alone first."

His dejection mounted as the hour hand crept past one o'clock and none of his cronies appeared. He was in for a solitary and abysmal afternoon, for of all the sodden things in the world, the saddest of these is a male golfer cruising about the course by himself, scorned by his caddie and conceding himself twelve-foot putts.

"I'd better play with somebody," David said to himself, weakening. "No fun going it alone."

He sauntered out to the caddie house and Tommy Jones grinned at him. On the long bench at the first tee sat a mature, solid-looking man, taping his thumb with interest and paying attention to no one.

"There's Mr. Bellman," Tommy said, furthering the cause of sport.

"All right," said Dave sulkily.

He had experience of playing with elderly gentlemen and strangers, and he feared them as a pestilence. They invariably evinced peculiarities of a disturbing sort and generally played the pastime without grace or skill. They fussed with their caddies, they talked, they asked fool questions, ruined a man's game and soured his disposition.

"All right," Dave repeated, more sadly than ever.

"Mr. Bellman," said Tommy in his politest caddie-master manner, "meet Mr. McCoy."

Mr. Bellman waggled his newly taped thumb in the sun, rose up jovially and shook hands. He had gray eyebrows, but the eyes under them were keen and blue.

"Glad to know you, Mr. McCoy. Didn't think I'd find anyone to play with today. Course is sort of deserted."

"The boys are all buying Christmas things," replied Dave. "Glad to know you."

"I hail from New York," declared the stranger, naming a famous club in Westchester County. "Just visiting here, but I like it. You have a splendid course, Mr. McCoy."

"Best greens in the state," said Dave, wondering if the visitor could play the game at all, or was he just another of these Eastern dubs that drift to California now and then.

"Yes," continued Mr. Bellman, who seemed mildly inclined to discourse. "I've been out here a month and I have played all your courses—every one of them—and I like this one best. I'm a fanatic about the game, and I'll be sorry to leave this garden spot."

"Going away soon?" Dave asked.

"I am leaving today. We are driving East, and this is my final whack at the game in your glorious Southland."

He waved toward the driveway, where lay at anchor a large closed car, baggage showing on the rear seat and the usual liveried chauffeur slumped behind the wheel, reading whatever it is chauffeurs read. It was a nice-looking outfit, Dave reflected, with the faint scorn of the young man who rolls his own for the one who has to be rolled.

"Well," said Dave, as they strolled slowly toward the first tee, "I suppose we might as well be pushing off."

"Immediately," agreed the visitor. "If I can get started East by five o'clock, I can make Barstow by midnight. Want to stop in Barstow if possible."

On the short journey to the tee, David speculated about the stranger's game and made inquiry.

"Oh, I'm a sort of duffer at it," admitted Bellman with a laugh. "I shoot somewhere around 90. My handicap is fourteen."

"So's mine," said Dave.

The conversation paused an instant, for they were now at the point of an important detail.

"This old sparrow," murmured David, "will probably want to play for fun."

As everybody over the age of four knows, there is no real entertainment in a golf, bridge, poker or coffee-drinking contest unless the participants are battling for a stake, however small. The cash hazard adds zest to the enterprise—any contest from rolling peanuts with a toothpick up to polishing off a world's championship. And though Dave McCoy always had a small wager, no one could truthfully call him a golf gambler, for he despised gambling.

He fought it out with his own gang year after year at his Dark Canyon Country Club—a crowd made up of doctors, dentists, professors, lumber merchants, wholesale grocers and lawyers—and some of these were heavy betters. Dave unfailingly offered them the same wager. It never changed. It never grew larger and it never dwindled. It was always a two, two and two bet, which is described on the east coast of America as a Nassau wager, and known west of the Mississippi as risking your money out, in and on.

Translated, this means that young Mr. McCoy invariably wagered two dollars he would win the first nine holes from his opponent, two dollars he would capture the second nine holes and two more dollars that he would triumph over the total of eighteen. This familiar three-way bet is known wherever the golf flags flutter above the verdant greens and gentlemen gather to whang away at the little rubber ball with its coat of white.

The two-dollar limitation was Dave's own affair, dictated by modest circumstances and a sensible desire to avoid gambling. Some of his fellow members played for ten, ten and ten, or twenty, twenty and twenty, but not David. His wife knew that he would never risk more than six dollars in a golf match and so did every playing member of the Dark Canyon Country Club, and they admired him for his restraint.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Bellman, pinching a bit of sand from the box, "that we ought to have a little bet, seeing we're both fourteen men."

"Sure!" agreed Dave, happy to find the stranger possessed of a dash of sporting blood.

"What would you like, Mr. McCoy?" Bellman inquired; and then, without giving Dave time to reply: "How about two, two and two?"

Dave chuckled. "That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"Why, that's my regular bet," laughed Dave. "Never bet anything else. Strange you should happen to hit it."

Mr. Bellman smiled affably, put the sand upon the ground, forming it into a tee, placed the ball upon the bit of sand, stood up, waggled his driver carefully above the ball an instant, gazed down the long wide fairway with the calculating eye of the golfer and socked the ball a lusty smack. It sailed high and clean, splitting the fairway, and landed probably two hundred yards away.

"Mighty good," exclaimed Dave admiringly. "You hit that one, Mr. Bellman."

He stepped to the tee himself, placed his own ball upon a wooden gadget and duplicated the shot. The two balls lay upon the fairway not fifty feet apart, and the struggle began, with David McCoy now assured in his mind that he was in for a brisk, entertaining afternoon with a gladiator who knew how to play the ancient and honorable game.

It developed immediately into a neck-and-neck affair. Dave's caddie was a Mexican lad named Salome and Mr. Bellman's needs were attended to by a boy called Ukie, and before the match had gone three holes, Ukie and Salome were betting each other nickels and dimes on the outcome. When the caddies wager, it is always a contest.

(Continued on Page 103)

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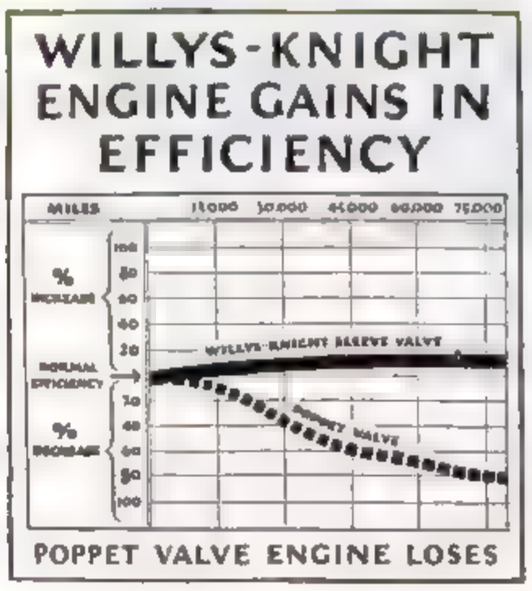

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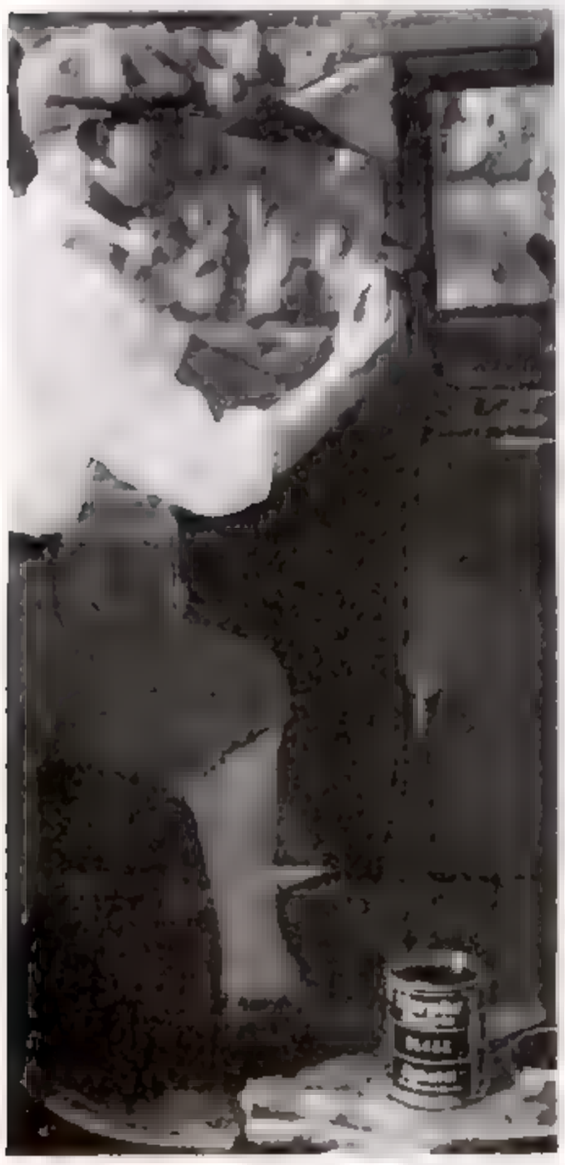

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NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

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Stroke by stroke, they advanced, and neither could gain advantage. At the end of the seventh hole they were precisely even. They halved the eighth hole in fours They both landed drives on the ninth green, a three-par affair, Mr. Bellman's ball at the right edge and Dave on the other side. The younger man rolled up toward the pin and stopped six feet from the magic cup. The visitor tapped his ball and it paused perhaps seven feet from the hole, and consequently Bellman putted first on the final try. His ball tickled the metal edge of the cup, but it did not go in.

He was down in four strokes, one over par, and Dave stepped up to his ball, with a single putt to win the first half and two putts to tie the affable stranger.

It was an old and familiar situation for young David, and he was a fair, confident putter; no miracle man on the green, but a dependable player, with an eye for distance and direction. He poised himself above the ball in this moment of crisis, studied the line carefully but briefly, and gave his ball a firm, deliberate tap. It rolled for the cup. It moved as straight and true as if in a groove. It plunked into the metal can with a satisfying plop, and David straightened up with a pleased grin.

"That wins the first half, Mr. Bellman," he said cheerily.

"A mighty fine putt," cried his opponent. "An exceedingly clever putt. It never hesitated. It went for that hole as if it had eyes. I congratulate you."

"Certainly is a tight battle up to here," murmured Dave, wiping off his ball and eager to tackle the second nine. "We seem to be evenly matched."

"Couldn't be any evener," Bellman admitted, and the twain moved to the tenth tee, while Salome and Ukie adjusted their important financial affairs in the background and made fresh nickel wagers of a truly desperate character.

The second half of the match was another thrilling contest, a duplicate of the first half. The golfers struggled from tee to green, separated by a stroke, now one hole up, now even, one hole down and so on to the very end, and on the eighteenth tee they were again tied.

David sent a straight hit down the fairway and Bellman followed with another. Dave laid his second upon the rolling bosom of the green and Bellman did likewise with a stout brassy shot. Dave tapped a putt up to the hole and stopped short. Bellman putted and was ten feet over.

"Well, that is odd," Dave remarked. "Just like we were on the ninth."

"Exactly, and again it is my first putt," said Bellman. "I am going to sink this one for a four and win the half."

"Shoot!" said Dave. "Tightest durned match I was ever in."

The Easterner's ball rolled for the cup. It trembled upon the brink and seemed about to fall in, but a cruel blade of grass held it. The stranger was down in five strokes

"Too bad," said Dave, which is the standard comment of an opponent when one has made a failure. "Nice try."

"I have no luck at all," said the disappointed Bellman. "Now it's up to you."

David again poised himself solidly above his ball, weight upon his left leg, muscles relaxed, putter swinging gently to and fro above the ball. Again he studied the putt briefly, calmly, and again the firm blade smote the little ball a gentle whack and it ran along the smooth grass like a coyote seeking its lair. It wiggled into the cup, bouncing softly as it hit bottom.

"Wins the golf game," exclaimed Dave happily, and Mr. Bellman shook hands with him then and there.

"I don't mind losing a match like this," he said. "Great game."

The gladiators strolled past the caddie house and toward the locker room, and at the steps of the veranda Mr. Bellman paused and said: "That was beyond doubt the most interesting match I have ever played. There was a genuine contest. Do you realize that we were never more than a single hole apart the whole game, and most of the time a single stroke?"

"True," agreed Dave, mightily pleased with himself. "Durned good match, I call it."

"I shall give you a check," said Bellman casually, and for the first time young Mr. McCoy felt a slight chill and looked sharply at his antagonist.

A check! Why the so-and-so, said Dave to himself, would a gentleman be giving another gentleman a check for six dollars? Was the stranger a four-flusher, that he would be roaring about the country in a limousine and not have the lowly sum of six dollars upon his person? Anyhow, David reflected, golfers do not usually give golfers checks. It is done, occasionally, even in nice clubs, but it is a custom frowned upon.

"That's all right," he murmured, concealing his thoughts, and glad to be six dollars ahead on the day, even if it came in check form.

"Another thing," added Mr. Bellman, looking carefully at David, "I would like to know, if you will pardon my curiosity, just what business you happen to be engaged in, Mr. McCoy."

"Me?" replied Dave, smiling. "Well, sir, at the present time I am enjoying a vacation."

"You are not by any chance connected with the oil McCoys?"

"No," said Dave.

"I thought you might be."

"No"

"And you are not associated with any business concern?"

"Not at this time."

"Might I inquire if you are familiar with money matters?"

"I have done nothing but handle money for the last three years," replied Dave, which was the cold truth.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have been studying you today, Mr. McCoy. It is a hobby with me. I like to observe people when they are not expecting it. You are a young man with plenty of vitality, firm nerves and a very steady command of yourself in emergencies. The golf showed that. As our little contest moved along I came to the conclusion that I would like to have a man of your type associated with me."

Dave looked politely interested. Was it that the gentleman wished him to take a ride back East in the green limousine, which was even now betraying signs of life on the driveway?

"My business in California," continued the friendly golfer, "was to add a West Coast office to our organization, and this I have done. We now have offices in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and Los Angeles."

"What is your business?" Dave asked.

"Stocks and bonds," replied Mr. Bellman. "The firm name, as you may or may not know, is Bellman & Knapp."

If he expected this information to overwhelm David, it failed, for young Mr. McCoy merely looked cheerful and answered half a dozen questions.

"Do you think you would like to ——"

"I certainly would," said Dave, coming suddenly to life and realizing that here stood a man offering him a job on the very day before Christmas, when the finding of a new job was an impossibility. "I surely would, Mr. Bellman."

"Very well," said the bond man, "we will consider it a deal. Call in on Monday and have a talk with Mr. Briggs, who is our new West Coast manager. Here is the address on Spring Street, and as to the financial arrangements, I think there will be no trouble there. I shall send Briggs a telegram paving the way for you."

"Thank you very much," said Dave, taking the card. "This is, indeed, a lucky day for me."

"For me too," said Bellman. "I like your looks, and I made my decision, strange as it may seem, while I watched you putt on the ninth and eighteenth greens. Any man who can remain steady and sure of himself, and not fuss or falter when the winning of the stake depends upon the calmness of his putt, is the sort I like to have in my office. See Mr. Briggs Monday."

"Without fail," replied Dave, and as Bellman moved into the locker room, the young man concluded that the pleasant conversation was at an end. He followed, tingling with elation. His thoughts flew to his home and the sad breakfast scene. Now what a grand bit of news for Rosalie when he got home for dinner -and Rosalie so sniffy sometimes about his playing golf and wasting time. Look what it did for a man! Got him a job, so it did.

Pushing aside his desire to give three huzzahs of victory, David dispanted and disshirted himself and repaired to the showers, singing a jolly roundelay beneath the falling waters. And in the meantime the affable Easterner packed his bag hurriedly and borrowed a fountain pen from Bert, the locker man.

"Pay to David McCoy," he wrote, while Bert looked on admiringly, "the sum of six hundred dollars."

Bert manifested signs of profound amazement.

"I'll have to hurry along," said Bellman. "Please give this to Mr. McCoy."

"He win all that money from you?" Bert asked genially.

"Yes."

"That's funny," said Bert.

"Why is it funny?"

"Because he never bets six hundred dollars, or sixty dollars. Six dollars is his limit and always was—two, two and two."

"That's interesting," said Mr. Bellman. "He always bets six dollars?"

"Yes, sir," said Bert. "He's gettin' to be a plunger."

The Eastern-bound gentleman said no more, but picked up his bag and walked out to his large automobile. He seemed fairly contented for a golfer who has just lost a match.

"Now we'll see," he murmured.

Fifteen minutes later David came forth from his noisy ablutions and glanced casually about the lockers. Mr. Bellman was gone, vanished from the surface of the earth. The hero of a thrilling golf battle hurried through the locker room, hastened out upon the veranda and gazed at a thoroughly deserted driveway. No green limousine greeted his roving and anxious eye. Tommy, the caddie commander, appeared.

"Where—where is Mr. Bellman?" Dave inquired.

"Guess he must be gone," answered Thomas.

"I should say he is gone!" snorted Dave. "Did he leave you six bucks to give me?"

"No, sir," said Tommy respectfully.

"Did he say anything?"

"Not a word."

"Well, the so-and-so doubled and redoubled this-and-that!" remarked David, whilst Tommy's surprise mounted. "Him and his job! See my Mr. Briggs Monday, says he, and he goes dashing off without paying me my six bucks which I won from him fair and square. Seems very strange, doesn't it, Tommy, that a visiting person would go away without paying his golf debts?"

"Didn't he pay you?"

"No, he didn't pay me. Certainly he didn't pay me."

David cast a murderous glance about at the universe. Six dollars is not a great deal of money, but when it is one hundred per cent of what a gentleman has, it becomes important.

"I might have known," Dave continued in stomach tones, "when he began blatting about giving me a check. I might have guessed. And if he did give me a check, it would probably bounce back and hit me in the eye."

Overcome with honest rage and hatred of all things human and especially stout men who run out on a toiling golfer, Dave returned to his private cubicle and finished dressing. He muttered quiet maledictions

(Continued on Page 104)

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Continued from Page 102

upon the tribe of Bellmans, beginning with the first Bellman back in the Paleozoic age, coming down to the present generation of contemptible Bellmans and going far into the future.

He needed the six dollars. Rosalie needed t. And what if he had lost—ah, that was a jolly thought, for he would have handed the other man his last six dollars .n the world like a true gentleman and an honest golfer.

He wished fervently that he had taken no shower. He should have remained in plain sight, he told himself bitterly, planted himself directly in the path of the traveling visitor and said in a loud, firm voice: "It's all right about jobs, Mr. Bellman, and I certainly will go and see your Mr. Briggs, but before you leave California, Mr. Bellman, I will thank you to hand over that six bucks."

Now that his golfing day was spoiled, the troubles of his home swept down upon him again. He thought of Rosalie and her anxious face, and of the real-estate man and the furniture man and the automobile man.

Bert, the locker-room genius, came striding along the alley between the sea-green lockers, humming something indistinct and formless.

Bert was a tall, gangling, pale-faced man who had no other name that anyone knew. He was a dyspeptic type and seldom smiled, but he watched carefully over his golfers.

"Here y'are, Mr. McCoy," he said in his sad way. Dave regarded him as he approached. "I guess Mr. Bellman musta thought you'd left."

"Huh!" said Dave.

"He said he was in a hurry to be getting started East," Bert continued, looking at the ceiling, "so he left this check with me and said for me to give it to you."

"Huh!" Dave repeated.

Bert handed him the check, a pinkish-looking slip, and instantly David saw that he was a guilty, suspicious wretch who thought bad things about strangers. After all, Mr. Bellman was an honest golfer, a gentleman and a quick payer of small debts.

"Thanks, Bert."

Bert strolled moodily away through the deserted room and David unfolded the pinkish thing.

"Strike me stone-dead!" said Dave, in a low voice, as the written figures rose and smote him in the eye. "Strike me stone-dead and bury me in several places!"

He stood perfectly still beside his locker, looking at the check in his hand as though he expected it to move or begin singing Annie Laurie.

"I can't keep this money," he muttered. "Still and all ——"

"Certainly you can't keep it," replied the voice of his better self. "Wouldn't be honest. You were playing for six dollars and well you know it."

"Yes," argued David, thinking of Rosalie and the furniture and the house, "but he thought we were playing for six hundred. It's all right with him."

"Sure, but how is it with you?" asked the insistent voice. "What if you had lost?"

"Another thing," Dave argued weakly, "he's gone away."

"You can get him on the telephone at Barstow."

"And if I do, and tell him I was playing for only six measly dollars, then bang goes my new job with Mr. Briggs. The only reason he gave me this job was because I was steady on a two-hundred-dollar putt, and so ——"

"Call him up tonight," commanded the voice. "Don't quibble, and don't kid yourself."

"You win," said Dave.

He walked out to his car, climbed in and drove home in a dream. The check lay folded in his vest pocket—six hundred mighty dollars against the onrushing desolation of Monday the twenty-sixth. He drove into his own garage before seven and a moment later entered the little white house where his devoted wife was coming down the home stretch with the Christmas dinner.

Rosalie was basting the chicken, the nice roast chicken, and apparently it does not injure a roasting chicken to baste it with tears as well as gravy. Dave silently watched his young wife weep.

"Now, what's the matter?" he asked, and Rosalie turned and wiped her eyes with her apron.

"It's such a lovely kitchen," she said dismally, "and I do hate to lose it."

"We may not lose anything," Dave said. "Gol-ding it, our luck may have turned!"

He began a wild Navajo war dance about the kitchen, which was too small for it. He caught his young wife in his arms and forced her into the gambado, to her intense indignation. He whooped a few times, reached into his vest and drew forth the magic document.

"This is what golf does for a man!" he cried. "Don't you ever let me hear you complain about my golf all the rest of your life! I won today! I certainly did win some money this bright afternoon!"

"Lovely!" said Rosalie, thinking he meant the usual six dollars and wondering thereat.

"Look at it!" Dave commanded. "Let your eyes feast upon yon slip of paper!"

Rosalie wiped flour from her fingers, took the check gingerly and studied it. She transferred her startled gaze to Dave's countenance. "David McCoy," she said sternly, "do you mean to say you risked six hundred ——"

"One moment!" shouted Dave. "This is a long story and I am starving. While we eat the Christmas dinner, I will tell you many facts. First, I have a job, beginning Monday."

"No!"

"Yes," said he. "I hope to fall over!" Rosalie looked about helplessly and started to weep. "That's right," said her spouse. "Go ahead and have a good time."

"I am so happy!" she said, sniffing. "You shouldn't have gambled."

"I didn't," said he, drawing up a chair. "This is the way it happened."

With Rosalie's eyes growing rounder and rounder and her appetite totally forgotten, young Mr. McCoy narrated the stirring events of the afternoon. As he approached the end, the joy faded from his partner's blue eyes.

"Well, David," she said, "you don't think you can keep that money?"

"I can keep it if I want to," said he, "but I'm not going to."

Rosalie contemplated Black Monday and the events thereof. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to give Mr. Bellman time to reach Barstow and call him up. Anyhow, we had money for a while."

It was midnight before Bellman reached Barstow, and five minutes afterward he was talking over the telephone with his recent golfing partner.

"This you?" Dave asked.

"Yes," said Bellman. "What is it?"

"There was a mistake today," David said. "I won only six dollars from you, so I've got to send you back five hundred and ninety-four. You see ——"

He explained at length. Mr. Bellman smiled far out upon the desert. "That could happen to anyone," he replied. "Just a little mistake."

"Where'll I send the money?" Dave asked, with Rosalie standing in sorrow by his side.

"Don't send it anywhere," replied the other. "You just hold onto that until I get back to California and we'll fix it up with Mr. Briggs. Regard it as advance salary."

"What?" said Dave.

"See Briggs Monday," said the distant voice, trailing off into a hum.

"All right," said David, and he hung up.

"Did—did you lose the job?" Rosalie asked timidly.

"No," said Dave, "and I didn't lose the money either. That man Bellman is all

(Continued on Page 107)

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How does the Californian get so much fun out of Life? How can he spend so much time away from work—yet make his work bring him so many more dollars?

CALIFORNIANS *do* get more fun out of life. About two-thirds of us, who lived in other states before we moved out here, will tell you so from our own knowledge. And you can come to San Francisco this summer, enjoy a wonderful California vacation, and see for yourself! By rail, it's almost a business day closer to Chicago with the new shortened train schedules; by auto, the new Victory Highway in conjunction with the Lincoln Highway leads directly through the beautiful mountain passes into San Francisco

Californians, with one car for every three people, own proportionately more automobiles than the people of any other state, and we use them more—for camping, fishing, week-ending trips to the mountains or up and down the seashore. There are no rainy days in summer to tie us down; in winter months our hills are green, our sunshine glorious; there is less rain than in the East in mid-summer.

It's fun even to be able to avoid the bitter winters that we used to know. San Francisco's climate lets us play golf on green fairways from one year's end to the next—and we do. There are 20 golf courses (two municipal) in and near San Francisco now, and we're building more.

All year long the days in San Francisco are full of snap and sparkle—only a little warmer (average 59°) in summer and only a little cooler (average 51°) in winter. San Francisco's factories and big industrial plants that serve the markets of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, Australasia and the Orient can prove that this favorable climate adds a substantial percentage to production. And it has helped to make this state the third largest in agricultural production.

Here is a letter, typical of what you will hear from thousands of other Californians when you come—exactly what you will say, yourself, after you have lived here:

"*San Francisco, Calif., March 3, 1927.*

"Most men who like to fish and shoot, and play golf, and camp in the mountains, are situated as I am—their years are divided into fifty weeks' work and two weeks' play.

"But I live in California now. Other men, thousands of them, come clear across the continent every summer to do what I can do every week-end.

WHAT
THE *Californian* OWNS

Climate: Year-round producing climate. *The Californian* can work, grow crops or play every month in the year

Growth: From [illegible],000 to [illegible] population in six years—three times faster than the United States average.

Wealth: Twice the national average of wealth, twice the average number of savings bank depositors and twice the average deposit. Only three states report more income tax returns; none has so many automobiles per capita.

Health: 6 of the 10 most healthful cities in the United States are in California. U. S. investigations prove children bigger and taller than the average

Education: *The Californian's* schools [illegible] best rank only with Massachusetts in efficiency. Only two states exceed California's expenditures

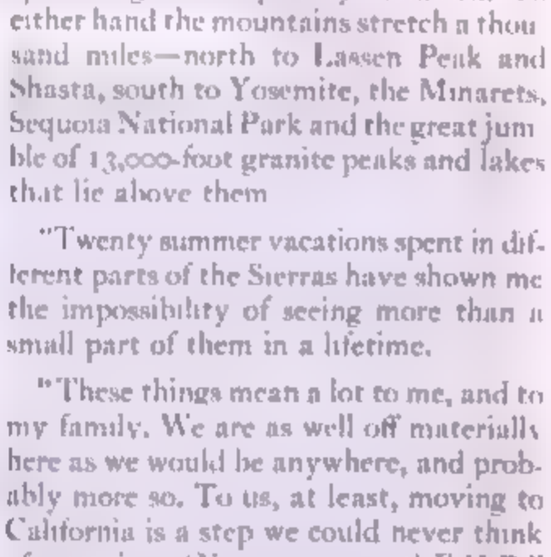
Recreation: 4 National Parks, 1,100 miles of ocean shore, 1,000-mile long Sierra playground, 30,000 square miles of National Forests, 42,000 miles of improved roads. Year-round motoring, golf, fishing, week-ending out of doors.

Crops: More than $[illegible] yearly. Six million acres under irrigation with great mountain reservoirs supplying abundant water

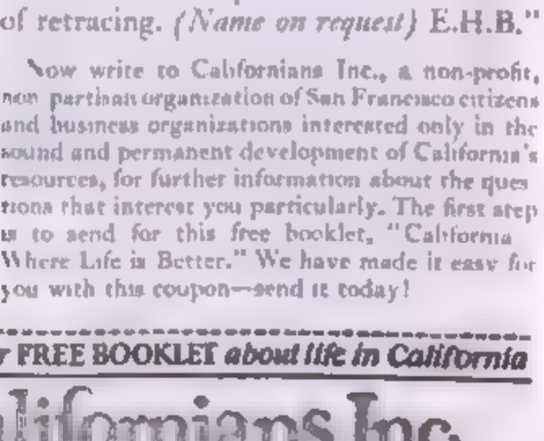
Industry: One of the youngest states, California is eighth in value of manufactured products

Markets: From San Francisco's harbor, largest on the Pacific Coast, *the Californian* markets his manufactures and crops throughout the Western and Eastern States, and exports enormously

For every Californian—here or on the way—these advantages spell *Opportunity*



Mirror Lake, Yosemite



Pacific Ocean at Carmel

In a morning's drive from San Francisco I can be in the Sierras, with trout and bacon sputtering in the pan by sundown. On either hand the mountains stretch a thousand miles—north to Lassen Peak and Shasta, south to Yosemite, the Minarets, Sequoia National Park and the great jumble of 13,000-foot granite peaks and lakes that lie above them

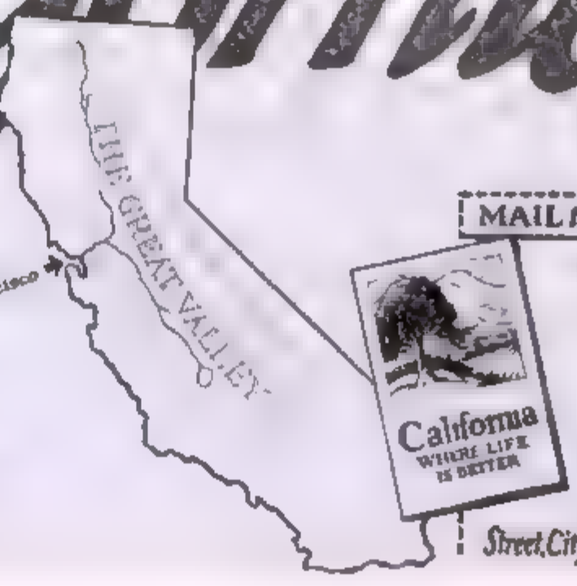
"Twenty summer vacations spent in different parts of the Sierras have shown me the impossibility of seeing more than a small part of them in a lifetime.

"These things mean a lot to me, and to my family. We are as well off materially here as we would be anywhere, and probably more so. To us, at least, moving to California is a step we could never think of retracing. *(Name on request)* E.H.B."

Now write to Californians Inc., a non-profit, non partisan organization of San Francisco citizens and business organizations interested only in the sound and permanent development of California's resources, for further information about the questions that interest you particularly. The first step is to send for this free booklet, "California Where Life is Better." We have made it easy for you with this coupon—send it today!

California

A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco!



MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

6-27

Californians Inc.
Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 235

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.
Said she, "There isn't a crumb—
But it's not so bad, for which I am glad—
I still have my Double Mint gum!"
—MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

Real Peppermint Flavor

When you feel like having a Peppermint treat—lasting, full of flavor—satisfying;

Get a package of Wrigley's Double Mint—

See how GOOD good peppermint can be!

See how good it is for You.

H 41

···The Flavor Lasts···

(Continued from Page 104)

right, and when they come around Monday for their pound of flesh, they're going to find a whole meat market waiting."

"Do—do you suppose the check is good?" Rosalie asked, as women will.

"No," said her husband. "No doubt this is a convict check, because, as you well know, big business men are forever going around giving people bum checks. So we will be thrown into the street Monday, as you always said."

Rosalie smiled happily. "I'd better keep it," she said. "Something might happen to it."

Bright and early Monday morning, Mr. McCoy clambered into his shiny chariot with the serious manner of a business man starting a new week. He pulled out of his garage and turned toward the city, to call formally upon a man named Briggs. Rosalie watched him drive away, marveling that any girl should be lucky enough to have such a strong, reliable fellow for a husband. She waved a parting salute and Mrs. Mulqueen emerged upon her front porch next door.

"My, my!" said Mrs. Mulqueen. "Your husband is starting early to play his golf, isn't he now?"

"No," returned Rosalie, tilting her chin slightly. "He is on his way to business, Mrs. Mulqueen, to take charge of the firm of Bellman & Knapp, which no doubt you know is the very largest financial house in the world."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32

the exquisite loveliness of those well-turned, chiffon-clad ankles!

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I ask you to return a verdict of not guilty."

—*Marie George.*

The Silent Woman

WHAT—more dictation, this late? Have a heart! I declare, I get sick of the sound of my name. Well, here I am, now hurry up! Don't you ever think a person needs to go shopping after hours? . . . Another letter to Smith & Kolinsky—a lot of good it'll do, the way they felt about the last order. . . . I hope that orchid hat in the Bettsye Shoppe isn't sold yet; if Ed does take me out tonight, I'd like—gee, how is "miscellaneous" spelled? I have to look up the darn thing every time. . . . If I've written that gag about constructive endeavor once, I've done it a hundred times. I'll bet you heard that at some convention and thought it sounded smart. . . . Here comes the sales manager—what a poisonous tie! . . . Now you'll sit and spill wise cracks, and I shan't get out till the stores are closed. . . . It sure is a sweet hat, but I wonder if orchid is really my color. . . . Listen to them pull that old one about installing a time clock; doesn't mean a thing, but I'd better warn the girls. . . . Gee, there's a run starting in my brand-new stocking, and where did I put that needle and silk? . . . He's gone, thank goodness! . . . Oh, for Pete's sake, why does a man always have to stop and light a cigar before he dictates? . . . How do you suppose I can hear you when you're talking to the ceiling and a truck going by? . . . Relieve the present depression—is "relieve" *ei* or *ie*? . . . Can you beat it—of course, the phone has to ring! If that's wifey, it means time out for all the bad news about the plumber—no, I guess it's a golf date. . . . Or maybe I'd look better in the blue one; it costs more, but I'll try it on anyhow. I wonder if my old pongee would make a good slip, or whether it would catch at the knees. . . . Oh, take your time, and light up again! Maybe I could understand you better and not make mistakes if you'd take the cigar out of your mouth. Your wife would probably have a fit if she knew how much you smoked. Keeps me busy washing the smells out of my hair—hot cakes at home in the morning, cigar smoke here! . . . Meyer & Wood, Cincinnati—that's another mean word to spell. . . . But then the blue one is a dollar more. . . . Wonder if I'll ever get a raise; I'd be scared to death to ask. . . . Yours very truly, and I hope that's all—hell, no! . . . Dear Gus—one of those long-winded spiels to the dear old pal. My oil stock—yeah, I thought you had an ax to grind. Here's that sickening Scotchman from the art department—another holdup. . . . Wonder if he really is soft on Mary Ross. I could tell him that she only put those flowers on her desk instead of in the washroom because she has a kind disposition. He ought to have heard her telling the girls how he asked her advice about shaving off his mustache. . . . Yes, Mac, I get that parting smile, but please close the door. Think you're some sheik, don't you? . . . Now come on—come on, get Gus' letter off your chest and sign off! . . . Oh, don't rub your hair any more; you've worn it thin already. . . . Yours fraternally—goody, goody, you'll have to go to your conference now, and talk about the proper weight for a golf ball, or something. I don't care what, just so I get my letters done. Where is that dictionary—"miscellaneous." . . . I think I'll get the blue one after all, even if it does cost more.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Critic Does Her Stuff

HAVING just marked a group of lessons in letter writing, Miss Jones, the school-teacher, unthinkingly criticizes an ardent note from her fiancé.

Dearest: I have been thinking of you all day.
The twittering of the birds the soft
swaying of leafy boughs
yes, even the rumble of a bustling city all seem
to be strumming sweet tunes about you. I
am mad to see you. Fondly H. W.

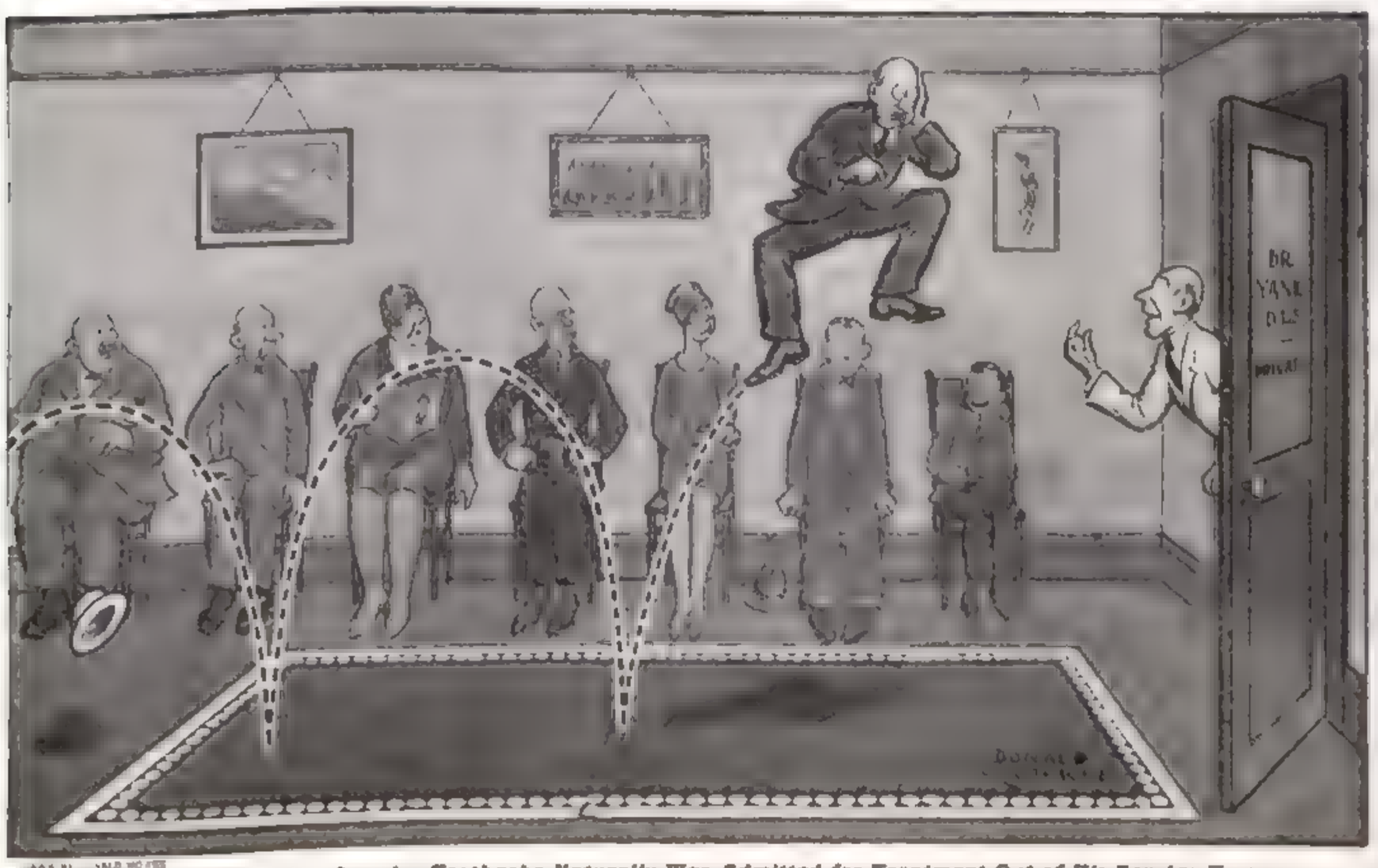
Criticisms: Ragged margin. Careless punctuation. Cheap, silly sentiment. Sign full name. Since you are one out of fifty-seven, I have no time to puzzle over initials. Remain seated, think of a sensible subject and rewrite. —*Mary Dorman Phelps.*

Psychologists Say a Kiss Shortens Life Three Minutes

(With Apologies to More Darn Poets)

COME and kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.
Whoa! Now stop it, love. That's plenty.
Life's a stuff that's not insured.
Take—oh, take those lips away!
That last kiss cut off a day;
Dying young can't be endured.
Jenny may have kissed me when
Last we met, but not again;
I will flee at cost of strife.
Don't expect me, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting.
Movie censor, save my life.

—*Fairfax Downey.*



The Patient With a Jumping Toothache Naturally Was Admitted for Treatment Out of His Regular Turn

The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle

a real sidewalk bicycle built to last

NOW you won't have to buy a sidewalk bicycle of unknown make—that may break and injure your child.

Get him an Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. This beautiful vehicle is one your boy or girl may well be proud of. Handsome as a Rolls-Royce, rugged as a tractor. Safe because built to withstand hard use. Vital parts are drop-forged for double strength.

Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, full one inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear. Colors: Red, Blue or Gold, with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B."*

Safe and sturdy

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDE

Smaller boys and girls have the time of their young lives on this standard quality Velocipede. Good-looking as the Juniorcycle, and just as safe because made in the same painstaking way. Same type tires. Colors: Red, Blue or Gold, with "Duco" white head. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B."*

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLE

The daddy of the Iver Johnson cycle line. Made with high-carbon seamless steel tubing and genuine drop-forgings for rugged strength. Absolutely safe to ride. Famous everywhere for its speed, comfort, and good looks. Models for everyone. Colors: Iver Johnson Blue, Maroon, Green or Black. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B."*

Dealers: Throughout America the demand for Iver Johnson Juniorcycles and Velocipedes is increasing. Some new territories are still without adequate dealer representation. Write at once to Fitchburg concerning this golden selling opportunity.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

The GUARDIAN!

"The Yellow Can with the Black Band"

Flit is fatal to Flies and Mosquitoes

ENJOY this Summer! Rid your home of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes! Away with roaches, bedbugs, moths, ants! Happiness, comfort, health, cleanliness. Refreshing days, restful nights—these are the things that make a *Home* at this time of the year.

Millions of people everywhere now spray Flit, the wonderful new liquid. It takes but a few moments to clear your home of flies, mosquitoes, roaches, bedbugs and ants. Flit searches out the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying insects and their eggs. It also kills moths and their larvae—the tiny worms that eat the holes in your best garments. It will not stain. Flit is fatal to insects, but *harmless* to mankind. It is the result of exhaustive laboratory research. Flit replaces the old, time-wasting methods—swatters, poisons and the like.

Join the Health Squad. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world.

© 1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

THE TEXAS TWINS

(Continued from Page 9

a-holding each other up, they put in the best part of half an hour helping each other onto their horses. As soon as Tony was fairly in the saddle, he'd climb off again to help Joe mount; and when Joe seen Tony was in difficulties again he'd slide off and go to his pardner's assistance. It was on again, off again, Finnigan, with them two until finally we'd got enough fun out of watchin' 'em and helped 'em to climb simultaneous. But most generally they was moderate and temperate to excess.

One of the boys—Bud Lewis—argued that the Texas Twins was bound to split up sometime. "It ain't human," says Bud. "Sometime Joe'll spill gravy on Tony's best pants or Tony'll use Joe's razor to cut up an old boot leg to braid a quirt and hell will be a-popping. It may not be much that starts 'em, but it'll be aplenty. This here fondness is beyond sense or reason."

I told him he was talking through his hat and that they had saved each other's lives and stuck together through fair and stormy weather, as the feller says, for five years, and that if Joe spilled gravy on anything Tony valued, Tony would be the first to apologize. If Tony wanted to use Joe's razor on a boot leg, Joe would shave himself with a jackknife and let on that he preferred it.

"You just think so," says Bud. "And what's five years? I've known married couples that's hung together like turtle doves for longer'n that and fought like Kilkenny cats ever after, or until one or the other skipped out. Maybe it'll be a girl that does the business for 'em."

"And maybe it'll be the Shah of Persia or the King of the Cannibal Islands," I says. But the day was to come when I'd have to own up that Bud was right.

It come about thisaway: Adoniram J. Eccles, who was the biggest stockholder in the company and the high muck-a-muck, didn't like the last annual report any too well, and come down from Omaha with his wife and daughter to see just how and where the foreman of the W G was a-stealing the outfit blind. He'd figured out just how many calves per cow there ought to have been, and the percentage that ought to have been male animals, and what shipments ought to have been made, and exactly what the cost per carload ought to have been to get 'em to market, and the price they ought to have brought on the hoof, making reasonable allowances for wages and supplies and repairs and losses, and them estimates of his didn't jibe with Rod Harper's report anywheres near.

Well, there wasn't no arrests made. Adoniram got a considerable underfoot and his women nearly as much so, although they was right nice ladies, and the young lady partic'ler so. No, she didn't have nothing to do with the split-up between Tony and Joe. She came and she went along of Adoniram and that was the last of her. It wasn't the last of her pa though. Adoniram didn't say nothing, outside of asking a heap of fool questions, which was answered according to their folly, as the Good Book gives instructions; but soon after the last fall shipment was made there comes a letter to Rod from His Nibs, giving instructions. They was real interesting. Seemed like the wages of all and sundry was too high, from the foreman's down to the cook's, and the living was too high, and several things was thus that had ought to have been and was to be so, and they was to be so, including the plain, nourishing, wholesome and inexpensive meenew recommended, from the receipt of this letter.

Rod didn't write back. He got on a horse and rode to Opal, where there was a wire, and he made that wire sizzle all the way to Omaha, explaining that if them instructions held, there wouldn't be nobody to apply 'em to, account of all hands and the cook hereby tendering of their resignations, and they could send down one of their expert cowmen from the office to take charge, and did the company wish him to remain until then or should he lock up the ranch and leave the key under the door mat?

The answer was: "Wait. Leaving tomorrow night." And four days later Warren Sim made his debut in these ranges, with credentials for him to take charge and check up. Warren laughed himself sick when Rod showed him Adoniram's letter of instructions. He hadn't got none himself. Adoniram had run onto him at the stockyards and offered him nearly twicet what he had been paying Rod to do the best he could. "And there won't be no cut on wages or grub, and any or all of the boys can stay on if they want to," says Warren.

That was fair enough, but there was a few of us soreheads that quit with Rod. I was one of 'em and Joe and Tony and Bud Lewis was the others.

We all went into town, but Rod didn't linger long. He took some mixed twos and threes down to Hastings to peddle to feeders and Joe and Tony went along with him. George Turner offered us all a good job for the next season and we agreed that we'd work for him. In the meantime I accepted a position as superintendent of Steve Enlow's pool parlor while Steve tended to the cigars and tobacco and mis'laneous end of the business; and Bud Lewis, he took charge of the faro layout in Frank Frush's, so we was all fixed and nobody the worse but the W G, their expenses that winter being 20 per cent higher than the winter before and the winterkill running to 55. That's what economy does when it runs wild.

Joe and Tony didn't get back to hole up for the winter as soon as they expected. The fellow who had bought the heft of Rod's steers needed help and hired 'em to stay and work for him, and they'd probably have kept with him until spring if Joe hadn't had some sort of trouble with the boss that resulted in Tony getting mad and quitting. Anyway, they come back inside of three months with that much wages ahead and got them a room with two beds in Fred Willer's hotel and fixed it up with the livery to hay-board their horses. They was looking well and feeling good, and figured on a spell of care-free loafing in the lap of luxury, with nothing to do but enjoy themselves and nothing to spend but money; and just for a beginning, how about a little tonic to redden up the blood corpussels and stimulate the hair growth and our appetites for dinner?

Being as it was a special occasion, I left Steve to tend to what business there was and we went over to Frank Frush's and got Bud Lewis to join the reunion, which lasted until way apast noon. Tony and Joe was bound and set that we was to go with them to Willer's to eat, anyway, although we was boarding regular with Ma Turgoos just then. The first thing they wanted us to see the lace shams they'd got on their pillows and see if they was lying when they said they both had feather beds and clean sheets. They was so set that we went upstairs and looked at the room first, and it was sure doggy for a couple of cowpunchers. Then we come down to the dining room and found it empty and everybody through. We set down, but nobody came, so finally Tony commenced to hammer on the table with the handle of his knife.

"I'm a patient man," he says. "Job didn't have nothing on me, less'n maybe it was a few boils; but that ain't a-going to prevent me from going in and wrecking the kitchen and slaughtering them flunkies hip and thigh, if some grub ain't brought in here pronto."

Before I could stop him, Joe got his knife handle into action.

"I'm right with you, *compadre*," says he. "Anybody that figures on starving us to death is a-going to get large chunks bit out of them and et raw. Hi-yi in there! Yee-ow!"

The kitchen door flew open and Mariana Moseley exploded into the dining room. Five foot ten and a half inches in her stocking feet, with her hair down, of good, hard, solid, shapely gal; not that she was in that dishybil then or that I ever seen her thataway, but guessing at the heels of her shoes and the thickness of the pile of hair on top of her head, she was just about that height, and her build according. She wouldn't have tipped the scale at less than a hundred and sixty.

She was naturally some high-colored, but right then her cheeks was a trifle redder than a full-blown peony and her black eyes was just a-snapping, and if Joe and Tony didn't crawl under the table it was prob'bly because they was paralyzed. They sure looked 's if such was their very dearest wishes.

"What's all this racket?" she says, stopping at the table with her arms akimbo and glaring at Tony and Joe. "If you men can't behave yourselves, you'd better get right out of here. Which of you was it a-pounding and a-hollering in that disgraceful way?"

"It was me, ma'am," says Tony, his voice a-shaking. "I didn't have no idee ——"

"You didn't have no idee of manners, I reckon," says Mariana. "You didn't have no idee but what you was in a Injun tepee."

"Excuse me, ma'am," says Joe. "It was me that was misconducting myself, and my friend, he's just taking the blame off my shoulders like he always does. I don't want you should get the wrong notion about my friend. He's been well raised and acts like a gentleman every time. Me, I ain't got no excuse, only I didn't know there was a lady in the kitchen, and I humbly ask your pardon."

Tony started to say something, but I chipped in and asked as a favor could we have a bite of dinner or was we too late.

"I reckon I can scare you up a bite, but you'll have to take what you can get if you come in this time o' day," says Mariana. She spoke tol able sharp, but she had to bite her lip to keep from smiling when she looked at Joe and Tony. She was a good girl, Mariana was, and never stayed mad long.

Then Bud Lewis spoke up. "I'll make you acquainted with my friends, Mr. Tony Beck and Mr. Joe Simpson, Miss Moseley," he says, waving his hand at 'em. "They're the both of 'em from the headwaters of Bitter Creek, where their diet was barbed wire and blue vitriol. If you handle 'em, you want to be careful to catch 'em by the back of the neck so's they can't bite, but they won't hurt you if you're kind to 'em; and as I said, they're friends of mine."

"That's a great recommend," says Mariana, and the look she gave him was a heap worse than what Tony and Joe had got. It was sure blighting, or had ought to have been, but Bud just smiled, kind of sneering, and she turned away. "I'll see what I can get," she says to me.

She sailed back to the kitchen and Tony and Joe breathed hard and looked at each other mighty solemn. "Gosh!" says Tony in a whisper, and Joe nodded and told him that he was dead right. Then, still a-whispering, Joe turned around on Bud. "Say, feller," he hisses, "if it wasn't that I don't want to make no more disturbance, I'd break you acrost my knee for that raw crack you made. I can take a joke as well as the next man, but sometimes you get too funny to please me right well, and that there was one of the times. I look for you to put that right."

"You bet," says Tony, frowning. "We look for you to put that right." Then he turned on me. "Why didn't you tell us there was a young lady in the kitchen?" he demands. "Letting me go on unsuspecting and making breaks!"

"That's what I want to know," says Joe. "What for didn't you tell us?"

(Continued on Page 111)

VELUMINA
FLAT WALL PAINT
AZURE
PENCIL MARKS, finger prints, dirt spots and blemishes are easily washed off walls painted with
Velumina
Flat Wall
Paint
— gives walls soft tones that add light and spaciousness to rooms. No pores to absorb dirt. Washing takes the place of redecorating.
"Guide to Better Homes" — a helpful complete book on home furnishing and decorating—sent free. Address Dept. A, today.
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Smother your cigarette butts and smother F I R E

Careless smokers are Fire's best allies. Wherever they go Fire follows. Last year thirty million dollars worth of property was burned up because of carelessness with matches, cigars and cigarettes.

Smother your cigarette butts, and you smother Fire. Form this habit yourself, and help others form it. Call the attention of careless smokers to the dangers they leave smouldering behind them.

Be careful—always. And, more than that, *be insured*, because no matter how careful you are, Fire does sometimes break loose.

Telephone, or go to see the Hartford agent in your neighborhood. He sells good insurance that affords complete protection from financial losses due to Fire. This Hartford man is well worth knowing, for he will guide you in matters of your insurance.

INSURE IN THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. *HARTFORD, CONN.*

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 109

We started out loud to excuse ourselves, but them two lunkheads hushed us and we hushed. They was both sober in all respects by this time, and wasn't joking, so nothing more was said until Bud whispered that it was elegant weather and it looked like the grass had ought to be good in the spring with all the snow there was. Next thing Bud said he wondered if he hadn't better pull down the window shades, but Tony and Joe didn't notice that. They was both a-looking at each other the same way they had when Mariana went out of the room.

"I'll tell a man!" says Joe.

"You're a-shoutin', boy!" says Tony—not meaning that Joe was raising his voice, which he wasn't by no means, but that he agreed with whatever it was Joe meant to tell. They understood each other, them two, and I sort of had an inkling of what them looks meant myself.

When Mariana come back with the grub they couldn't keep their eyes offn her except when she looked at 'em, and then they looked at whatever else was handiest and blushed like the rosy dawn. You could see it tickled Mariana, and I had hard work to keep my face straight. Just before Mariana left us, Bud got up out of his chair and asked her to please wait a moment. She looked at him mighty contemptuous, but she waited.

"I won't detain you for long," he says; "but a little while ago, in a jesting spirit of foolishness, I made some remarks which I want to retrack account of their not being words of truth, but with malice of forethought and intent. It was regarding of Mr. Beck and Mr. Simpson, your new boarders, and I rise to say without fear of successful contradiction that I lied when I said they was from Bitter Creek, also respecting of their diet. S' far's I know, it was Texas they come from and they didn't have to come from there if they hadn't wanted to. I want to say that they are both high-toned gentlemen that it's a privilege to know, and I thank you for your kind attention."

Mariana didn't answer him. She just gave him another of them withering looks and then she pulled her freight for the kitchen. We all got our toothpicks and moved out as far as the door, where Joe and Tony balked on us.

"Ain't you coming along to finish what you begun?" Bud asks.

Joe and Tony shook their heads. "Maybe we'll be along after while," says Joe.

"After while maybe we'll be along," says Tony. "We would now only we've got a little business to attend to."

"If we hadn't got business to tend to, we would right now," says Joe. "So long, boys."

"So long," says Tony.

"No hard feelings about that little joke of mine?" Bud asks.

"No," says Tony; "you took it all back, so it's all right."

"Sure it's all right," says Joe. "You fixed it up."

We walked down the street. "Was you on?" says Bud, nudging me in the ribs and chuckling. "Them two coots is mashed on Mariana, by golly! Yes, sir! Didn't you see it? Didn't you see how they looked at her and how they looked at each other? And now they're a-going to hang around her all the balance of the time until the bust-up. They've got it bad—the worst way. Couldn't you tell it? I seen it the very first thing."

"That's because you got a good eye each side of your nose," I told him. "Me, I'm blind one eye and can't see out of the other, so, of course, I didn't notice nothing. But there ain't a-going to be no bust-up—not betwixt Joe and Tony," I told him.

"I hear you say so," says Bud, "but how do you figure any other way? They won't neither of them get her. I know that, because I'm real well acquainted with the man that is; but I reckon they'll try, and I never yet seen the fond lover that had fond feelings for anybody else that was a-chasing his girl. Them two pinheads certainly need to work double to make the most of the thimbleful of brains they've got between them; but they'll split like I always told you they would, and all I ask is to be among them present behind a bullet-proof shelter when the shootin' begins. It's a two-to-one bet it will be a double killing so's they can rest side by side under one tombstone."

Bud spoke sort of savage, which give me an idee. "About this here acquaintance of yours that's a-going to make Mariana a happy wife," says I. "He don't happen to be a fellow by the name of Bud Lewis, does he?"

"I reckon you're right about your eyesight," says Bud. "Would I be eating at Ma Turgoos' if that cute little guess was right? But I don't know but I will try Fred's for a spell, just to watch the twins hating each other. I'd like to know what they're a-saying right now."

We'd got to Steve's by that time and I turned in and left him. I didn't know then what Joe and Tony was a-saying, but I was told afterwards and I reckon I got it straight. After Bud and me left 'em, they went upstairs to their room, and the first thing they shook hands and then sat down without saying nothing. Joe took a pack of papers out of his pocket and Tony hauled out a sack of tobacco and they rolled 'em a couple of cigarettes and lit up and smoked. Finally Tony threw the butt of his cigarette out of the window. "Joe, she's a wonder!" he says.

Joe sent his fag end after Tony's. "Tony," says he, "never knowed you to be wrong yet, but you never was so dog-gone right in your life as you are when you say that. She's a wonder!" He thumbed a paper and rolled another coffin nail and tossed the sack to Tony, who done likewise. "I didn't know that there was any woman like her," he says. "I've seen a right smart of 'em in my time before I knew you. Straw blondes, strawberry blondes, butternut, black and blue-black; kinky, curly and straight haired. You wouldn't believe the number I've seen. Some of 'em have been tall and some short and some medium; some of 'em good and some bad and some I dunno; there's been smart ones and some with no more sense than the law allows, and some pretty as a spotted dog under a red wagon, and some that made a mud fence look real ornamental when they stood alongside it; but I never seen yet before this day one that was just right in each and every way, shape and manner."

"Nor me," says Tony.

"The way she come in when you and me had been acting up like we done!" Joe goes on. "Just the way she come in! Action! Sperrit! Sand! A lady as knowed she was a lady and was a-going to be respected or know the reason why. I took notice the way she looked when Bud chipped in—like he was the scum of the earth—which he was, and which anybody is alongside of her."

"That's whatever," says Tony. "You certainly got it down fine, Joe."

"And talking about eyes," says Joe, "did you ever see a pair of eyes like she's got? And that pretty color in her cheeks, Tony. Roses ain't in it! And her figure! The finest figure of a woman I ever laid eyes on. Something to it. None of these here skinny, scrawny, slinky weeds that you'd think was going off into a decline and no more shape than a bodkin. No, sir! Where you'd naturally look for curves, there's curves—the elegantest kind—and where there oughtn't to be none, like the flat of her back, there ain't. I wouldn't take the liberty of mentioning them things to nobody but you, Tony. Maybe I hadn't ought to anyway, but it ain't in no disrespectful sperrit, you know that. It's just the truth, ain't it?"

"Gospel truth," says Tony; "the way it struck me, every word. Roses ain't in it! What's that po'try about roses is red? Roses is red and sumpin else is blue?"

"Vi'lets," says Joe.

"Vi'lets ain't blue; they're vi'let," says Tony. "Ain't it the sky?"

"Sometimes the sky ain't blue," says Joe; "but what I don't like is the idee of a lady like that toting grub on a tray to a passel of yahoos in a hotel. A lady like that had ought to have a home of her own, with everything fixed up in elegant shape and a good husband to make himself useful and see that she didn't lack nothing. Ain't that right, Tony?"

"Just what I was thinking," says Tony. "Her name's Miss Moseley."

Joe made three gulps, one after another, and then he says, "Beck would be better, Tony."

Tony made the same swallowing motion. "Simpson, you mean," he says, and then they looked each other straight in the eye for a spell. "Simpson is what it's a-going to be," says Tony, firm and set. "Now, see here, Joe, I know dog-goned well that you're dead stuck on that lady, and such being so and she being what she is and worthy of you, you're a-going to sail right in and win her hand and her heart and that's all there is to it."

"Tony," says Joe, "you're stuck on her as bad as anybody could be and you know it, so there ain't going to be no two ways about it. The idea of a runt like me trying to win her hand and heart is plumb ridiculous; you and her would be somewhere near a match. Fine figure of a woman like her wouldn't consider nobody but a fine upstanding man like you. What's more, we'd always be the best kind of friends and the best of friends must part, as the saying is."

"What Miss Moseley needs for a husband ain't a big, tow-headed lummox like me," says Tony. "What she needs and is a-going to get is a good-looking, brainy, up-and-a-coming young fellow with a tongue in his head. It ain't size that counts with a woman; it's quality. And besides, if there was progeny, it's reasonable to suppose that they'd be about the right average. I don't know a heap about young ones, Joe, but seems like to me if you had any, I'd take a right smart of interest in 'em. If maybe they happened to be a little gal – –"

"I reckon the best way for us to do is to leave it to Miss Moseley," says Joe after a spell. "I ain't no doubt whatever who she'll pick."

"Nor I ain't either," says Tony. "The first thing, though, we'll have to get acquainted with her."

"Sure," says Joe. "I wonder what her given name is."

So they let it go at that, and the balance of the afternoon they put in brushing their good clothes and shining up their shoes and getting haircuts and shaves and blowing themselves for neckties, so when they went downstairs to supper they was in good shape to get acquainted. In a week's time they'd got along to the point of telling Mariana what kind of a day it was without changing color to speak of, and she had got so she kind of interested herself in their victuals, not that they cared what they got as long as they could watch her moving about the dining room. Once she forgot to give them their pie and they never said a dog-gone word until she noticed.

"Why ever didn't you tell me?" she asks. "Don't you like cream custard?"

"It's one of our favorite kinds of pie, ma'am," says Joe, "but it wasn't worth troubling you about it. We wouldn't have had you put yourself out to go back to the kitchen special on our account, not on no account, Tony nor me wouldn't, and thank you kindly, ma'am."

"We're certainly a heap obliged to you, ma'am, but you needn't to have troubled," says Tony.

"Well, if you two ain't the limit!" says Mariana. "You must think I'm sick abed. Didn't you know I was paid wages to wait on you and see that you got what was coming to you? Well, I am, and I wouldn't have took the job if I wasn't strong enough to walk to the kitchen without suffering."

They just kind of mumbled something and she went off and brought 'em another cup of coffee apiece and laughed as she set the cups down. A day or two later she told 'em she wondered why they didn't eat off the same plate. "You're great friends, ain't you, you two?" she says.

Joe was generally the first to speak up. "I sure think a heap of Tony," says he, "and I got a good right to," he says. "The longer you know Tony, the more – Well, I hate to praise a man right to his face, but if I said anything at all, that's what I'd be doing."

"That's just a crazy notion he's got," says Tony. "When you get to know Joe like I do you won't wonder that I trail around after him. He's little, but, oh, my! Excuse me, Joe."

"I'd have had trade lasts on both of you if you had each told me separate," says Mariana. "Well, I reckon it's better than all the backcapping I hear around this room. You boys are from Texas, ain't you? I'd like to have you tell me about Texas sometime. I knew a girl who worked in San Antonio and she thought it was just lovely."

"It'll sure be a pleasure to Tony, and he knows Texas from one end to the other," says Joe.

"Joe can tell you much better than what I can about the real interesting places," says Tony. "He's been to Santone, and he's seen the ocean at Corpus Christi, and he was to Austin one time. He'll be tickled to death to tell you all there is to tell."

"Well, I don't care which of you tells it," says Mariana.

Joe and Tony was all set up about that. They was getting acquainted all right. As soon as they got upstairs to their room, Joe slapped Tony on the back and Tony liked to knock the wind out of Joe pounding him. "This here's your chance, Tony," says Joe. "You just walk in the parlor some evening and take a chair alongside of her and converse about the Lone Star State for an hour or so, and by that time you'll be the solid Muldoon. I'll kind of ride herd on Pa and Ma Willer."

"Not any," says Tony. "This is your layout, Joe. Anyway, you're the only one of us two that could talk two hours on end. If there's anybody gets solid, it's a-going to be you."

They argued back and forth about it and finally compromised by agreeing to both go in together the first evening that there wasn't any transients off the Deadwood stage. There wasn't no danger of the other boarders, account of smoking not being allowed and refined language required, and Mariana being kind of stand-offish. The boys often remarked that. There wasn't one of them could get along with her apast a certain point. Up to that she was as pleasant as a basket of chips, but if any rooster went too far, it wasn't long before he come a-scooting back to where he belonged with ashes and sackcloth.

It come about the very next night. Joe and Tony walked into the parlor two abreast and found ma darning Fred's socks on one side of the table under the hanging lamp and Mariana on the other side a-reading a book. Old Fred had his feet on the rail of the stove, but he took 'em down in a hurry and most jumped out of his chair.

"Judas priest!" he said. "I thought they'd tracked me down at last. But it ain't so, is it? Don't tell me you boys have got a warrant for me!"

"Now, pa," says Mrs. Willer, "be ashamed of yourself! Don't you pay no attention to his foolishness, boys. Set down."

"If we ain't intruding ——" says Joe.

"We ain't wishful to intrude," says Tony.

"Well, well!" says Fred. "Well, well, well!" He winked at Mariana. "Intrude nothing!" he says. "Ain't that right, Mariana?"

"Of course it's right," Mariana says.

Ma laid down her darning and hitched her chair around and tried to make herself look like a hundred and eighty pounds of bright sunshine. Mariana closed her book

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on one finger. Joe right away took a chair close up to Fred, and Tony, after looking at the sofa, which was near Mariana, weakened and took a chair on ma's side of the table.

"It's right cold out tonight," Tony says to the crayon enlargement of Mis' Willer's first husband that was hanging on the wall in front of him.

"You don't tell me!" says Fred. "Well, well! Still," he says, "when you come to think of it, it ain't so uncommon for us to have a little cool spell this time of year. Maybe it's the snow on the ground that makes it. I kind of part lay it to that."

"Good and warm in here, though," says Joe, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"That's account of the fire that there is in this here stove," says Fred. "That's my theery; but if you're too hot here, you might set on the sofa."

"No, I ain't too hot," says Joe.

"If you're afraid of it sagging down at one end, Mariana could set on the other and hold it level," Fred suggests.

"Now, pa!" says Mrs. Willer.

"You just hush," says Mariana.

"Or you might try the sofa, Beck," Fred goes on. "You're more Mariana's heft."

"I thank you kindly, but I wouldn't choose to," says Tony. "I'm right comfortable."

"Even if you don't look it," says Fred.

"Now, pa!" says Mrs. Willer.

"I got to say something," says Fred. "Somebody's got to say something, ain't they? . . . What's the news around town, boys?"

"I don't know of any particular news," says Joe.

"I ain't heard nothing special," says Tony.

Well, it went on thataway for about a half an hour, and finally Joe and Tony give up and allowed they'd have to be moving. Fred said that early to bed and early to rise made a man healthy, wealthy and wise, and for them to come again when they wasn't so rushed. They heard old Fred a-laughing as they went upstairs, and what was worse, they heard Mariana a-laughing along with ma; but after they had thrashed the whole matter out, they allowed they'd try it again. "It was me balled things up," said Tony. "I had ought to have sat on that sofa right away, and when we got started on the cold weather that was my chance to have spoke up and told how different it was down south in Texas. I'm a heap sorry."

"You don't need to be," says Joe. "It was me that was to blame, but I just got rattled. It took all the nerve I've got to get me into that room."

But they got their nerve up again, and that time they told Mariana all about going around in your shirt sleeves and hunting the shade at this time of year down in God's country. They told her about the magnolias and the oleanders and camellias a-blooming in the places where they bloomed and perfumed the air; and they told her about the pecan trees and the live oaks and the lizards and about the mocking birds a-singing on the bough. Most of it was told by Joe, but Tony put in a considerable for him when he seen Mariana was interested.

"My!" says Mariana. "It must be just perfectly lovely down there. My! I'd like to live there."

Ma Willer said it seemed like it would be good for pa's rheumatism, wouldn't it, pa? And she certainly would like to see them lightning bugs; and pa says yes, but them wasn't the onliest kind of bugs there was there if all tales was true, and how about them fever ticks and horned toads and scorpions and northers? But nobody paid any attention to him, and Mariana said again that she knew she would just love it down there.

"Tony's got a right nice little ranch not far from Laredo," says Joe. "There's a good 'dobe house on it, and plenty of water, and it's wooded a-considerable. You can step right out and get you a nice fat wild turkey most any time. As sightly a place as there is in the state, that place of Tony's, with a little fixing up. There's a big fig tree right close to the house, and them figs is like honey."

"Just think of that!" says Mariana.

"It's Joe's place as much as it is mine, and more so," says Tony. "He's welcome to any little interest I've got in it any time he takes a notion to settle down. Me, I ain't so much on settling down any one spot, but Joe he'd stay there contented if he got the right kind of woman and made good money."

Old Fred spoke up to Mariana. "Seems like to me you'd be safe whichever one you took, Mariana," he says, "but I'd have 'em put it down in black and white."

"Now, pa!" says Mrs. Willer.

"You just hush your mouth, Mr. Willer," says Mariana.

Well, after that night the boys got along fine. The both of them took Mariana to the Lit'ry and it got to be the regular thing whenever there was any doings that Mr. Tony Beck and Mr. Joe Simpson was Miss Mariana Moseley's escort. Of course everybody joshed Mariana about it, but she just laughed. "'Tain't every girl can have two beaus at once to take her places, without more or less scrapping," she says. "It's kind of a novelty."

The next thing I heard was that they was a-givin' her candy jointly and that a fellow had to be mighty careful what he said and how he said it around the Willer House dining room. Bud Lewis told me about one fellow that come in on the Deadwood stage, that asked Mariana what there was to eat, and she says, "There's beansoup'n sirloinsteak'n porkchops'n Germanfried'taters'n coleslaw'n apple'n coconutpie'n cheese teacoffee."

"Well," says this here stranger, "I'll take a glass of water and a sweet smile, and then the sirloin steak and et ceteras with more smiles and apple pie and kind words and coffee."

"You're liable to get something else that I ain't mentioned and that's a slap in the face," says Mariana, and flounced off, and a couple more fellows at the same table give this fellow the laugh. Right then Tony Beck and Joe Simpson got up and walked over to him. Joe taps the fellow on the shoulder. "Was you a-goin' on to Deadwood, mister?" he asks him.

"Yes," says the fellow, looking around. "Why?" he asks.

"I was wondering whether you'd sooner go with a skinful of whole bones or whether you think you'd ride easier with 'em in splinters," says Joe.

"Yes, that was what we was a-wondering," says Tony.

"You don't need to tell us," Joe continues. "If you apologize humble and suitable to that young lady when she comes back, and then keep your fool mouth closed exceptin' to put food in it, as like as not you'll live on to a ripe old age, but gosh help you if you think I'm joking. We'll be listening."

"We'll have an eye on you and an ear open," says Tony, nodding at him, and then the two of them walked back to their table in a hurry and sat down.

"I presume the fellow apologized," I says to Bud.

"I p'sume likely he did," says Bud, "and I p'sume that some of these fine snappy days them fools will undertake to correct the manners of the wrong man and leave the dining room feet foremost. That salesman ain't the only one that's been tapped on the shoulder, and they got the nerve to warn other folks off. Tony tells 'em that Mariana's Joe's girl and Joe tells 'em she's Tony's girl, and between 'em they've got everybody buffaloed. I think it's about time I took a hand in this game. Enough's a plenty."

"Don't bite off more than you can chew, Bud," I advised him.

"I've got good jaws," says Bud, and he opened his mouth and brought them together with a snap like a wolf. "If Mariana wasn't good and able to take care of herself ——" he says, and then stopped short.

"Yes?" says I; but he just give a short snorting sort of a laugh. "She's a mighty fine girl; if it wasn't for ——" I stopped and pushed out my lip. He turned on me quick as a flash with fight in his eyes.

"If it wasn't for what?" he says. "Be careful what you're going to say, Stegg. I'm telling you. Listen! I say there ain't no ifs and ands about it. Now am I a liar?"

"Not when you say that," I told him, "and I've known you to tell the truth once in a while other times," I says. "What I was a-going to say was that if it wasn't for Joe and Tony—and you—I might shine up to her myself. You shouldn't be so quick on the trigger, Bud. I didn't think you could be drawed out so easy."

"Dog-gone your hide!" says he, looking kind of sheepish. "But it ain't none of your business, is it now?"

"Not if you put it thataway," I says. "You met up with Mariana wherever it was she come from, didn't you?"

"What makes you think so?" he asks me, and I told him it was one thing or another, but I might be mistaken, and anyway it wasn't none of my business, like he said. So we let it go at that.

I kept on expecting that something would break loose right soon and I kept on getting fooled. One by one the days passed and weeks come and went, and the first thing you know there was a month gone, and another and into the next. The chinooks had begun to blow once in a while and took off the most of the snow, and it looked like spring was a-going to get Old Man Winter out of her lap; but things had been going on much about the same. Joe and Tony was still beauing Mariana together, and between times, if either one of them had speech with her by himself, he put in the time telling her what a model and pattern and example his pardner was. But finally something did happen and this was how it was:

Jeff Kincaid, who had a truck ranch about a mile down the creek from town, gave a dance one night and Tony and Joe took Mariana. I was there myself, and so was Bud Lewis. Also there was a niece of Kincaid's that had come down from Cascade to visit with his girls, name of Eulalie Swigart. She was about as big as a minute, with curly hair that you didn't akasaly know whether to call yellow or light brown. Them was the first things you took notice of—first her size and then her hair. Next thing you'd be introduced and you'd notice her eyes, which was big and blue and real innocent. I didn't get a chance to study her, but I certainly got the idee that she worked them eyes for all they was worth, and I was kind of surprised to find her a-working 'em clear across the room at Tony Beck. I thought to myself she was sure wasting her time, but half an hour later Tony was a-dancing the v'soovyann with her, the first time I'd ever seen him dance with anybody but Mariana since he'd been in town. Him and Joe always took turn and turn about with her and nobody else got a look-in.

Well, I didn't have no suspicion but what the big fool was a-sacrificing himself on Joe's account, even when he danced with this here little lady the second time. The only thing I was tickled to see Joe looking at him. He was so rattled that he didn't take advantage of his chance to get the extra dance with Mariana, and the result was that Walt Pringle got it. Bud Lewis tried. I seen him go up to Mariana and speak to her, and I p'sume he was asking her for the honor and pleasure, but she turned him down. I couldn't see that she even spoke then; just shook her head and got up and walked away from him like he wasn't there, and then Pringle grabbed her.

The next day, along in the afternoon, Joe come into the pool parlor and looked around the room sort of worried. I asked him if he was looking for somebody.

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Ain't seen nothing of Tony, have you?" he asked me. I hadn't, and he said it was mighty cur'ous and went out again. Just as I was a-coming back from supper I met him on the street and he asked me again if I'd seen Tony. "He's been gone all of this afternoon and he ain't back yet," says he. "Mighty cur'ous! I've been in every living place around town and I can't find hide nor hair of him. The livery's the only place I ain't been. I'm just a-going there."

I went with him, and Ben Parlon said yes, Tony had come and got his horse a little after noon. Said he was a-going to give him a little exercise and rode him off down the creek. That horse was pretty fresh. He sure done some lively pitching.

Joe turned pale. "Judas priest!" he says. "That old buckskin devil has sure throwed Tony or slipped and rolled on him. Was he shod? Never mind. Where's my horse?" And he got his horse out and saddled in a hurry. I got mine at the same time and we rode down the creek together.

When we come to Kincaid's, I says, "Let's turn in here and ask Jeff if he's seen anything of him," and by jollies, the first thing we seen as we rode a-past the kitchen window was this little cutie, Eulalie Swigart, a-washing dishes and exercising her eyes, and standing right alongside her, grinning like a Chessy cat, with an apron tied around him and a dish towel in his hand, was Tony Beck.

They heard us and looked out of the window, so we had to go to the door, and Jeff opened it and helped us tie our horses. When we went in, here was Tony—without his apron—grinning and looking foolish. Well, sir, he was right sorry that Joe had got uneasy about him, and sho, there hadn't been no need. He wasn't in no ways in the habit of letting a horse throw him. Sure he'd have told Joe where he was a-going, only that he just sort of drifted in here; and anyway, he hadn't aimed to stay long. He had plumb forgot about getting back to supper.

"I wouldn't let him go," says cutie, a-smiling up at him.

Joe was mad. I could see that, but he tried not to let on. "Well, we had better be a-going back," he says. "I ain't the only one that's been anxious about you, Tony. Let's go."

"Oh, don't go," says cutie. "I'll be real mad at you if you go." And she tried her eyes on Joe, and when that didn't have no effect, she switched 'em onto Tony again.

"I reckon I'll stay a while longer, but you can go on back if you want, Joe," Tony says. "You know where I am now, and I'll be along back pretty soon." He laughed kind of silly, and when Joe looked at him, he looked every which way except at Joe.

"Just as you say," Joe told him. "Good night, folks."

They all told us to come again. Cutie tags onto that: "When you can't stay so long," and Tony guffawed like that was the prize joke.

Well, inside of fifteen minutes we was back in the livery again. Joe hadn't said much on the way. Only once he said that Tony, seemed like to him, was certainly carrying the thing too far.

I allowed that he seemed to be mighty took up with that little girl from Cascade.

"Shucks!" says Joe. "Don't you know no better'n that?"

A little before noon next day Bud sa'nters into the pool room. It was early for him, account of his being on the night shift at Frank's and most always eating breakfast when I et dinner. He picked up a cue and begun to knock the balls about, and after a while he told me he'd got a letter from George Turner at the Welsh Harp ranch saying we was expected up there not later than the end of next week. "So you'll have to begin to earn your living again, old socks," he says. "George told me to pass the word."

"That's unpleasant tidings," says I. "I'm stiff and sore right now from just riding a couple of miles yesterday."

Bud chalked his cue. "I reckon George will have to get a couple of more men in place of Tony Beck and Joe Simpson," he says. "One, anyway." I just stared at him. "Because I don't reckon the two of 'em will work for the same outfit," he goes on. "That bust-up between them that I told you was a-coming has done busted. I'm told that Tony has moved over to the Gillespie and Joe's a-staying on at Fred's. I'm also informed that they're both a-going heeled, and if our worthy marshal don't take them guns away from 'em, they're going to shoot at sight. Happened this morning."

I was certainly took aback. "What was it about?" I asked. "Who seen it?"

"Nobody seen it that I know of," says Bud. "As to what it was about—well, I reckon it's up to me to investigate. I thought you might know something, but I see you don't." He put his cue back in the rack and sa'ntered out; but I had a hunch that he wasn't showing all he felt, and I looked out the door and seen him heading for Willer's at a tol'able lively clip. It didn't take me long to make up my mind to do a little investigating myself, but I had to stop a minute to speak to Steve as I went out, so Bud got quite a start on me. Even so, I got there in time to get a line on what was a-going on. Just as I passed the parlor I seen Bud and Mariana in there together and facing each other. Bud had his arms folded and was looking straight at her and she had her hands clasped behind her and was looking straight at him. I didn't aim to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help catching a little of what they said.

"Granting that you ain't to blame for it, how long do you reckon I'm a-going to let things run on thisaway?" says Bud.

"You know what I told you," says Mariana. "If you want me to go back to you, first off you'll take back every word you said, and then you get right down on your knees—on your knees, mind—and beg my pardon for having said 'em. I told you that nearly a year ago and I tell you that now."

Being a gentleman I passed on and went into the dining room. Joe Simpson was a-setting there alone at the same table him and Tony had always sat at. He just frowned and nodded—didn't say a word.

"What's all this I hear about you and Tony, Joe?" I asked him.

"How in hell would I know what you hear and what in hell do I care?" he says, snapping at me. "You going to sit here?"

"Not if you've got any objections," I says.

"Not an objection," says he, and got up and walked out of the room, leaving his dinner not half eaten. I might have felt hurt in my feelings, but I wasn't. I had a kind of an idee he wasn't in no state of mind to be held responsible; and then, in a minute or two, Mariana came hurrying in. She certainly looked a considerable flustered, and there was one lock of her black hair that had got loose and sort of dangled down behind her ear. She hustled into the kitchen and come out with pie for a couple of the boarders and with her hair pinned up again. Then she come up to me.

"Hello, stranger," she says. "Thought you'd come and get a square meal, did you? Why, Joe ain't et his dinner! I seen him going up to his room, but I thought he'd finished. Ain't it too bad them boys has fussed? Well, I guess they'll soon make up again. What do you want to eat? We got ——" And she went on to tell me what there was, acting like she didn't want to give me a chance to say anything, and sailing off the minute I'd given my order.

I didn't press her none, but as soon as I had et I lit a segar and went upstairs to Joe's room and knocked. "Stay out!" he hollers, so I went in.

Well, it all come out. It's a fact that if a person's in trouble he's just natura.ly got to tell somebody about it. If there s bleed ng wounds in his spernit he's got to have the healing oil and frankincense of sympathy poured into him, and if there ain't no tactful friend to do the pouring them wounds will fester and p'isen his whole system. Joe bluffed some and hummed and hawed, but after a while it come with a rush.

Seems like he'd been so dog-gone sure that Tony was just making believe to chase this here Eulalie runt that he'd gone to bed and slept before Tony got in, and when Tony told him in the morning that he was sure enough dead gone on her, still he wouldn't believe it. "That's all right, Tony," he says, "but you can't fool me. I ain't to be considered in this here matter. Mariana's yourn to have and to hold, and all I ask you is to fix it up with her and get it over with. You could get hitched and take her down to Laredo and I could stay on here this season and visit you before snow flies again."

"Joe," says Tony, "there's only one girl I'm going to get hitched up to, and that's Eulalie Swigart. I certainly did think that I loved Miss Moseley with an undying love, although I always figured to have you marry her. But, Joe, there ain't no more comparison the way I feel about Eulalie and the way I felt about Miss Moseley than nothing. Miss Moseley's an elegant lady, but I didn't know there was anybody anywhere like Eulalie. I didn't know nothing. You seen her yourself, Joe. Ain't she the cunningest, sweetest little girl ever was set down on this mortal sp'ere? My gosh! And, Joe, old pardner, she thinks a heap of me. I only got to say the word—and I'm going to say it. Say, Joe, how would it be if I bought that place of Esteban Guiterras' and we lived neighbors? Gosh! You and me settin' out in the shade of that live oak and a-smoking and spittin' and gassin' and the girls in white dresses in hammocks! . . . Say, you ain't sick, are you? You're white as ashes."

"You mean to say you're a-going back on Mariana?" Joe asks him.

"No going back about it," says Tony. "I never give her to understand I was a-coming forward."

"Ain't I give her to understand that you was?" says Joe, shaking his finger in his face. "Ain't I told her that you worshiped the ground she walked on? You going to make me out a liar and maybe break her heart? You going to act like a dirty scalawag just because a gigg.ing little ——"

"Stop right there, Joe Simpson!" says Tony, slamming his fist on the table. "Don't you say nothing against the girl I'm a-going to marry. Yes, I'm a-going to go to Kincaid's right now and ask her to marry me."

"Then take this along with you," says Joe, and he hauled off and slapped Tony in the face open-handed and as hard as he could swing. Tony staggered back and stood gaping for a moment, and then jumped and caught Joe by the throat. If he had clamped down then he could have killed him as easy as falling off a log, but instead of that he'd hardly got his grip when he let loose and walked out of the room. Maybe he thought of the arroyo at El Almozada, maybe not; but he went off, and when he come back it was just to stuff his plunder into his war sack and quit the hotel.

"Seems like you acted kind of unreasonable," I remarked to Joe.

"I don't see it thataway," says Joe. "Think I'd see the girl I—that I think a heap of mittened and not do nothing? And Tony won't be happy with that Eulalie, at that. She ain't like Mariana, straightforward and square. Well, I'll never suit her nothing like Tony would have, although I'll do my best."

"Are you going to ask her?" I inquired.

"I sure am," says Joe. "I'll sure let her know that one of us is true to her."

"Well, wait a few days before you do, anyway," I advised him, and he said that he would, not feeling in a love-making humor right then. He'd put it to her tomorrow. So I left him to his sorrows for the past and hoped for the future.

Late in the afternoon I got to thinking over what Joe had told me about Tony going over to Kincaid's, and I stepped over to Parlon's livery to see if Tony's buckskin was there. It wasn't, so I asked Ben if Tony had took it.

"Sure," says Ben. "He come in here all dressed to kill about a couple of hours ago and got it. Say, has Tony got him a new girl? And what's all this talk about him and Joe Simpson getting a divorce?"

"What did Tony tell you?" I asked him.

"He said that it wasn't none of my dog-gone business," says Ben. "I told him I knew it and that was why I was so dog-gone interested; but he didn't give me no satisfaction. Here he comes now. You see what you can get out of him."

I didn't need to ask any questions. I only had to look at Mr. Beck to see that if he had been down to Kincaid's with the intentions he declared, somebody had monkeyed with the medicine sack. He rode all humped over in the saddle, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his face a foot long below; his boots and his pants was wet up to the knees and he was splashed a considerable, which I laid to him having crossed at the ford coming back from Kincaid's without noticing the creek. He just sort of grunted when Ben spoke to him, and as soon as he had unsaddled he walked out. I seen him go into the Gillespie, and just then a top buggy with a team of grays went by, a lad in a wolfskin coat a-driving. Ben waved to him and he waved back.

"Who's that fellow?" I asked.

"Dave Greenway, from Cascade," says Ben. "I reckon he's a-going to Kincaid's to collect his girl—Eulalie Swigart. They're a-going to get married the first of next month, and I sure wish Dave joy; but he's the first ever held that little devil even. I hear she's plumb loony over him, so maybe she won't give him the grief that I'd be willing to bet she will."

"You know her, do you?" I asked him.

"Knowed her since she was knee high to a grasshopper," says Ben, "and I never knew anybody that wore pants that she didn't set out to make a fool of if she could. That girl's made more trouble than you could shake a stick at. Hooks 'em and lands 'em and then throws 'em back into the water with sore gills."

So that was that; but, as the fellow says, the worst was yet to come. I thought I'd see Bud Lewis at supper, but instead of that, when I got to the house I found Ma Turgoos pop-eyed and a-busting with news. Hadn't I heard? For the land's sake, where had I been? The whole town was a-ringing with it. Why, Bud Lewis had left on the down stage, bag and baggage; sold his horse to Ray Seger for thirty dollars cash, and Frank Frush gave him thirty more for his saddle and bridle. Said he had important business calling him East.

She took a fresh breath and got more pop-eyed than ever. And who did I suppose went with him? She'd give me a hundred guesses. Well, sir, it was Mariana Moseley—no, that ain't right—Mariana Lewis—Mis' Lewis, if you please. Would I believe them two had been married nearly a couple of years? Yes, sir! Back in Lincoln. Married and letting on like they was single and hadn't seen each other before. Seemed like they'd quarreled about something and Bud had quit her. Mis' Willer had told Ma Turgoos all about it, or as much as Mariana told. Bud had left Mariana the house and what money he had and lit out, and there was so much talk that after a while she lit out too. She didn't know whether or not it was happen-chance Mariana come here, but anyway it seemed like that today they made up and lit out on the stage together, and Mis' Willer and Fred was a-scurrying around trying to get help.

I wasn't surprised it had happened, but I hadn't expected it to happen so soon. It looked like things had been crowded enough that day—two manly hearts broke and a beautiful friendship busted. When I went back to the pool room it was crowded and everybody talking about

(Continued on Page 121)

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BIRMINGHAM—Hood Wheeler Furniture Corp.
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ARIZONA
PHOENIX—Barrows Furn. Co., Inc.
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ARKANSAS
FORT SMITH—Eads Bros. Furn. Co.
JONESBORO—Johnson Berger & Co.
LITTLE ROCK—Arkansas Carpet & Furniture Co.
The Sam Bloss Co.
NEWPORT—Albright Furniture Co.
PINE BLUFF—Knox-Walker Furniture Company
TEXARKANA—Rodgers Furn. Co.

CALIFORNIA
BAKERSFIELD—Minner's
LOS ANGELES—Barker Bros., Inc.
OAKLAND—John Breuner Co.
PASADENA—Pasadena Furn. Co.
SACRAMENTO—John Breuner Co.
SAN DIEGO—The Bledsoe Company
SAN FRANCISCO—Lachman Bros.
W. & J. Sloane
Sterling Furniture Company
SAN JOSE—Robinson's
SANTA ANA—Chandlers
SANTA BARBARA—Henry Levy
STOCKTON—John Breuner Co.

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COLORADO SPRINGS—Giddings & Kirkwood
DENVER—American Furniture Co.
The Denver Dry Goods Co.
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PUEBLO—Caldian-White Bros. Furniture Co.

CONNECTICUT
BRIDGEPORT—Geo. E. Nothnagle & Son
BRISTOL—C. Funk & Son, Inc.
DANBURY—Henry Dick & Son
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HARTFORD—G. Fox & Co., Inc.
MERIDEN—Bullard, Fowler & La Place, Inc.

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NEW HAVEN—The Chamberlain Co.
NEW LONDON—The Plaut-Cadden Company
NORWICH—The Plaut-Cadden Co.
SOUTH MANCHESTER—Watkins Bros., Inc.
STAMFORD—Silberman's Furniture Store
WATERBURY—Hampson, Mintie & Abbott, Incorporated

DELAWARE
WILMINGTON—Wilmington Furniture Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON—Mayer & Co.
Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
DE LAND—Tarr's of De Land
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J. J. & A. Cunningham
MIAMI—Burdine's Furniture Co.
Moore Furniture Company, Inc.
ST. AUGUSTINE—St. Augustine Manor & Furniture Co.
SANFORD—Smith Bros., Inc.
TAMPA—Tarr Furniture Co., Inc.

GEORGIA
ATLANTA—Duffee-Freeman Furniture Co.
Wiley Jones Furniture Shoppe
SAVANNAH—Lindsay & Morgan Co.

IDAHO
BOISE—Standard Furniture Co.
IDAHO FALLS—Petersen Furn. Co.
POCATELLO—Petersen Furn. Co.

ILLINOIS
ALTON—C. J. Jacoby & Co.
AURORA—Adam L. Bleitz
BELVIDERE—Witbeck & Johnston
BLOOMINGTON—G. A. Ensenberger & Sons
CHAMPAIGN—C. A. Kiler
CHICAGO—Alexander H. Revell & Co.
The Tobey Furniture Company
DANVILLE—Sandusky Furn. Store
DECATUR—The Wellepp & Stuckey Furniture Co.
ELGIN—Kimball Furn. & Rug Co.
JACKSONVILLE—Andre & Andre
JOLIET—A. Leath & Co.
MATTOON—Gus Schlicher
MOLINE—Shallene Brothers
PEORIA—Loewenstein & Main, Inc.
QUINCY—Roy Bennett
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OTTUMWA—W. H. Cooper & Sons
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The Pesetter Company
TRAER—H. Boettcher & Sons Furniture Company
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WATERLOO—Davidsons

CONTINUED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

Furniture

NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM: 115 W. 40TH STREET

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

These leading furniture stores throughout the country will have *Special Displays* of the

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June 11 to June 18

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TOPEKA—The Crosby Bros. Co.
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MAYFIELD—Rhodes-Burford Co.
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BATON ROUGE—Globe Furn. Co.
MONROE—Monroe Furn. Co., Ltd.
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Mrs. H. B. Bradford
Maison Blanche Co.
SHREVEPORT—Booth Furniture & Carpet Company
Johnson Furniture Company

MAINE
BANGOR—Eastern Furniture Co.
LEWISTON—Atherton's
B. Peck Company
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MARYLAND
BALTIMORE
Gompreche & Benesch
Gusdorff & Joseph
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CUMBERLAND—L. Bernstein Furniture Co.
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MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON—Paine Furniture Company
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ADRIAN—Walper Furniture Co.
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FLINT—Winegarden's Furniture
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Klingman Furniture Company
Young & Chaffee Furniture Co.
GREENVILLE—Greenville Furniture Company
HOWELL—G. H. Beurmann
ISHPEMING—Quaal & Quaal
JACKSON—The Jury-Rowe Co.
KALAMAZOO—Gilmore Brothers
The Home Furnishing Company
LANSING—Jarvis-Estes Company
The Jury Rowe Company
MONROE—Edgar H. Stadelman
MT. CLEMENS—The Schutt Furniture Store
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ST. JOHNS—E. I. Hull & Son
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ALBERT LEA—Skinner Chamberlain & Company
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St. Paul House Furnishing Co.
Schuneman's and Mannheimers
STILLWATER—Simonet Furniture & Carpet Company

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GREENWOOD—Jordan & Company
JACKSON—Rice's
MERIDIAN—F. A. Hulett & Son
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COLUMBIA—Parker Furniture Co.
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JOPLIN—Joplin Furniture Company
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RENO—Donnels & Steinmetz, Inc.

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ASBURY PARK—Steinbach Co.
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PASSAIC—The Berdan Furn. Co.
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ALBUQUERQUE—Star Furniture Company, Inc.

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R. C. Reynolds, Inc.
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ANDOVER—C. E. Brown
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BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN • *Founded in 1853* • NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM: 115 W. 40TH STREET

(Continued from Page 116

Tony and Joe and Bud and Mariana. Old Fred Willer had told Steve that his chambermaid had heard Tony and Joe a-wrangling about something and seen Joe slap Tony's face before they got out of range of the keyhole, and she thought Joe must have had a gun and told Tony to git. Anyway, Tony nearly knocked her over as he came out.

They all had that gun idee and got it settled there was a killing on the schedule sure pop. I knew better, but I had half a notion to go over to the Gillespie and see Tony. Then I thought better of it, and when Steve closed up I went home to bed instead of hanging around Frush's and the Eagle Bird in the hopes of witnessing the slaughter like the rest of the crowd.

When I started out to my daily toil the next morning all Nature seemed glad, as the fellow says. The sun was a-shining bright, the wind was a-blowing soft and there wasn't no doubt but what the hills back of town was turning green, for all the snow patches on the north side of the gullies. As I struck the sidewalk a meadow lark lit on a fence post in front of Hayden's and let out a whistle and a warble that was my sentiments exactly. I felt all of a sudden that I'd be derned glad to get away from all this town luxury and indoors, and out on the boundless prairie once more on the hurricane deck of a bronco.

I looked across the street to the livery and there was Ben Parloa a-making signs with both hands for me to come over, and as I come he made more signs, meaning I was to keep my mouth shut. Then he starts back into the barn on tiptoe, a-beckoning me to follow, and jerks his thumb at Tony's buckskin and Joe's roan and an old white mare with a packsaddle, that was tied to the two rings in the middle of the barn. Finally he points up above to the haymow and storage room.

He didn't need to point, because I'd have looked up anyway when I heard Joe Simpson's voice a-cursing and damning up hill and down dale. I made out he wasn't referring to nobody special, but to the female sex in general. There was thumping and tramping sounds mixed up with this here language and then there come another voice which was Tony Beck's.

"We don't want to forget the fry pan, Joe. Better put it in right now. . . . Well, I feel the same way, myself. 'We'll be good friends,' she says. 'Good friends, nothing!' says I. 'I had a good friend oncet and a couple of hours ago he slapped my face account of you. The way I size you up, you ain't good enough to be a slight acquaintance,' I says. . . . Now give me a couple of cans of them tomats."

"Think of me a-slapping you, Tony!"

"I ain't a-going to, ever. Got a plenty better things than that to think of."

One of them begun to whistle Dixie. "'At's the land 'at I was bawn in, early of a frosty mawnin'.' But think of Mariana a-double-crossing us thataway. Tony, I'd have gambled my life on her. . . . Want this here sack of salt?"

"They're all alike. We had a narrow escape, Joe, old socks, and it sure ought to be a warning to us. . . . Now give me the end of that tarp and pass the line under."

Ben nudged me. "They come in an hour ago with their arms over each other's shoulders," he said. "Then they went over to the store and got their grub. Packing and lighting out."

In another minute the pack was dragged to the head of the stair. Tony hollered, "Below there, Ben!" and it come a-tumbling down and Joe and Tony come down after it.

As soon as he seen me Joe come up and shook hands. "Just the fellow we wanted to see," he says. "We was just a-going over to see you and ask you to tell Turner we was sorry we couldn't work for him this season. But there's more punchers than there is jobs, or we'd have stayed."

"We sure would," says Tony. "Help me up with this pack, Ben."

"I told Carlos Green and Al Hawkins to see him," says Joe. "Two or three others, but Carlos and Al is sure extra good."

"None better," says Tony, a-throwing a line over the pack. Joe helped him make the hitch and I stood a-watching them. I told 'em I'd let Turner know, and then I asked them where they was a-going.

"Drifting south," says Joe.

"Away down south in Dixie," says Tony, and began to whistle it mighty cheerful. Then he broke off. "All set, Joe." He took the white's lead rope and climbed his buckskin. "So long, Ben. So long, Stegg. Happy days and good luck! We got to be pushing on." He reached down and shook hands and Joe done likewise.

"Be good," says Joe. "We'll write you when we get there. So long!"

They turned and clattered out of the barn into the sunshine and rode down the street, waving to some who waved to them but not stopping for no one. Ben and me watched 'em out of sight and that's the last we ever seen of the Texas Twins."

"Ever hear of them?" Tip Yoakum inquired. "I'd be cur'ous to know if they had good sense enough to take that warning to heart. Most don't."

"Never heard a word from them," replied Mr. Stegg, "but somehow I think that maybe they did. I got a picture of them two—getting along in years now—a-setting in the shade of a live oak in front of a 'dobe house near Laredo—if it was Laredo—and smoking and spitting and gassing the happy hours away. But somehow there ain't no women in that picture, unless maybe an old wrinkled Mexican woman a-stringing red peppers outside the kitchen door. But no white dresses and no hammocks—and no trouble. Be that as it may, though, knowing Joe and Tony learned me that oncet in a while there is such a thing as two men being real, sure-enough, honest-to-goodness friends what is friends."

A GENTLEMAN OF BLADES

(Continued from Page 7)

There was a small black bag on top of it now and the barber had his hand on the opposite corner. Another man reached for it, reached for it with a hand that held something soft and soggy between thumb and forefinger. Together they kicked and paddled with their free hands. Slowly the listing bulk of the ship drew away from them.

"Faster now, if you please!" They redoubled their efforts, pushing the grating before them in short, splashing jerks. There were shouts all about them, shouts and calls and screamings. A lifeboat oar swept over their heads once and splashed water in their faces. They were gasping with the effort, but still they paddled and kicked in earnest silence—pushing the grating with its black bag ever farther away.

The man in the tail coat looked back presently. The liner was nose down with her foc'sle head awash and a frightful list to port. He wondered why she didn't topple over and break with a crash.

"Come, sir. If you please, sir!"

He redoubled his kicking and paddling.

There were many lifeboats about them, drifting with their oars up as if they were waiting for something. A voice was bellowing through a megaphone. He could hear a woman screaming and sobbing. Life rafts floated between the boats, black with clinging humanity.

The man in the tail coat looked backward at the dying ship. There was a straight jet of steam and smoke standing up like an egret from her forward funnel. It sputtered fiercely and broke off from the funnel to hang in a spreading pall above. She was well down by the head. As he watched her, she started to slip forward quickly. Three dull crashes echoed across the waters.

"Damn it," said Jordan. "An' we just had her compression pipes fixed! Look! I'm a son of a gun ——" He held up the soaked, pulpy mass that he still grasped between his thumb and forefinger, "If I ain't still holding on to my sandwich!" He hurled it from him. It lit in the water with a soggy splash. Another dull crash rippled across the waters. "Whoa, baby," said Jordan. "That's Number Seven bulkhead. It won't be long now."

The liner rolled slowly, lazily as a man turns over in bed on a warmish spring morning. The dead funnels swept around to starboard. Water foamed and folded itself mightily over the promenade rail. There was a tremendous cataclysmic roar and a smashing splintering chorus.

A siren screeched in their ears. The man in the tail coat raised his head. The thin gray snout of a destroyer raced toward them, swept around broadside and stopped not a thousand yards away. He looked back. The stern of the liner was high in the air with her motionless screws pointed to the skies. Slowly they sank toward the débris-cluttered water.

"By gum," said Jordan, "she needed scrapin' and paintin' badly! No wonder we couldn't get her full fourteen out of her!"

"Nossir!" said the barber. "It weren't no submarine! I knowed it all the time. It weren't nothink but a bloomin' mine! I says so the minit I heard it go off. I knowed it, I did! Look at them destroyers. Four of 'em an' two more over there to port. If 'twere a submarine they'd be out lookin' for 'er. Beggin' pardon, sir. We'd ought to pull over to 246 if you've a mind to go aboard. They're tykin' 'em off the life rafts now. You can sorter tell when hit's a-goin' to be a torpedo. You gets a feelin' just a minit before. It's sorter hinstinctive like, an' you bryces yourself for it."

Jordan looked at the barber.

"Yeah?" he said. "You git the feelin' and you walk slowly to your cabin and dress yourself in warm clothing and comb your hair an' write a letter to your wife telling her you'll be late for dinner an' then you have a full meal and take a book an' go up to a lifeboat and get comfortable and start readin', an' when she hits you're all ready to go off!"

"Nossir," said the barber thoughtfully. "You hain't got time fer orl that. You concentrate before'and on wot you want to tyke, an' when you git the feelin' you grabs it an' runs fer a gratin'. 'Tain't no use goin' fer the boats, sir."

"Thanks," said Jordan. "I'll remember that. This is only the fourth time I've been dumped out of m' happy home before breakfast, barber—and I never yet had time to grab my accordion."

The barber shook his head. "That's because you don't never concentrate on hit."

"Yeah? Well, shut up!"

A voice bellowed at them from the rail of the nearest destroyer.

"Stand by, you people in the water! Life rafts and gratings first. Paddle in to us, well for'ard. Stand off, boats. You'll be taken care of directly."

Jordan and the barber and the man in the tail coat started to paddle and tread water, pushing the raft with its small black bag before them. They came in presently to the low gray side of the destroyer and reached for the ropes and ladders. Jordan went up first and stood shaking himself like an angry terrier that has been ducked. The man in the tail coat followed him. Someone laughed.

The man grinned. "Formal occasion," he said.

The officer nodded. "I saw one woman with a toothbrush," he said, "and a little bald-headed chap had a hot-water bottle and an opera hat. Lucky you were so close in when she struck."

Jordan turned on them sadly. "An' we just had the compression pipes overhauled and cleaned."

The barber was coming up over the side with his black bag grasped firmly in his hand. He looked about him and shrugged.

"I'm the barber, sir," he said to the officer. "Do you fink the barber 'ere would let me bunk in wiv him?"

"No barber aboard."

"Well, any plyce then," said the barber. "Any little cubicle wiv a chair'll do. My passengers will be comin' haboard soon, an' I ought to git ready to tyke care of 'em, I ought. I always does that, sir, if you please. They sorter expects it now, they does. I mind on the Birkencliff when we gets haboard o' the Gleason, I was ready fer my own passengers in 'arf an hour an' I was shyvin' 'em regular when the Gleason gits it, sir."

The officer stared at him.

"That's what I call morale," he said. "See the bo'sun an' tell him Mr. Chase sent you."

"Yessir. Thank you, sir."

An hour later the barber had set up shop in a tiny paint locker below decks and well aft.

"'Tain't much, sir," he said to the man in the tail coat, "and 'tain't quite ten o'clock yet, but 't will do if you've a mind to git yourself tidied up a bit."

The man looked at his half-dried golf knickers, from the straps of which his pajama legs dangled down the rest of the way to his bare feet. He pulled his tail coat about him and grinned.

"Well," he said, "I couldn't look any worse and I suppose a shave would make me look a bit less of a pirate."

"Yessir. Shyve an' a comb up?"

The man squinted into the paint locker as the barber reached a hand to the deck above and switched on the extension bulb he had rigged up inside.

There was a tomato crate with a cushion on top and a cloth spread over it. There was a mirror on the wall—a mirror about a foot square, hanging from a bolthead and rattling gently with the vibration of the destroyer's engines. On a shelf at the back, held in place by a bit of wire that ran along in front of them, was a bottle of the Duke of Bordane's extra special hair tonic, three shaving mugs and a pebbled blue bottle of after-shave lotion. From another bolthead, a case of razors and sciasors and combs hung suspended ready for use, with the razor strop dangling below them. And hanging from a string were a half dozen clean but very wrinkled towels.

The man stared at the equipment.

"Say," he said. "Where'd all that come from?"

"I brung hit," said the barber. "Always packs m' bag every night in cyse of hemergency, as you might sye, sir. Now then, if you please. 'Twon't be much, but 'arf a shyve's better than whiskers, sir, I always say. Jest set down, now." He stirred the lather briskly in his cup.

"But see here," said the man. "It isn't natural. You can pick up barber's supplies anywhere. Why don't you bring your own personal things instead of all this stuff?"

The barber looked at him for a moment in aggrieved silence and stopped stirring the lather. For one awful moment the man on the tomato crate thought he was going to burst into tears. Then slowly the barber recovered and commenced stirring the lather again.

"I tykes a great pride in my perfession, sir, as you might sye, sir. I tykes a deal o' pride. They do sye as 'ow barbers used to be the only doctors as they had in hancient times. Sir Peter Montford, 'e told me that,

(Continued on Page 125)

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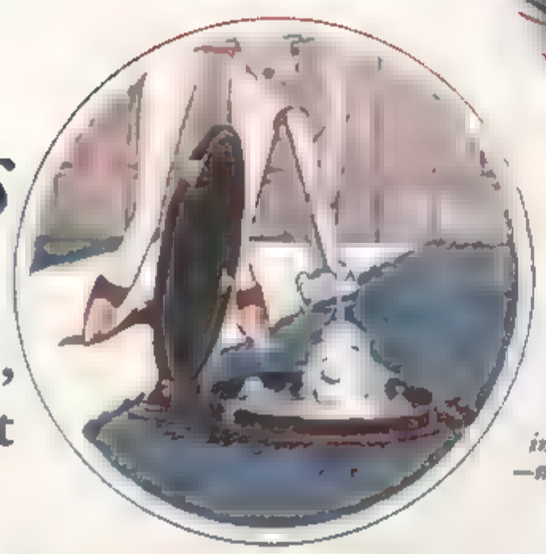

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The Country Gentleman

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

They Live in the Country,
but they Shop in Town

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when I was shyvin' 'im on the Georgic—'e always rides wiv the old line—him as is the great surgeon. 'E says as 'ow orl medical men is descendants from hold-time barbers, an' 'e tells me the two perfessions is very closely hallied. But I had me pride in me work before that, hi did—an' these things hain't ord'nary barber's supplies at all, they hain't!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said the man.

"No need," said the barber. "I hain't a great 'and fer talkin' about my hexperiences, I hain't—nor fer blowin' off habout m'self. But tyke this here shyvin' cup, sir. 'Tain't much t' look at but seein' as you an' me've been through this show together, I'll tell you about hit. 'Tweren't much o' a show—just a mine—not like a regular torpedoin', but a sinkin' o' any kind do make people sorter mytey like, beggin' yer pardon. This cup were give to me by Albert Wiggins, sir!"

"Indeed," said the man. He took the cup in his hands. "Not Albert Wiggins?"

"The syme, sir. Him as calls hisself Allbare now, an' don't do nothink but fix up wimmin's hair in New York."

"You don't say!"

"Yessir, Albert an' me was pals before he got fancy like, an' he give me this fer a keepsyke after he won the Bloomsbury Barbers' Institoot Medal fer ——"

"No!"

"Yessir. An' this ryzor, sir. Looks ord'nary enough, but hit's the one I shyved the Juke o' Bordane wiv. I don't use a ryzor no more after shyvin' someone important royalty an' them." He half drew the razor from its case to let the man see it.

"Who else have you shaved?"

The barber lathered the man's face and ran his razor tentatively across the heel of his hand.

"Well, sir, thirty-one year is a long time an' I guess sooner or later they all comes to me. There's one thing I never talks about to no one though, except on a special hoccasion like this, as yer might sye. I could lose all them things I've saved an' not worry much, if I could only keep one thing." His voice wavered a bit and for a moment he shaved furiously and deftly. He dipped a towel in the bucket of water and slicked off the man's face.

"And what's that?"

"Well, sir, it's—it's someфing I prize wery highly, sir, and I carn't talk about it much. You see I—I broke it gettin' haboard the Gleason after the Birkencliff were done in. I only got the pieces left, sir." He parted the man's hair and combed it back smoothly.

"There y' are, sir. That'll hold yer till we make Cardiff, sir. We'll be in by teatime."

"But the pieces—pieces of what? You haven't told me."

The barber looked at him steadily, then slowly he reached inside his jumper and pulled out a pouch of oiled silk. He slipped the string off and held it in his hand. "I never hopens it no more," he said. "But y' can feel 'em."

The man touched the pouch with his fingers.

"But what is it?"

"Them's the pieces."

"Of what?"

"Of the shyvin' mug, sir."

"But you didn't tell me."

"The shyvin' mug, sir, as I used in shyvin' 'im, sir!"

The barber's voice sank to a reverent whisper.

"Him as was king! I done it before, though, when 'e was Prince o' Wyles. Hedward, sir. God save 'im!"

The man said nothing as the barber put the pouch back inside his jumper and adjusted the string about his neck.

"An' please, sir—no money. Not because folks gen'rally hasn't any wiv 'em after a sinkin', but because I never tykes it exceptin' on me own ship. Lord Nelson, 'e says, 'Hengland expects ev'ry man to do 'is juty,' sir. Hit's a matter of principle wiv me, sir."

The barber shook his head. Then suddenly he brightened. "Well, sir, if yer sees anyone as wants shyvin', tell 'em I'm ready fer 'em."

He: "Darling, it Would be Glorious to Sail Through Life Together Like This"

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THE MAN MERRIWELL

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gobbled them up by the million, boosting sales beyond Beadle's wildest dreams. By the time the war came to an end the experiment was an assured success. In 1866 Robert Adams died, and Beadle took his two brothers, David Adams and William Adams, into partnership, the firm becoming Beadle & Adams, under which name it was to do business for thirty years. Beadle was made. It was his turn to ask, "Who's loony now?"

To this flourishing concern Willie Patten submitted his first dime novels. They were, at the most charitable estimate, pretty bad: Clear-Grit Cal, the Never-Say-Die Detective; Fire-Eye, the Thugs' Terror; Wild Vulcan, the Lone Ranger Rider, and so on. But they were published. Money began to pour in—or at least so it seemed in Corinna. Bill Patten's eyes bulged many a time at the $250 checks which his queer fish of a son received for one of these tales; down at the village store they shook their heads and muttered, for all this smacked of black magic.

So, after four years of it, when he was just turned twenty-one, Willie Patten decided it was time for him to go to New York. He had a little money now; he had served his apprenticeship as a writer; he had even, on the money received from the sale of The Corinna Owl, a weekly newspaper that he had started, taken a trip West and viewed at first hand the scene of the epic tales he had been writing. Within a short time he had wound up all his affairs and was ready to start.

All his affairs? Not quite. There was a little affair of honor, one that involved the light but genuine hair that now grew on his face, and the $2500 he had made in the past year as compared with a certain $1800.

When he got off the train at Biddeford he headed straight for the mill. "Where's Gooch?" he demanded of the first millhand he met

"Hey, Willie!" exclaimed his former buddy. "Boy, I didn't hardly know you at first. You're a sight huskier than you was. . . . Gooch? Ain't you heared? Gooch is dead."

Ten Years After

Col. Prentiss Ingraham limped fretfully around his small room in Fifty-eighth Street and glared belligerently at Patten, who had buckled up his long legs on a trunk.

"No, suh!" he roared, while his small frame quivered with indignation. "The West'n story nev' will be dead. So long as the American people have one drop of red blood left in their veins, I tell you they're goin' to read West'n stories!"

"Custer's been dead pretty near twenty years," said Patten.

"Buffalo Bill ain't dead!" the colonel shot back with heat that was pardonable, since, through the medium of the dime novel, he was Buffalo Bill's official biographer. "If you think he is," he went on, "go down to Philadelphia, where he's showin' now, and watch him shoot. He can hold up his end of it, even with that little Oakley gal."

"They say she's pretty," said Patten, who had an eye to such things.

"—— as a picture," said the colonel, who also had an eye to such things, and stroked his flowing silky mustache. But in a moment he resumed fiercely: "And while you're down there, just count the people that come to see that Wild West show and see if Buffalo Bill is dead yet. And if you'll pa'don a little pride of auth'ship, I'd just like to call to yo' 'tention that my last stories about Buffalo Bill are sellin' bigger than ever. No, suh, Buffalo Bill's not dead, and neither is the West'n story."

Patten listened with half an ear. He was an older Patten now, with ten years in the literary trenches behind him, several of them devoted almost exclusively to this same kind of Western story that he was now beginning to have his doubts about. They had been glorious years in all truth. He had come down to a New York that was probably gaudier than any New York before or since. It was a New York as yet innocent of Subways, wherein you traveled uptown and downtown on elevated roads that still used steam engines, and cross town on cars still drawn by horses Brooklyn Bridge was then one of the wonders of the modern world, and Steve Brodie had just settled the big argument by jumping off it and living to tell the story. The theatrical district still lay between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets; grand opera was given in the Academy of Music on Fourteenth, hard by Tony Pastor's Theater and Huber's Museum; Maggie Cline was just then singing Throw Him Down, McCluskey! John L. Sullivan still reigned supreme, holding court nightly at one or the other of his three saloons. Irish gangs still ravaged the Bowery, where beer gardens, open of front so you could see the drinkers and the dancing girls within, lined most of the way. The Pulitzer Building was still the tallest building in the United States, and visitors to New York ascended in its dome of "solid gold" to refresh themselves with a bird's-eye view of the city. The Hoffman House still attracted many customers with its celebrated oil paintings of the female nude. It was a wide-open town, with everybody having a roaring good time.

Portrait of a Modest Man

Patten loved it. Especially he loved the humbuggery of it. This crowd loved to be fooled and it good-naturedly didn't give a hoot how often it was fooled, so it was fooled by a good show. He loved the humbugs who provided the literary show, who hashed up preposterous tales about Indians chasing pioneers over the plains and being in turn routed by a thundering herd of buffaloes. They were a picturesque crew, who loved the West because it was the big show, and who were as much a part of it as the advance press agent is part of a circus—fellows like Joseph E. Badger, whose master creation was Mustang Sam. . . . "You ax who I be? I'm Mustang Sam, the high muck-a-muck of E Pluribus Unum. . . . I kin yell louder, run furder, ride faster, shoot straighter, jump higher, tell bigger lies, eat more poor bull, and jump outside o' more chain lightnin' than any two-legged critter as was ever puffed." Oll Coomes, who lived in Iowa, and was one of the few dime-novel writers canny enough to invest his money profitably; Edward L. Wheeler, who called everybody pard and was suspected of never having been farther West than West Philadelphia; Harlan P. Halsey, who wrote the delectable detective stories signed Old Sleuth; John R. Coryell, who originated the Nick Carter stories; Buckskin Sam, properly known as Sam S. Hall, who occasionally showed his virile Western manhood by going on a shooting rampage at his home in Wilmington, Delaware.

And Patten laughed as loud as any at the monkeyshine staged daily by Buffalo Bill and Ned Buntline, his first official biographer, known in private life as Col. E. Z. C. Judson. That was when they were first trying to put over Buffalo Bill as a character in dime-novel fiction. Six or eight times a day, both Cody and Judson, in full Western regimentals, would come galloping down Broadway and dismount at the office of the publisher in Rose Street. Ostensibly they were occupied with business of the very first importance; actually they were occupied with nothing more important than to provide a show for the crowd that always awaited them, and incidentally to make a little extra publicity for the Buffalo Bill stories.

Most of all, Patten loved this same Colonel Ingraham who was now pacing the

(Continued on Page 129)

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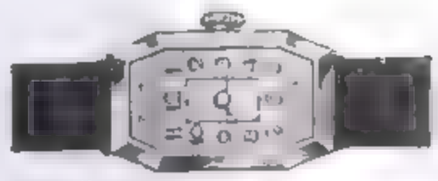

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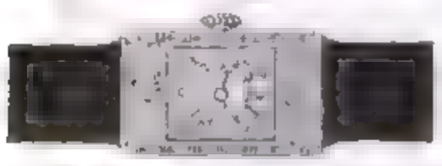

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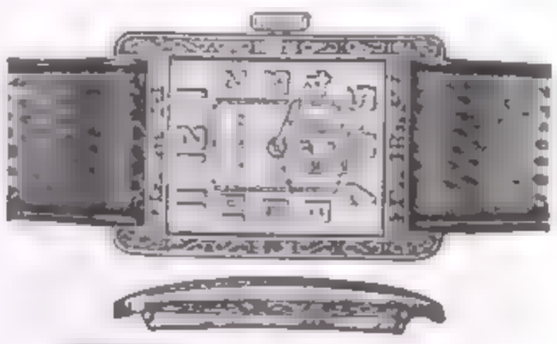

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TAVANNES
WATCHES (TA-VAN) —*right with the Sun*

(Continued from Page 126)

floor in such wild excitement at the very suggestion that the Western story might be on its last legs. The colonel had lived such a life that when he recounted his most prosaic experiences he was thought to be making up chapters for his next story. He had fought in the Civil War on the side of the Confederacy; he had soldiered in Austria, in Crete, in Africa, in Cuba, and with Juarez in Mexico. He had shot buffaloes with Buffalo Bill, to help fulfill the celebrated contract with the Kansas Pacific Railroad, under the terms of which Cody delivered the carcasses of more than 5000 buffaloes to be served as meat in the construction camps and thereby earned his highly valuable moniker. When Cody and Buntline had a disagreement, the colonel became Cody's biographer. And so well did he do his job that Buffalo Bill became such a character as not even Cody had dreamed was possible; There is many a schoolboy, even now, who is astonished to learn, in sixth-grade history, that this magnifico of the colonel's creation actually lived and breathed. Add to all this the fact that the colonel was a gentleman of the old South, and could cuss in rimed hexameter verse, and he stands out as a most colorful writing man.

Opportunity Knocks

Now, however, Patten was beginning to be worried about the Western story. This was not entirely a matter of art. It was more a question of bread and butter. Since the night when he had come back home from the Biddeford mill, he had written stories for his living, and it was something to be concerned about that the stories he had been writing were beginning to look bleary and frayed around the edges. Wherefore he lent a very dubious ear to the colonel's eulogy of Buffalo Bill.

"It's just like what they're saying about that contraption that this fool Haynes is monkeying around with," the colonel was saying. "Some of them say it's going to put the horse out of business. Well, if Haynes was to hook a whistle on his machine, maybe it might do for a peanut roaster. Or if he was to put some bars around it, maybe it might do for a cage for that talking dog they've got over at Worth's Museum. But put the horse out of business? Come over here, Gil—just look at them going out to the pa'k. Don't you just love to see 'em step? Gil, there's some things that won't never be put out of business. One of them is the horse and the other is the West'n story—that gave the horse his proper place in literature, if I do say so myself."

Shortly afterward Patten joined his family at Camden, Maine, where they had moved from Corinna, more than ever convinced that he had to find a new field if he was to continue to make his living by his facile pen. He had hardly landed there when he received a letter from O. G. Smith, president of Street & Smith, in regard to a new series of stories. By this time—1895—Street & Smith had long since taken the leadership of the dime-novel field away from Beadle & Adams. The firm had been started in 1855, several years before Beadle went into business, but had not published dime novels until after Beadle had demonstrated that the thing could be done. Then gradually it had pulled ahead, until by now it was the leading publisher in the field. No doubt the death of Beadle, in 1894, had had much to do with the dwindling prosperity of the firm.

Mr. Smith wanted to know if Patten would be interested in doing a new series of stories for boys. Patten wrote for more details and Mr. Smith replied as follows:

December 16, 1895.

GILBERT PATTEN, ESQ.,
CAMDEN, MAINE.

Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of December 18, at hand today, we beg to state that the material of which we wrote you in our last letter is intended for a library which we purpose issuing every week; something in the line of the Jack Harkaway stories, Gay Dashleigh series which we are running in Good News and the Island School Series, all of which are expressed to you under separate cover, the idea being to issue a library containing a series of stories covering this class of incident, in all of which will appear one prominent character surrounded by suitable satellites. It would be an advantage to the series to have introduced the Dutchman, the Negro, the Irishman, and any other dialect that you are familiar with. From what we know of your work, we believe you can give us what we require, and would be pleased to have you write us one of these stories at once. Upon receipt of it, if satisfactory, we will be prepared to make a contract with you to cover twenty thousand words weekly for this library and a sufficient number of Good News stories to keep them running in the columns of Good News, if you believe you can turn out this amount of work.

It is important that the main character in the series should have a catchy name, such as Dick Lightheart, Jack Harkaway, Gay Dashleigh, Don Kirk (a character in two previous stories by Patten) as upon this name will depend the title for the library.

The essential idea of this series is to interest young readers in the career of a young man at a boarding school, preferably a military or a naval academy. The stories should differ from the Jack Harkaways in being American and thoroughly up to date. Our idea is to issue, say, twelve stories, each complete in itself but like the links in a chain, all dealing with life at the academy. By this time the readers will have become sufficiently well acquainted with the hero, and the author will also no doubt have exhausted most of the pranks and escapades that might naturally occur.

After the first twelve numbers, the hero is obliged to leave the academy, or takes it upon himself to leave. It is essential that he should come into a considerable amount of money at this period. When he leaves the academy he takes with him one of the professor's servants, a chum. In fact any of the characters you have introduced and made prominent in the story. A little love element would also not be amiss, though this is not particularly important.

When the hero is once projected on his travels there is an infinite variety of incident to choose from. In the Island School Series, published by one of our London connections, you will find scenes of foreign travel, with color. This material you are at liberty to use freely, with our hero as the central character, of course, and up-to-date dialogue.

After we run through twenty or thirty numbers of this, we would bring the hero back and have him go to college—say, Yale University; thence we could take him on his travels again to the South Seas or anywhere.

If you can do the opening stories of school life, you will be able to do them all, as we shall assist you in the matter of local color for the stories of travel.

This letter will, of course, be held as confidential. After you have fully examined the Island School material, kindly return to us.

Yours truly,

Patten hadn't got half through this before he knew that this was what he had been looking for. He would get away from the absurdities of Western fiction and give the boys something they could believe in. Also, he would give them a hero they could really admire. And he would try to build the stories on character rather than on incident, and in that way make them live.

Preparedness in a Name

Frank Merriwell was agreed upon as the name of the hero, this name suggesting the kind of boy Patten had in mind. And lest the import of the name be lost on the youthful readers, Patten was careful to describe Frank on Page 1 of the first story, thus; "His face was frank, open and winning, but the merry light that usually dwelt in his eyes was now banished by a look of scorn," and so on.

In order that the series could be continued by others if Patten fell ill or got tired of the job, or something of the sort, it was necessary that he have a nom de plume. Burt L. Standish was agreed upon for this, as being a good, substantial American alias. The pay was to be the princely sum of fifty dollars a week.

Finally Patten was ready to write the first story, to be called Frank Merriwell; or, First Days at Fardale. As he hitched up to his typewriter he snickered to himself, for there popped into his head a story that was going the rounds about the colonel. It seems that somebody had asked the colonel how he managed to think of plots in such amazing profusion.

"First," the colonel said, "I take a situation, and then I work forward from that."

"Yes, colonel, but what do you mean by a situation?"

"Crack! Crack! Crack! Three more redskins bit the dust," elucidated the colonel. "There you have it. Now go on with your story."

"Better start it off in style," thought Patten, and this is what he wrote:

CHAPTER I

FRANK MAKES A FOE

"Get out!"

Thump! A shrill howl of pain.

"Stop it! That's my dog!"

"Oh, it is? Then you ought to be kicked too! Take that for your impudence!"

Cuff! A blow from an open hand sent the boyish owner of a whimpering poodle staggering to the ground, while paper bags of pop corn flew from his basket and scattered their snowy contents around.

"That was a cowardly blow!"

Fast-Writing Records

And so on. As may be imagined, the clarion defy at the end came from Frank; and fitting it was that the first words he ever uttered should quiver with magnificent contempt at the spectacle of a cowardly blow.

"It was an awful job, and don't you forget it," says Patten, looking back at the beginning of the Merriwell experiment. "Twenty thousand words a week! That means more than a million words a year—at the rate of one full-length novel a month. And when you turn out stuff that fast for seventeen years, you're grinding copy. All the Merriwell stories have been written and gathered into books. Two hundred and four of them—count them up and see how many they make. But when I was writing them there were times when I felt like a horse in an old country treadmill. I ground and I ground and I ground, and it seemed as though there never would be an end to it."

For the new series was a success from the start. The first number, published April 18, 1896, sold out completely; within three months the circulation of the Tip-Top Library, with Frank Merriwell as its leading character, had reached 75,000, with new readers, their nickels clutched in their dirty little fists, marching up to the news stands every week. And to satisfy them, Patten settled down to the laborious business of grinding out 20,000 words a week every week in the year.

"Over a period of years," he goes on, "I imagine that comes pretty close to setting a record. But don't get the idea that I was a remarkably fast writer. There were plenty of them who could turn it out a lot faster than I could. One time Beadle & Adams needed a serial in a hurry, and Victor locked Edward L. Wheeler in a room with a pile of paper. After two days there was a 30,000-word novel. I don't say it was a good novel, but anyhow it was a novel.

"But the colonel beat that. There was some misunderstanding about a story. Victor expected it, but the colonel hadn't written it, and when Victor wired him, in Washington, it was within two days of publication time. The colonel sat right down and began to write. It almost killed him, but at the end of twenty-four hours he had a 33,000-word story in the mail.

"But over a long pull I probably turned out as much as any of the rest, and maybe a little bit more. The first year was the worst, because I hadn't got any system into it. On those first stories I tramped the floor many a night, and there were weeks when I didn't think I could possibly get a story ready. I used to write a lot of them up in Maine, and if I didn't make a certain express with my copy, there wouldn't be any story that week. And more than once I finished the story so late I had to run down to the station and hand the envelope to the man on the mail car; the train would be already in and ready to pull out.

"After a while it came easier. I blocked the stories out thirteen at a time. Why thirteen? Well, there are fifty-two weeks in the year, and when you divide fifty-two by four you get thirteen, not twelve. Then I saved myself a lot of work by learning to dictate to a stenographer. My fingers got sore banging out that much copy on a machine. The dictation scheme accounts for one thing that many people laugh about in the Merriwell stories—a stilted effect in the style and a touch of artificiality in the dialogue. I guess the charge is true. But you shoot 4000 words a day at a stenographer, and when she transcribes her notes, see how flexible and natural it sounds. Easy style and nice, homely dialogue are possible only when you have a chance to shine up your work. No chance for that doing the Merriwells. That was rough-and-ready writing, and if you couldn't do it that way, you couldn't do it at all.

"Plots? I never had much trouble with plots. No, I wasn't like the colonel; I didn't start with a situation and work forward from that. I built all these stories around a character. If you will read the first Merriwell story you will see what I mean. That is a story about a number of boys, one of them Merriwell, who were candidates for admission to Fardale Academy. One of them, as a result of the brawl at the railroad station which opens the story, takes a dislike to Merriwell and plots to keep him out of the academy. In the course of the feud, Merriwell rescues the beautiful Inza from a mad dog after the other boy had fled; he emerges triumphant from a fist fight and two or three other scrapes that he stumbles into. Superficially, that is a story made up of highly improbable incident. Look a little closer and you will see that Frank succeeds because he has certain outstanding traits of character. Even in the end, when he is freed from a cemetery vault into which his enemies had locked him, his rescuer is the same little shaver whom he had befriended a few days before at the railroad station in the scuffle over the dog."

Character in a Crucible

"All the Merriwell stories were built on the same formula—to test Frank in some crucial way so that certain sides of his nature were thrown into high relief. Yes, one of his qualities, of course, was courage. But they laugh about Frank's bravery too much. As a matter of fact, he wasn't so brave; he was scared often, and badly scared at that. Much more important was his loyalty—something that boys esteem more than anything else. No matter how hard pressed Frank might be, he never played anybody a dirty trick. Of course, it was my business to see that he was hard pressed in every story. He was always getting into jams, so that if he would only turn against his friends he could make a million dollars. Of course he never did it. Another quality was a sense of humor. Another was a sense of justice, a capacity to see the other fellow's side. And another was a little vague; I can best describe it as decency.

"But he had a lot of very human weaknesses too. One of them was a love for gambling. Frank's battle to overcome this furnished many a chapter in the series, and the boys, I judge, found it just as absorbing as a lot of so-called action."

The popular story based on character was a novelty then, the publishers, although they had themselves suggested the idea, were a little appalled at the lengths to which Patten carried it. One day while he was at luncheon with O. G. Smith and his brother G. C. Smith, also of the Street & Smith firm, O. G. Smith wanted to know if the stories could not be sped up a little.

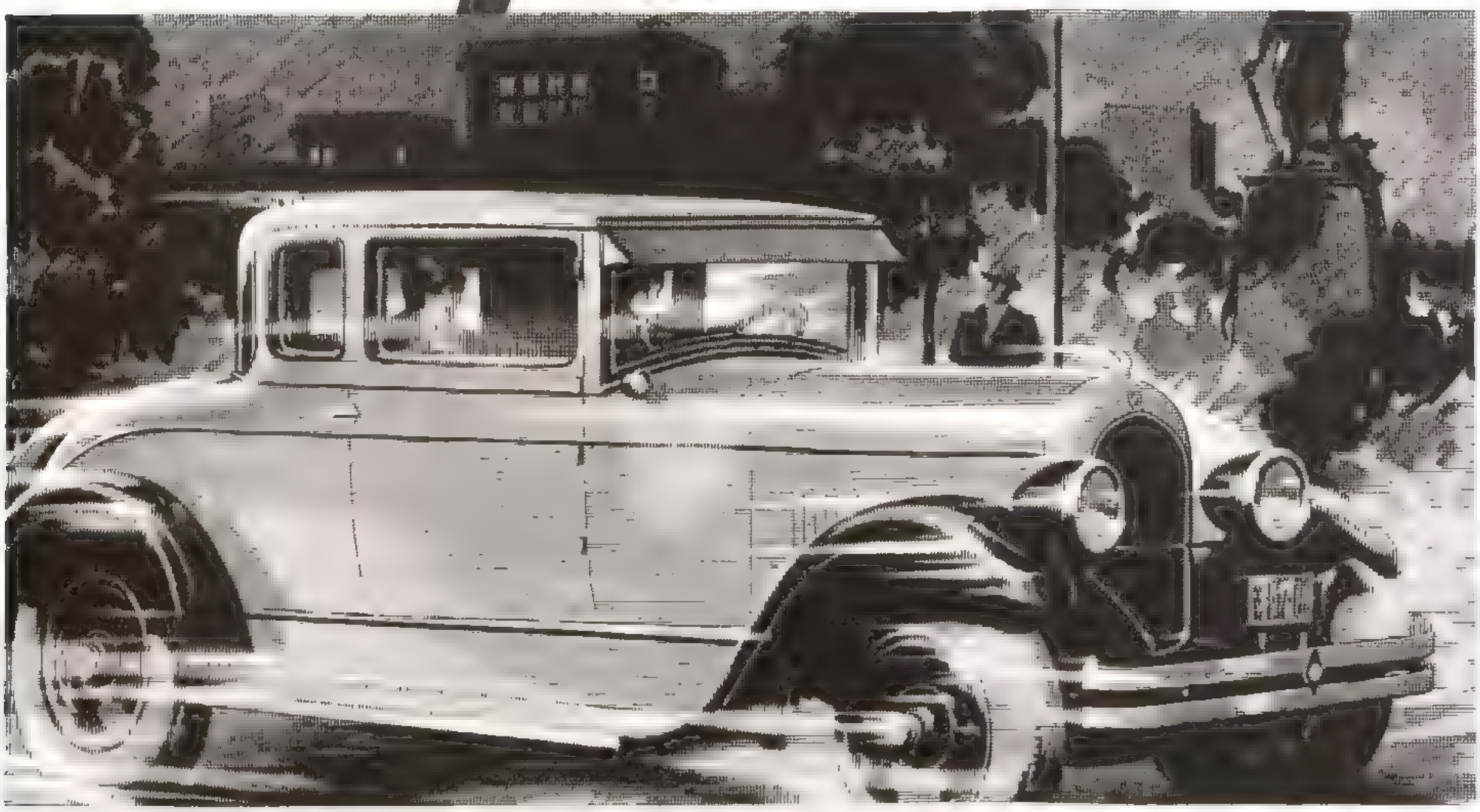
"It seems to me," he said, "that these stories ought to have more action incident, you know, excitement, something going on."

Patten, a little surprised, asked where the stories seemed to lag.

"Well," said Smith, "last week you had a story that shows what I mean. For two pages Merriwell does nothing but take care of his horse—feeds him, waters him, rests

(Continued on Page 132)

4th Largest of all



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ALL who drive the Chrysler "60" acclaim it the finest of the lighter sixes—and have proved their preference by the soaring sales which make the "60" far and away the most popular of all the lighter sixes.

They recognize that the "60" offers a unique combination of the most typical Chrysler features—six-cylinder engine, seven-bearing crankshaft, invar strut pistons, impulse neutralizer, manifold heat control, oil filter, air cleaner, full pressure lubrication, four-wheel hydraulic brakes and shock absorbers—all at a price which makes the "60" unmistakably the outstanding value and the highest quality car in its field.

Riding and driving the "60", people marvel at its snap and dash and vim, giving sixty and more miles an hour with exceptional ease—in fact, a degree of smoothness and riding comfort obviously without parallel for so moderate an investment. We invite you, too, to make your own test of the exceptional Chrysler "60".

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CHRYSLER

Motor Car Manufacturers

Four Great Lines of Cars in Four Great Markets

HOW quick the public is to recognize and show preference for outstanding merit, ingenuity and progressiveness is dramatically proven by its elevation of Chrysler to the rank of *fourth place in dollar-volume of automobile sales.*

It can only mean, of course, that people have discriminated in Chrysler's favor because of qualities and values in Chrysler cars which are unmistakably and undeniably in advance of current offerings.

The outstanding growth in Chrysler volume proves conclusively that the four great cars produced by Chrysler Standardized Quality give results — in appearance, performance, dependability and long life — which are so outstanding in every price-class that any Chrysler instantly proves its superiority to any car of comparable price.

An ever-growing preference among buyers has accomplished the steady Chryslerization of the entire motor car industry — older standards and older ideas giving way before the newer Chrysler principles — all pointing to the inevitable conclusion that Chrysler cars and Chrysler manufacture actually do give greater value.

Walter P. Chrysler's open-minded and encouraging genius, working with the great Chrysler engineering staff, splendidly prepared the way for such progress. His fortunate independence of corporate ties made it possible to achieve advances in the motor car art which have revolutionized motor car buying.

To the whole world it is apparent that the genius which, in three years, has led the way to more important improvements in automotive engineering and manufacturing than have been brought forth in the last ten years, must have produced cars which are undeniable leaders in unexampled quality of performance, trimness and beauty, comfort, easy handling, safety and long life in each of the four important price divisions of the market.

Surely you owe it to yourself to ride in and drive one of these great Chryslers before you buy any make of car in a corresponding price class.

, , ,

Chrysler "60" prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, *(with rumble seat)*, $1175; Coupe, *(with rumble seat)*, $1245; Sedan, $1245. *F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

"50" "60" "70" IMPERIAL "80"

CHRYSLER "60"

(Continued from Page 129)

him, and so on. I don't believe that appeals to boys."

"I think you're wrong," said Patten. "In the first place, Merriwell has been repeatedly identified as a humane character. He is kind to animals; it is part of his nature. In the second place, nine-tenths of the boys who read these stories are of the age when they are crazy over horses. They know all about horses. And when they read how Merriwell was considerate of his horse, that brings the story close home to them. Those two pages are just as interesting to them as though I had had Frank ride the horse in front of the express train and grab the girl off the cowcatcher. Get your mind off action. Action is what killed the old dime novel. It is all right for a few pages, but it gets pretty tedious unless there is some character mixed up with it that you can get interested in." Smith was still dubious. "I'll ask you one thing," said Patten: "Do the stories sell?"

Smith laughed. Turning to his brother he said: "I guess Patten's got us there. The stories sell all right. If they haven't got excitement, they've got something, so we might as well let him alone and let him do his stories his own fool way."

"Characters," Patten explains, "were perhaps the hardest. When you're writing regular fiction, you draw your characters from life. But when you're writing for boys, you draw your characters from the imaginary world that boys live in. When I conceived Frank, I think I hit on approximately the boy that every kid would like to be. Not, mind you, the boy that every kid ought to be. That was the Horatio Alger idea—a moral in every story. But my boy pointed no moral; he was just every boy's ideal picture of himself. And I never did anything cleverer than when I made Frank, right in the first story, an expert ventriloquist.

"The kids had all heard of this trick, and they had all gone out back of the barn to practice, in a secret effort to acquire it. So when Frank appeared as a master of this mysterious art they fell in love with him at once.

"But Frank wasn't the only character. There had to be others, especially villains. For a long time Bart Hodge was the chief villain of the series. He was the boy who cuffed the little pop-corn vender at the railroad station. Bart, however, eventually renounced his evil ways and became Frank's closest friend. Then there was Porfias del Norte, who appeared when I took Frank out West for a time.

The Greatest Villain of All

"Friends have told me that Porfias del Norte was the greatest villain of all literature. He had every human depravity, and a few depravities that had not heretofore been regarded as human. He stopped at nothing—not even mayhem. His word was not worth the breath it took to utter it. He had not the slightest chivalry toward women and children. He associated with low characters. He was prolific of plots, schemes and intrigues. His lightest word was a curse.

"Then there had to be comic characters. It is a curious thing, but you cannot give boys real humor. They do not understand it. Slapstick is what they get fun out of. That is the reason for such characters as Harry Rattleton, who always said things like 'I seel filly—I mean, I feel silly.' Boys think that very funny. And Hans Dunnerwurst, the Dutch boy; and Ephraim Gallup, the lank Yankee boy, who, every time things began to get hot, would moan, 'I wisht I was to hum on the farm.'

"Only twice did I draw characters from life. Once was when I used a friend of mine, Capt. Walter Wiley, and put him into the stories, name and all. He had been a seafaring man and was a picturesque fellow, and he went over great with the boys. In the stories he was always referred to as the Windjammer."

"The other time was a little different." Here Patten pauses to laugh. "One time I met a lady I knew, up in Maine—a Mrs. Gardner, and she said to me, 'Mr. Patten, my boy reads about Frank Merriwell every week, and he wants to know if you couldn't put him into a story.'

"So I said that would be easy enough, and I asked her one or two questions about what kind of looking boy he was, since I had never seen him, and one or two other things about him, and then I put him into a story. He only appeared for a sentence or two, did Earl Gardner, as a freshman at Yale who wanted to meet the great Frank Merriwell, but never had the chance, and I thought that would be the end of it. But within two weeks I had a hundred letters from boys all over the country, demanding that I give them more about Earl Gardner. So Earl Gardner became one of the most popular characters in the stories."

A Real Boy Hero

"A trust," said O. Henry, "is its own weakest point"; and the same principle held true for Merriwell. It was his very popularity that led to his downfall. For in spite of all that Patten did to stunt his growth, he grew bigger and bigger and older and older, until no boy in the world could be expected to take an interest in him. His story, indeed for the last ten eventful years of his life, is the story of Patten's desperate efforts to keep alive the spark of youth within him. Other characters might stay the same age for years. Mutt and Jeff look the same now as they did seventeen years ago; the Katzenjammer Kids never grow up, and neither does Chester Gump.

But Merriwell had no such luck. He was the idol of thousands of boys who kept book on him as closely as thousands of other boys now keep book on Babe Ruth. When Frank had finished the first year at Fardale he had to go on to second year; there was no more chance that he could be sent to repeat the course than that he could be sent out to rob a bank. And after four years at Fardale he was through at Fardale; the big question was what to do with him next.

In accordance with the original plan, he went to Yale. He was a great boy at Yale; he made the football team every year, and won all the Harvard games single-handed in the last minute of play. He was elected to all the best fraternities; he led his class with honors. In fact he was easily the most remarkable student that Old Eli ever had.

But at the end of his junior year, the same old question came up; in another year he would graduate, and be a man, out of the ken of boys forever. The situation was rather serious. The circulation was now 108,000; much depended on Merriwell, so far as the publishers were concerned, and also so far as Patten was concerned. His original $50 a week, after a number of raises, had become $150; and in the early 1900's this was not to be sneezed at.

To gain time to think, Patten took Frank out of Yale. He contrived a dastardly plot whereby Frank lost all his money and had to go to work on a railroad. Here, at least, it would be harder for the boys to keep tab on the hero, since there were no college semesters marking the time so easily. And while Frank worked on the locomotives, Patten racked his brain as to what to do. And finally he decided he would retire Frank and invent a long-lost brother, much younger than Frank, who would reawaken juvenile interest.

So Frank settled the great strike on the railroad, recovered his fortune, went back to college, graduated at the end of a year, and the stage was all set for Dick. The advent of Dick presented some difficulties, as Frank was an only child, as all the readers knew. Nevertheless, Merriwell père had once taken a mysterious trip, and Patten let it be known that on this trip he had got married, and Dick Merriwell was the result of that union. So Dick Merriwell finally appeared on the scene, much to the surprise of Frank, as may be imagined.

But Dick was a dreadful flop. The readers still numbered thousands, of course, for the name Merriwell was potent. But the boys never took to Dick as they had taken to Frank.

"The reason," says Patten, "was that Dick was not the character that Frank was I couldn't make him a replica of Frank, you know; he had to be different. But it was Frank who really stood for every boy's dream. Dick was all right, but not many boys wanted to be like him. And then I suppose I had got careless. Frank's ventriloquism was a big hit. But Dick's capacity to talk with wild animals never went over. It just didn't click. I guess I had written Merriwells too long."

And so, after a few years of Dick, the Merriwell series came to an end. After Patten gave it up, two or three others tried to carry on, but without success.

Frank's Long-Lost Brother

Shortly after the Merriwell stories started, Beadle & Adams closed their doors. After the debacle, Patten and Arthur Grissom, first editor of Smart Set, persuaded Street & Smith to give the colonel a berth. And there he continued to recount the glories of Buffalo Bill, but to an ever-dwindling clientele.

In 1904, just before he died, the colonel went up to visit Patten in Maine.

"How's Little Lord Merriweather?" he asked.

"Paying a hundred and fifty a week," said Patten. "How's Buffalo Bill?"

"Dead," said the colonel. "Cody's not, but Buffalo Bill is." He sighed. "Gil," he confided, "something's happened to this country. Things aren't what they used to be."

In addition to the Merriwell stories, Patten has written seventy novels of standard length, besides innumerable serials and short stories that were never gathered into book form. The Merriwells, in reissued form, are still on sale on the newsstands. He estimates that in his life he has written 40,000,000 words of fiction, or enough to fill eight five-foot shelves. He is now plain Gilbert Patten, having dropped the William because it reminded him of the days when he was called Willie. Oddly enough, although he is easily the country's most prolific *literatus*, you will not find him in Who's Who.

"Did I love Merriwell?" he says. "Not at first. Those early stories were more of a joke to me than anything else. But when it got so that a half million kids were reading him every week—and I think there were that many, when you stop to think how the stories were lent from hand to hand—I began to realize that I had about the biggest chance to influence the youth of this country that any man ever had. And when you get the messiah complex you are lost. Yes, I loved him. And I loved him most because no boy, if he followed in his tracks, ever did anything that he need be ashamed of."

This chap nearly won the well-dressed-man contest

HE HAD on a smart shirt. His vest didn't hike up in back. His trousers hung straight and trim. His cuffs were the right style. But his cuff buttons came from a dim and awkward past!

Remedy: Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons.

Kum-a-parts keep the cuffs neat and straight. They are smart-looking. They come in a wide variety of styles appropriate for any informal occasion. Over ten million men today are wearing them. And finding that they are the easiest cuff buttons to put on and take off yet discovered. A simple snap device (and you can't wear it out) does the trick. Snip! and they're open. Snap! and they're closed.

Buy Kum-a-parts! Guaranteed for a lifetime. Priced to suit every purse. Up to $25. The Baer and Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

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Slip-in-Studs for evening wear make putting on a dress shirt a pleasure.

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"YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST"

DAVENPORT BED SUITE NO 1754

OCCASIONAL CHAIR NO 315

Add *another* bedroom this easy way

Are you, like so many other women of today, lamenting the lack of a guest room—an extra bedroom—to accommodate overnight guests—to use in time of illness?

There is an easy way to have this needed bedroom *at no extra cost*. Thousands of families are doing it—with the handsome *Kroehler Davenport Bed*. It combines with the beautiful living room suite you need the extra bedroom you require—at the cost of the ordinary davenport of good quality. You buy a davenport. You get an extra bedroom at no extra cost

By day the beautiful, stylish Kroehler Davenport Bed lends to your living room the *comfort* and *style* of finest custom-*built* furniture. Yet, at night, a simple easy motion reveals a full sized bed. It has deep, restful springs. Bed clothes are all in place. There is no more comfortable bed in your home.

Hidden qualities

Like all "Kroehler-made" furniture, the davenport bed is *scientifically built* inside, as well as outside The frame is of selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked. *Not merely soft wood nailed together.*

Resilient, non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high carbon wire of premier quality, interlocked with a spring steel understructure. *Far stronger than the usual webbing* Filling is of sterilized flax fiber, best moss and felted cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented, yielding coil springs; thickly padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. Ample space for mattress and bedding.

Yet, because of tremendous production, economical purchasing, scientific manufacturing practice and skilled craftsmen, the prices of this handsome up-to-date furniture are *surprisingly reasonable*.

Moderate prices

The nearest Krochler dealer will show you our latest period and overstuffed designs. Also, a wide variety of fine quality coverings in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, Baker velours, jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase leatherwove. He will arrange convenient terms if vou desire

Upon request we will gladly send the name of a dealer near you and a free copy of our new book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms." Address,

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill., or Stratford, Ont.

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DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE . . . KROEHLER —MADE— LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER NAME PLATE

The foundation of summer Comfort!

Varsity "Sturdi-chex" -the finest $1 union suit made

You can wear the lightest Palm Beach suit and a shirt of gossamer silk—but you won't be cool unless your underwear is comfortable!

It stands to reason that your union suit is the foundation on which you build summer comfort.

Take "Sturdi-chex." Cool and airy,—light and soothing to the skin. Cut full and easy—yet not in the least baggy!

And although light and cool, sturdy enough to stand strenuous wear and frequent washings!

Buy 6 suits and enjoy a comfortable summer.

Other Varsity Underwear

$1 to $7 a suit

Varsity UNDERWEAR CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

HOW COME PIGEONS?

(Continued from Page 19)

Fifty-four fine-looking youngsters lost and still I was happy. I had the start of that dependable strain, and the stock birds that produced them.

The four birds of the same blood that came home to me that night through the rain were the Day Hen—mentioned before—the mother of Safety, the Bee Line Kid and No. 9942, three times 600 miles, on the day of toss. They were all blue, with black bars across their wings, like Belle and John of my early days. Their pedigrees took a lot of running down, for the man who had owned their parents had no idea of their blood lines. Finally I traced them to an importation of a well-known fancier ten years earlier. They were of purest Wegge blood, and the pedigrees on both sides went back to Petit Noir and Vendome, the bright stars in the stud of that famous Belgian flyer.

Now I had the stock I wanted; but I must have an outcross that would nick, as breeders call it. My two other birds that finished that day were hens, and, after all, they were better than 392 other youngsters that had their same chance. They would do very nicely for the two blue cocks, but what about cocks for the blue hens? That would have to wait for another breeding season.

Birds straggled in for a week, one at a time, and I kept a record of the arrivals. Many of that sixty I never saw again. The following spring I had an old-bird team of my six stars and about ten of the late arrivals. These birds had had too much taken out of them to fly them farther that year. It is so that racing teams are built up. I was lucky to have struck gold so soon.

Bird Timers

Timing clocks are of two varieties—the start-and-stop clock and the continuous running timer. I shall describe the mechanism of only one type. It costs fifty dollars. Men whose appearance proclaims their general poverty nevertheless own these clocks. They are represented as unbeatable. They contain a roll of paper upon which, with the turning of a crank, are stamped three clock dials, each containing a single hand. The first dial indicates the hours, so that if the single hand points at three, the crank was turned at three o'clock. The second dial registers the minutes and the third dial the seconds. The clock must contain the countermark taken from each bird upon arrival, as proclaimed by the clock dials.

This countermark is a soft rubber ring containing on its inmost side a printed number which nobody knows. It has on its outside another number, which goes on the entry sheet opposite the registered number of the bird as shown by his seamless band—the aluminum one he wears always, which was put on his leg when he was eight days old. A bird without his registered aluminum band is ineligible. Now when the crank of the timer is turned, the aforementioned countermark is locked in a compartment at the same time that the dials are printed. These clocks time twelve birds, print twelve sets of dial faces and must contain twelve countermarks, if they are used to capacity. Otherwise they must contain one set of dials and one countermark for each bird which it is claimed has negotiated the course.

On shipping night hundreds of fanciers gather at headquarters, each with his wicker basket containing his carefully conditioned entries. When his name is called he steps up to a long counter behind which sit, at intervals of about five feet, the secretaries of all the clubs in the concourse. Behind the secretaries is a solid wall of shipping crates of uniform size, about two and a half feet by four. These crates are bedded with fresh sawdust to a depth of an inch or more. Beside them stand the handlers of the birds, picked for the purpose. No one else is allowed within the inclosure.

The contestant steps up when his name is called and produces his entry sheet. This sheet contains the list of his birds—their registered numbers, their color and sex, together with a list of the pools for which they are entered. The secretary sees that the list is in order and takes from the box beside him the requisite number of countermarks. The contestant takes from his basket a bird. He says, "Blue Check Cock 62407."

The handler comes forward, takes the bird, verifies the number and places upon its leg the countermark handed him by the secretary. The secretary has first entered the countermark number of the bird in its proper column opposite 62407 B. C. C. The handler then places the bird in the topmost crate of the stack behind him. These stacks are six or eight crates high and the right-hand stack is for cocks, while the left-hand one is for hens. The second bird called is placed in the second crate, and so on. This is so that an accident to one crate would not work too great a hardship on one contestant.

When the list is completed and checked, the contestant pays his entry fee for each bird and the amount of the pools for which he has entered his birds.

Two o'clock in the morning sees a succession of immense trucks, each piled high with crates of birds, setting out for the express cars in Jersey City, and the fanciers, carrying empty baskets, set out for home. Each man has received from the race secretary his clock, elaborately sealed. These clocks have all been run against a master timer and their variations noted. The clock committee has had these timers in its hands for several days.

My reading had taken me deep into pigeon lore and I knew something about all varieties shown in this country. The jacobin I found to be the most popular at the shows, and the breed that offered the most competition. Prices were high, too—$150, $200, $500 for a champion was not unusual. I bought some at a ridiculous price and learned quickly that I cared nothing about them. They are a development of the old-fashioned ruffleneck of our boyhood, and, as bred now, are entirely blinded by the immense hoods of feather that cover their heads. I found that they would walk straight into a wall, could scarcely fly at all, and had great difficulty in finding their food, unless all this mass of feathers—their beauty and reason for existence—were cut away with scissors. So doctored, they were hideous. If a rainstorm came up suddenly and happened to catch them in the aviary, they would drown unless I went out and put them in one by one. What a comedown for a man accustomed to breeding birds that could fly through a rainstorm for fourteen hours on end! I gave them away to the first man who would take them.

Loved for Their Defects

A fantail breeder made me a present of a pair of white fans, in an effort to get me into that branch of the fancy. The normal pigeon has twelve feathers in its tail, while the fantail has fifty, more or less. These birds were splendid specimens, my friend told me. One of the points called for in the standard was that they must carry their heads well back and their carriage must be haughty. My birds carried their heads so far back that when I put water before them, although they had been two days in a shipping crate, they could not see over their chests to find it. I had to catch them and stick their beaks in the water.

There were other monstrosities called German toys, owls, turbits, Oriental frills, satinettes, blondinettes, and so on. Beautiful they are, but their beaks are so short that it is necessary to have other birds as feeders. They cannot feed their own young. Then there are the muffed varieties, with four-inch feathers growing from their feet, so that they are constantly tripping over their own feet as they walk. And English carriers, long thin and homely, with immense vile wattles, and eye ceres that are likely to become diseased, and are an immense amount of trouble to their fanciers. There is also the family of tumblers. They turn back somersaults in the air because of a nervous affection. All these defectives are highly valued, and generally because of their defects, which men choose to call their distinctive characteristics. Every one of them is a handicap to the bird in its existence.

There are other fancy birds without handicaps of any sort, but these have very little value, and there is no sort of competition in their breeding. Among these are nuns, helmets, flights, archangels. They are all of the same family and are admired for their contrasting plumage. None of these interested me. My birds must have the ability to manage all their own affairs without assistance, or

Continued on Page 136)

The Four Main Buildings of the Squab Farm at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under The Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time method has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life, that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends an annoying problem.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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1 Disposal of use easy as tissue. No laundry

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

2 True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton

3 Obtain without embarrassment, at any store* simply by saying "Kotex"

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co

....Only one way to PROVE Foot Comfort Claims

The Ground Gripper Sport Oxford

Next time you read foot comfort claims—

take the trouble that you owe to your personal comfort to test and see the shoe, itself. Does it offer good appearance and comfort? . . . Does it afford the joy of utter relaxation in walking, shopping, dancing, golf? . . . If so, ten chances out of ten, it's the Ground Gripper—and none other—that you are inspecting.

For Ground Grippers are scientifically constructed to allow every muscle, bone, nerve and tendon to function naturally. They offer a combination of corrective and preventive features found in no other shoe.

The FLEXIBLE ARCH conforms to the natural arch of the foot, allowing the muscles to exercise with every step; the STRAIGHT INNER LINE allows the toes to function with that strong, gripping, *natural* action; and the patented ROTOR HEEL makes you "toe straight ahead."

Of Importance to Women

The new Ground Gripper Sport Oxford for women. Smart and comfortable to the last degree . . . See, too, the new Ground Gripper Dress Line—beautifully designed, stylish, and far more comfortable than ordinary style shoes.

In two types for men and women:

Corrective—which guards against and corrects foot troubles, and

Modified Corrective—embodying the same features but with a modified outer swing.

The nearest Ground Gripper dealer will gladly suggest the type most suited to your comfort. Write for name of nearest dealer.

Ground Gripper

The Most Comfortable Shoe in the World

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Something everyone should know

FREE for the asking. Send today for your copy of interesting booklet "What You Should Know About Your Feet."

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC.
90 Linden Park St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me your booklet on care of the feet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 134

else I feel contempt for them. They must also be of real value in men's eyes.

There began to appear in ever-greater quantities in the shows pigeons characterized as the utility breeds. These birds were very large—almost twice as big as homers—and they were logy, stupid to my unaccustomed eyes—much as a Percheron must look to the eyes of a breeder of Thoroughbreds. There are such things as thoroughbred Percherons, however. I made inquiries and found to my surprise that champion specimens of these breeds sold for as much as any of the fancy varieties. Best of all, they had no abnormalities of any sort, and theoretically at least, their value was based on something solid. They produced food for men in the form of squabs. Not the little shriveled things served at banquets, but big, tender, juicy squabs that weighed a pound to a pound and a quarter dressed—squabs as large as broilers.

Now I had no desire to go into the butchering business, but I knew from experience that in breeding anything there are many of the unfit to one of the fit, and that it was just as well to have a market for the undesirables. In the sport of racing pigeons the disposal of the supernumeraries had always been a problem. Perhaps six young birds would plug the gaps in your racing team, and at the end of the young-bird series of races you were likely to have fifty. Success in racing almost invariably attended those lofts containing few birds very well cared for.

I began to have a vision of a pigeon stock farm somewhere in the country, away from city sounds and sights, with long houses filled with splendid specimens of pigeons, ever improving in quality. I rather fancied myself as a breeder. The tale of the workingman who purchased from the wealthy dog fancier the runt of the litter for a song, later to win the blue ribbon over all the wealthy fancier's stud, has always thrilled me. And there is this much truth in that sort of tale: A breeder with a fine and educated eye can select two mediocre specimens and breed from them a better individual than either parent, or, for that matter, get a better result than the millionaire fancier can get with all his money, provided he has not this knack. I cannot explain how it is done, but in pigeons something tells you that this cock is the right cock for this hen, and that that one is not, and that is all there is about it.

Fortified With Reasons

I wanted to get action on this ability I felt I possessed, so I fortified myself with a great many excellent-sounding reasons for going into the pigeon-farming business. To begin with, every man should have an anchor to windward, and the drawback to a profession lay in the fact that when you ceased laboring you most likely ceased eating simultaneously. Then a man in my confining profession—I draw pictures for a living—felt the need of getting back to the earth, you know. This sitting on a stool all day painting pretty girls is a bit cloying after a time. It is like dining exclusively on chocolate eclairs. I have seen the time when I would stop dead in the middle of the street to gaze in admiration at some passer-by because she was so ugly. I craved corn beef and cabbage and honest sweat, and men—horny-handed, vulgar, profane, tobacco-chewing men—and brown earth and growing things. All these were to be had on a farm, I felt.

I satisfied myself that there was a market for squabs—my by-product—and a demand for a stock farm producing utility birds of the highest quality; in fact that there was decided room for improvement in this same quality. I talked to utility men and visited their farms, and found, in many instances, considerable ignorance regarding pigeons and their nature. There was too often the calm acceptance of hoary legend, without any attempt at investigation at first hand. For the most part, and invariably so at farms of any size, there was no attempt to keep records of individual pairs. So many birds were thrown into a pen and the marketable squabs gathered periodically. Twenty-four to twenty-eight days is the marketable age for a squab.

If a squab was overlooked on killing day it was allowed to grow up where it was and eventually became a stock bird. The ridiculous feature of this is that the reason it was overlooked was because it had jumped out of the nest, and the reason it jumped out of the nest was because it was hungry and underfed. Therefore these men were saving for future breeders those squabs that would have been graded as culls by the commission houses. When the production of a pen dropped below a certain figure the whole pen was disposed of to the live market at about twenty cents a head.

"But," I objected, "some of these birds may be the best producers you have."

"Sure," said the breeder, "but if you think you are going to keep track of the work of each pair in a plant of this size, you have another think coming."

"That's just exactly what I am going to do," I answered.

A House on the Roof

First, I got down to the designing of a house that should be practical, inexpensive, and, most of all, adapted to the likes and dislikes of pigeon nature as I knew it. There is no question whatever but that a pigeon will work better when it is happy. It is happy when it has proper food, the mate it likes and the sort of nest box that it likes. It was my business to supply these things, and I set about it. After much thought I stumbled upon the plans of a California type of pigeon house that, with a few alterations of my own, seemed to fill the bill. A contractor agreed to build a portable six-unit house for me and erect it on the flat roof of a building near my studio for $1000. This was accomplished while my fellow townsmen stood on the corners and gazed in amazement at the fifty-foot building being erected upon a roof three stories above street level

"Pardon me," you can imagine one of them saying to another, "but can you tell me what that strange-looking building is for?"

"Well, I asked one of the carpenters the same question, and he said it was for pigeons."

"Pigeons?" A long silence and then—"Who's building it?"

"Coles Phillips."

Ah, the mystery was explained—a crazy artist. Just what an artist would do. No doubt they tapped their foreheads meaningly. It worried me not a jot or tittle, for my studio window commanded this roof, and its proximity enabled me to give the project far more attention than I otherwise could. This building was an experiment, and it was much better sense to give it a six months' try-out before putting any real money into buildings.

Procuring stock to fill it was my next concern. This I had imagined to be the easiest part of all—and it was the most difficult. Apparently all the breeders chuckled to themselves, "Ah, this is soft! An artist with lots of money. He must have money because he draws pictures for the magazines. I speak for him first."

They tried to sell me culls, pens consisting entirely of cocks, all sorts of mongrels for pure-bred Carneaux, and white homer crosses for white kings. One man tried to sell me super-homers at six dollars a pair. He did not raise a bird, so he had no means of telling anything at all about the birds he sold. All birds were thrown in together in a big building, and when an order came in, Joe or Ed was told to catch so many pairs of birds. If Joe wasn't a good picker, he might get nineteen cocks and one hen, and the purchaser would wait a very long time before getting much in the way of squabs. If the seamless bands on the birds' legs revealed that they were long since

Continued on Page 138

The world's greatest Social error!

Courtesy demands much of a guest. Others are present. They must be considered.

Politeness forbids that a dish be pushed aside. To leave the table would be unthinkable.

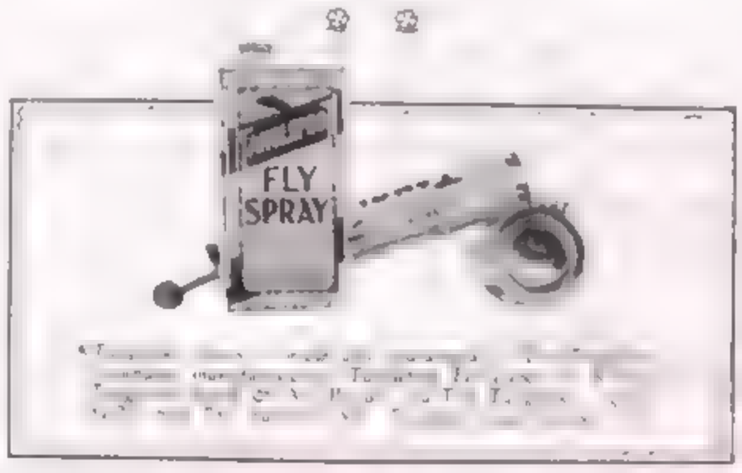
Failure to taste food that tempts the palates of others causes one to become an object of attention—and uncertainty.

. . . a distressing situation that is easily avoided but rarely excused.

✿ ✿

The presence of a fly when food is served is unforgettable and almost unforgivable—the world's greatest social error! Cleanly persons neither tolerate flies in their homes nor enjoy being guests in homes of those less particular than themselves. Household hygiene, to Americans, is akin to personal cleanliness.

✿ ✿



Tanglefoot Spray is equally effective in killing all common destructive and disease-spreading household insect pests.

Nothing else is so powerful, thorough, convenient, safe and free from objectionable features.

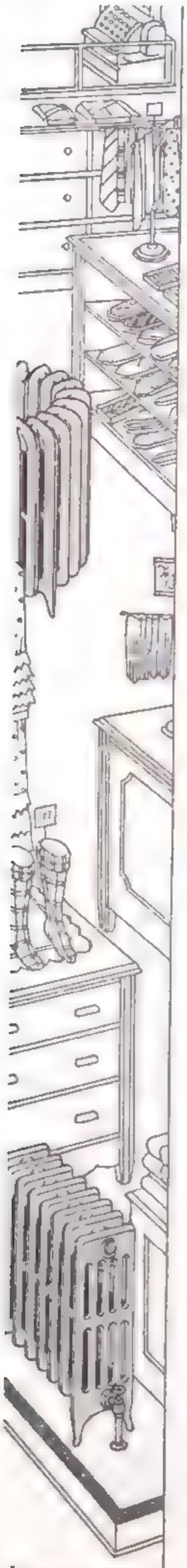
Don't confuse it with ordinary insecticides. It is fatal to insects—but harms nothing else.

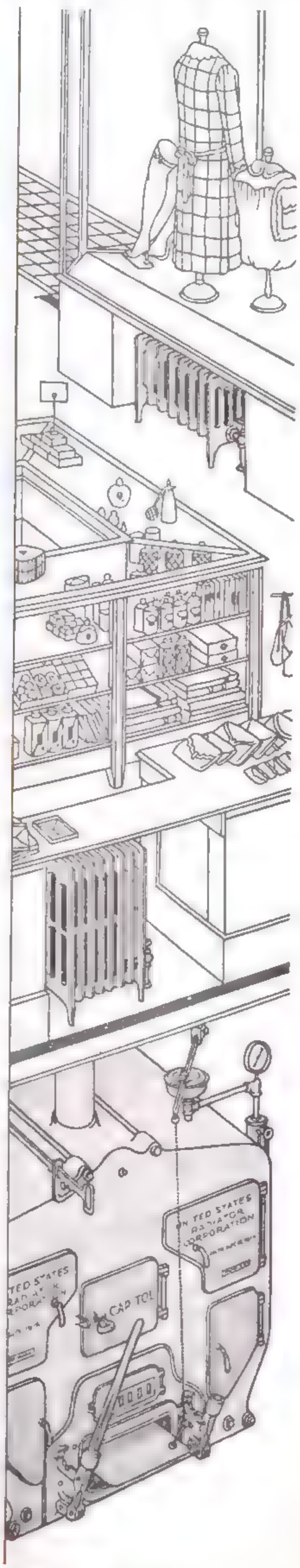
Use Tanglefoot Spray for combating flies, moths, roaches, bedbugs, mosquitoes, fleas and ants. It costs no more than less effective substitutes and is well worth demanding. Grocers and druggists sell it.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TANGLEFOOT SPRAY

GUARANTEED HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY





Gone are the iron stove days

Lazy black smoke floating from the chimney used to signal that Zeke had started the fire for the winter. Inside his Four Corners General Store, the town's choice spirits gathered. A spring-bell announced each opening of the door, while snow-laden air beat and sizzled on the glowing iron of the round stove. Comfortably perched near it, they talked genially of politics, crops, and rabbit-hunts.

Today, Four Corners is the site of a well-planned department store, whose chimney almost never shows smoke. And the old iron stove has given way to a Capitol boiler in the basement, with United States radiators scientifically arranged.

Thus cities have grown. And in the thirty-seven years since its founding, so too has the United States Radiator Corporation developed. Constantly alert for every advance in the art of heating, the company has surely and steadily expanded, until now its boilers and radiators in all varieties of types and sizes are found in large city buildings and in small country homes.

One of its largest contributions to thrifty, uniform warmth is *Capitol guaranteed heating*. This is a written guarantee* that every Capitol boiler will satisfactorily heat a definite number of radiators, and eliminates all doubt and speculation about correct boiler size.

Whether you are building a group of houses, an apartment building, or a bungalow, consult a good contractor about *Capitol guaranteed heating*. And write for an interesting, illustrated book, *A Modern House Warming*. Free, on request.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION - DETROIT, MICHIGAN

6 FACTORIES AND 32 ASSEMBLING PLANTS SERVE THE COUNTRY

For 37 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

GUARANTEED HEATING

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

(Continued from Page 136)

past the age for breeding, the bands would be snipped off before the birds were shipped out.

Yes, there was an opportunity for a stock farm.

I found that the most effective way, too, of exposing these fakers was to drop in upon them before they were ready. I would pick out an advertisement that sounded reasonable and then go through the back files of the pigeon magazines. If he had been a regular advertiser for some years, I thought that he was not likely to be a faker, or otherwise he would have been exposed. I would negotiate with him for several hundred Carneaux and the same number of white kings. These are the two best-known varieties of utility birds. He would write that he had them "all mated, banded and working pairs," and that he would sell them at five dollars a pair. Without warning, I would take a night train and surprise him the next morning before he had finished his breakfast.

Ten to one he didn't have fifty birds on the place, and maybe they were the varieties offered and maybe they were not. He was a dealer, of course, not a breeder, and his intention was to unload upon me whatever culls he could buy up.

The opportunity for a pigeon stock farm loomed larger and larger.

I dropped in upon another correspondent unceremoniously. He had dealt in large talk about the tested breeders in Pen Number 7 and their value as against the imported Persian gazeebs in Pen Number 10. When I got there, Pen Number 7 was a cow shed and Pen Number 10 a collection of dry-goods boxes piled in the back lot. The imported Persian purple-neck gazeebs were a miscellaneous collection of crosses of the common varieties of utility birds. The first purple-neck gazeeb had undoubtedly been an accident, for the roof of a barn was covered with birds of a dozen different varieties mating up any which way.

The Lifeblood of the Business

I bought some birds of this man, for his birds at least had vitality, in spite of the fact that he was evidently a charlatan. I was as good a judge of the varieties as he was, and though I afterward culled many of them because of the fact that they were not pure-bred, still I got my money's worth.

Little by little I accumulated my initial stock—a few pairs here and a few pairs there. What a farce to have to go through all this in order not to be trimmed! I did not know then what I do now—that is, that no man will sell you his best breeders. What he wants to dispose of are those birds that do not work to suit him—his seconds, in other words. The only reasonable way is to buy youngsters bred from his best. These he will sell—at a price. But his best breeders are the lifeblood of his business, and he will not dispose of them unless he is going out of business. It would be like a factory selling out its machinery.

The art of culling I had started to practice even before I made my first purchase. Though I did not know these two varieties—Carneaux and white kings—I knew pigeons in general, and I accepted no birds showing signs of constitutional weakness—crooked keels, for example. Into my house on the roof went 180 pairs of the best utility stock I could purchase, and it was none too good.

Previously I had determined, by figuring, what the yield must be from each pair in order to show a profit. I decided that twelve marketable youngsters a year was my minimum. I was like the landlord of an apartment house. Each double nest box—there were thirty of each to a pen—must yield me a rental of twelve Grade A squabs a year to pay expenses, and the tenants of any box must be dispossessed as soon as it was apparent that they were unable to pay. Nothing must interfere with this program, and though five years have gone past and the farm has grown to twelve times its original size, nothing ever has.

My first squabs averaged ten pounds to the dozen. Although this is what the trade calls a jumbo squab, they were too small to suit me. As far as I could determine, there would be practically no difference in the overhead in producing squabs weighing, dressed, ten pounds to the dozen and those weighing twelve pounds, or one pound each. Since squabs are sold by the pound, the advantage of raising the big ones is obvious.

The Rôle of Cupid

But the quantity production—there was the rub. It was evident that I was not going to net twelve marketable squabs from more than one pair out of three. This brought the cost a pair up to about fifteen dollars. I sharpened up the figurative ax, gritted my teeth and went to it. As a matter of fact, I got thirty-five cents apiece from the Italians for two-thirds of my flock, none of which had cost me less than $2.50. Not too auspicious a beginning, I considered it. I had left, sixty pairs of birds, mostly Carneaux, which could and would pay their rent, however, and four empty pens. Then and there I decided that the only way to procure really good stock was to breed it. That would take time, but it would be infinitely cheaper than trying to purchase stock.

Then I took my 120 birds that showed a disposition to work and spent infinite care in the selection of a proper mate for each. Color played no part in this; it was conformation entirely. A cock was placed in a cage and one of a half dozen hens placed in with him. The hen coming nearest to being his perfect complement was the nominee, unless they showed an aversion to each other. Real love matches are always the most successful. If all augured well, a colored, numbered leg band was placed on the leg of each. The first pair became Yellow Number One, the next Yellow Number Two, and so on up to Yellow Number Ten. Then I began on the green bands, and finished with the white ones. Thus there were ten pairs of each color in each of my two pens. These different colors made it easier to locate a given bird when it became necessary. A printed card, on the wall of the aisle that ran the full length of the building in front of the pens, had on it spaces for the records of each pair for each month. I have never been able to improve on this system.

All squabs were marketed at twenty-eight days except the very finest. About one out of five passed muster. Gradually I filled one of the unoccupied pens with youngsters that were a decided improvement on their parents, but still far from ideal, to my mind. Many of my squabs outweighed either of their parents before they had left the nest—that is, before they were able to fly. Two medium-sized birds, properly cared for, and, of course, properly selected, will often produce very large youngsters.

I had investigated the demand for the highest-grade squabs through visits to some of the commission houses in New York City and had received the assurance upon all sides that the supply would never equal the demand. I found this to be so, with a reservation. The demand in the summertime was

at a figure set by these houses, which was below the cost of production. Their policy is to buy them in the season of greatest production, freeze them and sell them to the butchers the following winter when prices are at their peak. The answer lay in developing one's own trade, for a frozen squab can never compare for a second to the fresh-killed article.

Mr. Columbus Iselin sold me four acres of land adjoining his series of lakes that furnished the water supply for New Rochelle. On this piece of protected flat land I built four long houses, each with accommodations for 720 breeders, and each with its individual granary. These houses, with a few minor changes, were the same as my experimental house on the roof. I proceeded to fill them with youngsters of my own breeding, following out my original plan. Only the finest youngsters from the pairs showing the highest production were kept.

This sounds like a slower process than it really is. Some pairs produced as many as twenty youngsters a year, all of which were splendid material for foundation stock. I added from time to time a strong dash of show stock to improve the type. The youngsters themselves began producing at eight months. I had broken into the business two young men, brothers, sons of a much-respected farmer near by. One devoted himself to the production and the other to the marketing end of the business. Never in my life had I had so much fun. The days flew past. From the farm, one could not have told that there was a city within 100 miles, and yet I was within fifteen minutes of my studio. My pens were filling up with the finest-looking utility birds I had ever laid my eyes on. Pigeon men from all over came to see the young stock. I invented a watering system that never froze in winter, and dumped and rinsed and refilled the bath pans by the turning of a lever. Trade was building up surprisingly and the farm was beginning to carry itself. There were buzzing in my head a thousand schemes for improvements, labor-saving devices, and one thing and another. The houses were painted a French blue, against which the snow-white kings, or the deep red or golden-yellow Carneaux were equally effective.

Passing the Buck

Then I took between the eyes the hardest wallop I have ever had. A very famous doctor asked me to call and bring Mrs. Phillips with me. I had been consulting him once a week for some six months.

He said to me, "How's your nerve?"

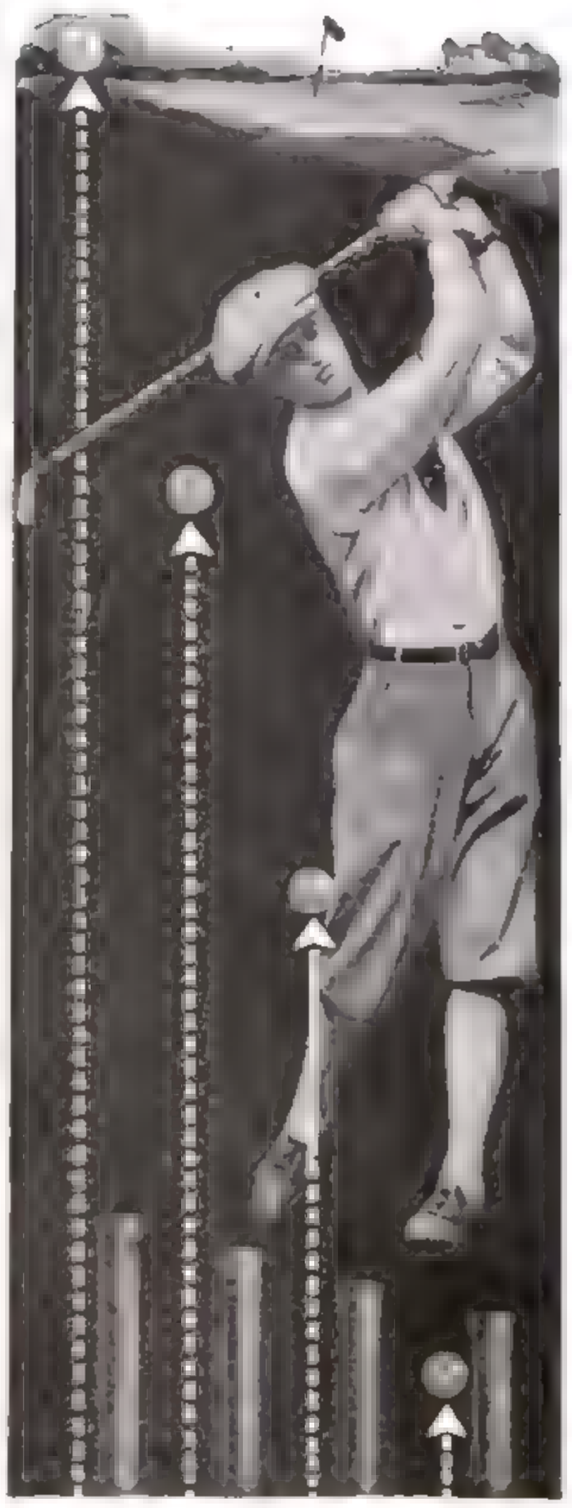
I answered, "Never better; why?"

"Because you have a bad kidney condition, and you will need all of it. No work, no activity, just rest. You are going to Florida next week." He had turned to my wife. "Treat him exactly as though he were a baby."

Then started the well-known game of passing the buck, with me in the rôle of buck. I was passed to Florida, back to New York, to Switzerland, to the Riviera, and again back to New York. Twenty-three separate great men of medicine did painful and expensive things to me and I grew steadily worse.

My mail contained letters from well-meaning friends counseling the dissolution of my farm. All doctors advised it. I was in no condition to have the responsibilities and worries incident to the carrying on of such an enterprise. From my bed I refused all such advice. My farm was the only pleasant thing I had to think about, which I tried to make them understand. I was too weak to make it forceful enough.

Finally, in Italy, I got my back up. I had spent about all the money I had on doctors and their silly advice, and I had improved in inverse ratio. I was going back to my farm and get well there without any doctor whatever. This I did. I am improving daily, and so is the farm, and perhaps now I have the answer to the question: "Why pigeons?"



Let the Club Do the Work

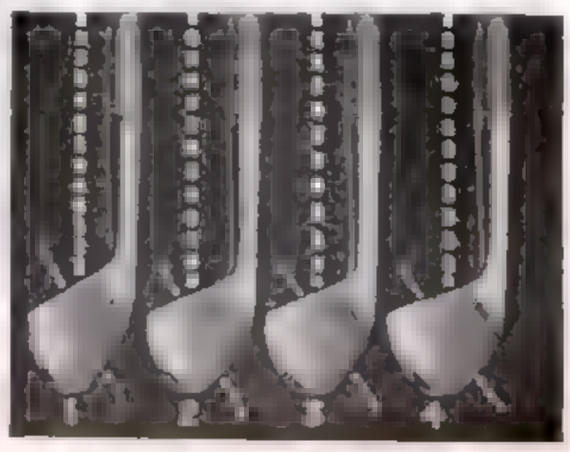
Swinging too hard or choking your stroke in an effort to get proper distance, will destroy accuracy and run up your score. An easy swing with the proper club will give you a new sense of enjoyment in this great game and improve your score immensely.

For every shot from the tee to the cup, there is a Grand Slam club of just the right loft and weight, graded for power and distance. It "feels" like every other Grand Slam and is played the same, without adjustment of your swing. You play every shot with uniform skill and accuracy.

GRAND SLAM GOLF CLUBS

A complete assortment of Grand Slam wood clubs are priced at $7.00 to $12.50, steel and hickory shafts; and the irons are $5.00 each with wood shafts and $7.00 with steel. Your dealer will be glad to show you these great clubs. Or, write direct for our interesting catalog, "Happier Golf".

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., Incorporated
472 Finzer, St. Louisville, Kentucky
Makers of world-standard Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.



Stay Young with Your Daughter

As scores of mothers do by keeping that schoolgirl complexion, the result of natural ways in skin care. *The daily rule to follow:*

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE present generation recognizes charm only in Youth; with every daughter wishing, in her heart, for *her* mother to retain, above all things, her youthful allure.

Most mothers know how true that is. And those who are wise in modern beauty methods know too that natural ways in skin care are the most effective known for holding back the hands of time.

That means soap and water—a clean skin, pores cleansed regularly of age-inviting accumulations. Beauty experts advise it. Skin specialists urge it—but always, of course, with the *Right Kind of Soap*. That is the important point.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

ÆSTHETICS

(Continued from Page 17)

Lupus climbed into its front seat he felt somebody back of him. Carolus had appeared, making no noise with his moccasins, and at close range he was wilder even than he'd seemed in the pageant. Circles of scarlet paint inclosed his excited black eyes. He stood on the step of the machine and pulled up his one garment, sewn with squirrels' tails, toward a green sunburst on his middle, and Lupus was awed by two snakes that coiled toward each other on the kid's chest.

"Gee, son! Who painted you?"

"Roos Dodd," said Carolus. "They've got her in the store. She's all right. Gimme a cig'rette, dad. Say, isn't that a hell of a statue? I mean ——"

"You meant just what you said, fella. Yeh," Lupus mused, "it's a sour pickle. Hey, kid, what's this æsthetics?"

"It's a kinda sense," the learned Carolus said at once. "It's how you tell if a statue or one of those things stinks or not. Some fellas can't do it."

"Yeh," said Lupus, scrubbing a fist on his ear, "but does a man have to be smart to work this æsthetics, sonny? I'm dumb, but I know that's a louse of a statue."

"Oh, no," Carolus assured him. "Lots of big painters an' stuff are dumb bunnies. Mr. Paramore was saying so the other night. You'd gone to sleep in the hammock, dad." He sat down beside his father and explained respectfully, "I guess you aren't 'xactly dumb, dad, because you're awful smart about lots of stuff. But maybe you haven't any int'lectual direction. I guess you're more intuitive than you are int'lectual."

"Yeh," Lupus said helplessly, "maybe you're right, fella. Let's get out in front."

It was much safer to sit in the car before the drug store where intimate conversation with the prodigy was impossible. It was also interesting, because pop's chivalrous advance on the platform had stirred Couveris profoundly and men came up to the big car, saying, "I see Mr. Van Eck's in town today," or, "Hey, Lupus, I see the old gentleman come in for once," or, "Say, Injun, was that your dad helped 'em bring Mrs. Dodd inside?" The sachem was driven through Couveris on his way to the races at Saratoga every year and then, when there were no more horses running at Saratoga, he was driven back through the red town. Otherwise he stayed on his domains in the valley, cultivating horses and sarcasm. "This is the first time granddaddy's been downtown since you came home from France," said Carolus. "When was he in before that, huh?"

"I can't remember, sonny. . . . Yes, I can too! He had to come an' bail me out the day you got born, fella. I got boilin' drunk an' rode my horse into the post office to tell the boys in there about it. Gee! That's eighteen years ago—and a month. Bein' a father sort of upset me. I busted my arm too. Pop came an' bailed me out."

Carolus thoughtfully blew smoke through his nostrils and thoughtfully said, "I haven't ever been drunk. Roos says you feel rotten afterward."

"How old's Roos now, kid?"

"Twenty-two."

"How do you an' him talk, Carolus? I see you sittin' on the fence or pitchin' a ball, but he don't ever look like he was talkin' to you."

"Aw," Carolus explained, "he kinda radios. He ——" He slipped out of the car to open the rear door. Sid Paramore and Roosevelt Dodd were bringing the wan Mrs. Dodd through the press. Behind this group came the sachem and Mary, her hair glittering tremendously, and some officious persons who wanted to be near Mr. Van Eck. One of these beings—a gaunt, moist man—pressed forward as Carolus delicately shoved his grandfather into the front seat.

"Can I have a second, Mr. Van Eck?"

"Just about," said the sachem.

"Will you be willing to attend a public meeting to begin a protest ag——"

Pop said in his drowsiest voice, "No, Tracy. I told some of you men last fall what'd happen if this statuary was lef' to Nate Cotton. Told you when you come out to git money off me for the fund. Your milk's spilled, Tracy. You lef' it to this jackass to git us a monument. Now, looky! Want to know how to git rid of this servant-girl trash Cotton's bought for us?"

The gaunt drawing master gasped, "But that's what the meeting's for!"

Pop spat in the gutter. "Sure. Some of the civ'lized folks want to say how insulted they are over this beer label. It's a hell of a monument for the boys who got killed in France. Want to know how to git rid of it? Well, there's that maple tree. It's rotten already. Git an ax, Tracy. Git an ax an' I'll bail any fella out that has the sand to fetch the tree down on Nate Cotton's piece of cheap goods. Git an ax. . . . Set on my lap, Carolus, boy. . . . Drive along, Lupus, son. . . . So long, Tracy."

Carolus slipped into the car and civilly balanced on his grandfather's good knee. Lupus sent the great car forward and the Van Ecks were seen all down Iroquois Street. Windows of shops reflected the passing flame of Mary's hair. Boys in blue uniforms or flannel buckskins of frontiersmen whooped at Carolus, and Mr. Van Eck undertook to correct any pride his grandson might feel in the successful pageant.

"I been scared the Van Ecks were gittin' respectable, kid, with your dad marryin' a preacher's widder and all. But now you've beat an Injun drum down the middle of Ir'quois Street in nothin' but a string an' some paint, we're back where we used to be. You was certainly a sight. It's lucky we ain't any fat in the fam'ly. If you had a belly on you, you'd ha' been plain indecent. You looked fine, boy. I owe you fifty dollars. Come an' git it when you got somewheres to stow it."

"Thanks a lot, sir," said Carolus. "Roos painted me up."

"You got the hell of a 'magination, Roos," the sachem purred.

Roos, of course, said nothing, because he never said anything. He sat dumbly in the Van Eck stable yard and made whirling sketches of prize stallions and bulls while the hired men gaped over his shoulders. He could do you a picture of pop or the kid in nine strokes of his pencil, but he couldn't talk. But Lupus was somehow sure that the lame, plain youth had a lot of sense, and Carolus said he had, too.

"Mr. Dodd has a feeling for applied design," Sidney Paramore lightly stated. "The snakes were a good idea."

Roos said nothing, but his mother feebly brought out, "Roos works real hard at his drawings," in a weak little attempt at saying something.

Then the woman and her son were silent until Lupus stopped the car in front of their neat house on the lane fringing one side of his father's dominions.

"Do us some pictures of Carolus, Roos," Mr. Van Eck commanded.

Roos nodded and helped his mother up the white steps. It was a relief to Lupus that she was out of his neighborhood, because she stuffed his mind with some unpleasant kind of emotion. He hurried the car away.

"Isn't that lad lame?" asked Paramore.

"Cut four toes off one of his feet choppin' wood," Carolus related. "Say, he's sore about the monument! Wow!"

Mary cried, "Caro! Did the graven image speak? He did? Tell us what he said, stepson!"

Carolus said gracefully, "I'll tell dad, Red, an' he can tell you if he thinks he'd better. Roos is kinda primitive."

"Oh," Paramore put in, "is this the fellow who did the sketches of the bull in your living room? I dare say he would feel rather bored with Maverty's nonsense. Yes, the boy has something to say."

"I bet," Lupus yawned, "he's got more of this æsthetics than this Maverty would know how to handle. . . . Hey, Sid! You been runnin' over to France and back half your life. How is it that there's so much bum statuary in French towns? After the Armistice a lot of my battery got drunk and went an' mussed up a statue in the town where we were. I was scared stiff. But some French came and made us a speech an' thanked us for doin' a service to art. One of them spoke English as good as you or Mary. He said we were benefactors of civilization. It was a statue of a sissy kid holdin' a wreath over a—what you call 'em?—a bust of some poet that got born in this town. It was a sappy thing too. But France is all bungful of art, and ——"

"My dear Injun," said the learned man, "cheap sentimental statues are made with one eye on small-town officials. Sculptors have to eat."

"Supposin' he can git his dinner for five dollars a day," the sachem said, "we've given this Maverty two thousand dinners. I call it charity."

This made Lupus think actively of food, and he paid no more attention to the talk while he landed Paramore at the learned man's country house in its grave, big park across from the Van Eck stable yard; and then his mind did not bother him while he helped Carolus through a vehement bath or during lunch in the paneled white dining room of the red mansion. A hot wind kept blowing Mary's hair about prettily and everything was comfortable. But when Lupus had stopped eating ice cream the statue came back into his brain, and this caused a lugubriousness. He went out and put a roan colt through its first scene with a saddle in the big pasture back of the orchard, and then found his wife reading a French novel in a hammock and made love to her, but his mind stayed unpleasant.

"Here, Red, what's this intuition thing?"

"It's the habit of reaching correct conclusions without knowing just how you got there, darling. Wild beasts, savages and women are supposed to be intuitive thinkers."

"Yeh? Where do I come in, honey?"

"Under Class B, I suppose," said Mary, fooling with one of his brown ears. "Who's been telling you that you're intuitive, Lupus?"

"The kid."

"Carolus," Mary mentioned, "is too confiding. Perhaps it's because you're only nineteen years older than he is. I hope the brute hasn't told you that I asked him what colors you liked best, last year."

"Sure," said Lupus, "an' I ain't got any fav'rite colors, so you didn't get much out of 'at, honey. Kiss me some."

Then he went down into the stable yard and found Carolus and took him riding up toward the hills. Carolus had reverted to his normal summer costume of white cotton trousers, white cotton shoes and a scarlet jersey. He rode his cream-colored horse, Bullard, as if the big animal were a chair, and gently whistled The Star-Spangled Banner in variations for two miles. It was soothingly monotonous, but it did not make Lupus happy.

"This statue," he said, "ought to've made Roos Dodd sore."

"Yes. Y'see," Carolus said, "he kind of idolized his brothers an' this is—sort of—their monument, and Roos painted Tom Seiffert's barn to get some money to put in the fund, and I guess he feels kinda insulted."

"I ain't so dumb you've got to tell me that, sonny."

"I'm sorry, dad."

"Aw, shut it off," Lupus ordered. "I'm sore. That's all. But I ain't as dumb as I look, kid."

"I know you're not," said Carolus. "Well, Roos is awfully emotional. I guess

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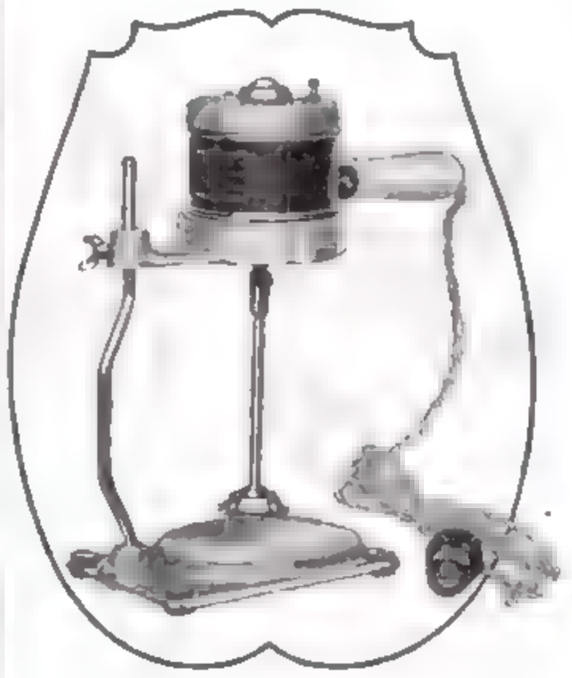

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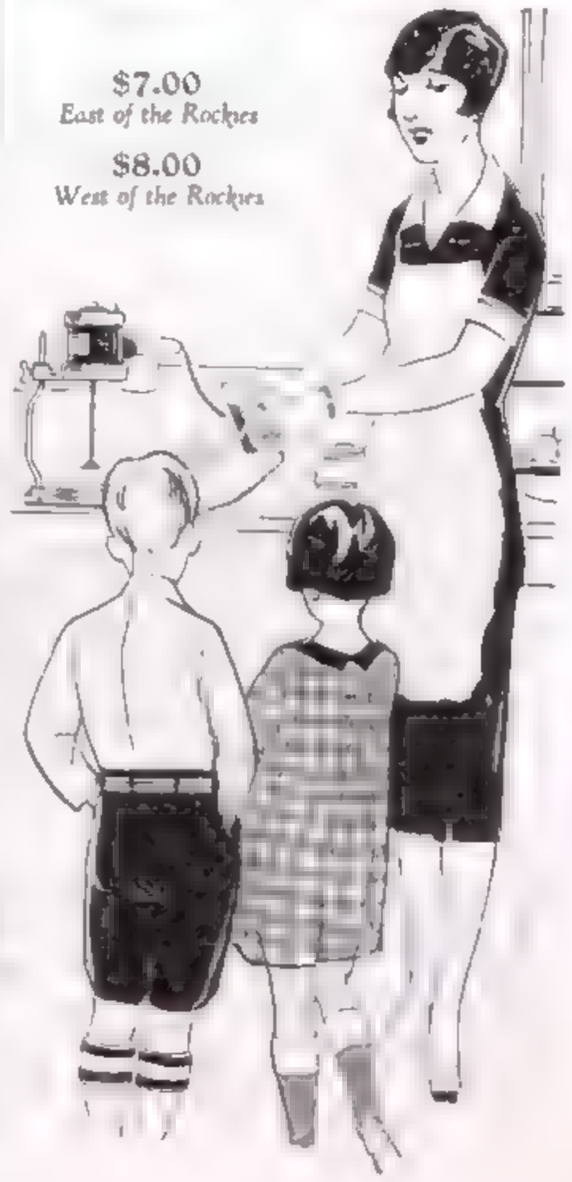

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VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 141)

artists are. He was pretty near cryin' this noon, he was so mad."

"Tough," Lupus yawned. "Hey! Rain tonight!"

A dun worm of cloud was wallowing along the western hills to the windless air. Perhaps a good thunderstorm would help his mind to clear itself of the statue. But the clouds did not begin to be thick over the valley until six o'clock, when the red brick of the Van Eck house became a funny purple as Lupus watched it from the stable yard, where some of the hired men were pitching horseshoes at a stake.

"Spoil Cotton's fireworks," said a freckled hireling.

"What you got against Cotton, Vermilye?"

"Ah, he's a piece of cheese," the youth said, and slung a horseshoe.

"What you think of the monument?"

"I dunno, sir. I guess it's all right."

That was as much as these grooms and milkers cared about the thing, Lupus thought. You had to like statues or shapes and sizes a little to be annoyed by them. The hired man knew he didn't like Nate Cotton but the statue wasn't a thing in his life. And that would be the end of the committee of protest against the silly monument.

Most people just wouldn't care. It struck Lupus as too bad. He ate four helpings of chicken salad and was still sorrowful when the panels of the dining room turned violet and Mary squeaked before the thunder clamored all around the house.

"It'll rob us of Nate Cotton's fireworks," Mr. Van Eck purred.

"Don't be so malevolent, Rain-in-the-Face," said Mary, getting hold of her husband's hand under the edge of the table. "But it serves him right if lightning strikes that infernal statue!"

"No such luck, daughter," the sachem said, spearing a butterball from its bed of cracked ice. "If folks had any sand some kid would —— Good evenin', Roos. You got here just in time, son. You'd ha' got wet in three minutes more." Roos nodded, sliding into a chair against the wall, and was silent. Mr. Van Eck went on: "If folks had any sand these days, some fella would git an ax an' drop that maple branch down on the statue one of these nights. . . . Boys used to do things like that, Carolus. Kids was tough around here once. When your fool father was a kid he an' some more huskies got sore on a p'liceman that was funny 'bout a lame girl walkin' on Ir'quois Street. Next night a farmer down the Albany road run out with a gun full of shot, 'cause he heard somebody in his hen yard, an' fired at 'em. But all they'd done was to leave this p'liceman tied up in a sack with his hair full of tar. Only the trouble was, Carolus, that your dad had white pants on. The Van Ecks," he yawned, "are all vain of their legs. Well, your dad had white pants on an' ——"

"Aw, pop!"

"—— and was conspicyous," pop drawled. "He come an' knocked on my door—sweet as a preacher, he was—and asked if I had any witch-hazel lotion for a hurt thumb. But it wasn't his thumb. And the next day he walked awful lame when Judge Mangin had him an' some more down to ask him about this outrage, an' that was the first time I bailed him out. This shows you, Carolus, that white pants are dangerous. . . . Roos, I see that the kid's got you wearin' a red jersey. But don't take to white pants, son. . . . What you got there?"

Roosevelt handed over a sheet of drawing paper on which he had made Carolus appear four times by setting together some angular streaks and curves of pencil. It always amazed Lupus, because nothing was ever finished out, and yet here was the latest Van Eck beating his fringed medicine drum, and here he was stooping to rub an ankle, and there he was looking away from you with his squirrel tails flopping, and here he was sitting on the limb of the maple.

"I owe you money, Roos," said the sachem. "You ought to be President."

The artist grinned very briefly. His mouth widened in his tanned face and he rubbed his nose. Then he was still again in his chair, and several displays of lightning made his blue eyes shimmer as he simply sat, his feet, in cheap shoes, crossed so that the marred toes were underneath the good foot. Lupus hoped the boy didn't know that a hole in his faded red jersey let a star of white stomach glow when the lightnings came. He came drifting in this way, and sat and admired pop or Mary, and grinned when someone made a joke, but no words were expected. Carolus had divulged to Lupus, in confidence, that his friend was engaged to a nice girl downtown, but Lupus wondered just how this had been managed. It seemed that Carolus had driven the pair around some at nights and that he and the girl talked while Roosevelt held hands with her. But Roos would be in an awful hole if he left home or had to testify in a lawsuit or something that called for words.

"We must speak to Mr. Paramore," said Mary. "He knows all the editors and those people, Roos. He writes criticism, you see. Perhaps he could place some of your drawings."

Roos nodded and ran a hand through his brown hair, which looked black at night. Then he limped along with the family into the gray, high living room and sociably sat while the storm blew away from the red house and the farm toward Couveris. Mary and the sachem fell to chess under a lamp. Carolus sat on a stool between the caller and Lupus, and conversed about the effects of paint on the skin, about a female called Giovanna of Naples who had been married often in the fourteenth century and had been finally killed by strangling, and about Greek chariot races. Lupus felt that he was being improved in the best possible manner, and would have enjoyed himself if Roos Dodd hadn't taken to staring at him. It was such a steady, interested kind of look. The mulatto cook came in with a pitcher full of lemonade, and then took himself off to his quarters down by the stables, hopping pools of water under an umbrella that showed in jerky, faint glows of the lightning, now so many miles away to the south. Roos drank some lemonade and went on looking at Lupus until ten o'clock. By that time Lupus knew that the fellow wanted something. Perhaps it was a little loan, or perhaps—yes, Roos wanted something. Half-past ten struck. Roos got to his feet.

"Git Roos a raincoat, Carolus, boy," said the sachem.

Roos indicated by some motions that he didn't need a raincoat and then slowly accepted an artilleryman's old poncho when Carolus brought it to him. He nodded and slid out into the limestone porch. There was no backward look. Lupus lounged over to the screen and saw through its meshes that the graven image was waiting.

"Cooled off," he said, opening the screen.

At the other end of the porch Roos was a glimmer of moist rubber standing beyond shelter on the stone steps, water tapping his rubber shroud in delicate flutters of noise.

"Sumpin wrong, Roos?"

The graven image said, swiftly and pretty clearly, in a husky whisper, "Did p-people ever h-hold it against you 'cause you'd been in jail?"

Lupus scrubbed his ear and whispered, "Naw. But I was just in an' out, Roos. And it wasn't for nothin' mean."

But that was all. Roos nodded and went down the steps. Lupus scrubbed an ear and looked after the shadow passing over lighted grass, and then merely stood listening to the rain. It was this sound he had missed for a whole year in France. The French rain made another kind of noise, somehow, and he had not cared for its foreign melodies. This was his own rain. It fell on slate roofs of the house and stables built in 1821 and washed the red brick with a sleepy purr like his father's voice. Leaves and trees and the sod of a hundred acres whispered and drummed gently under the flood. It was not sad, but it was solemn in his mind, and he stood there until someone touched his arm. His father had come out, a shadow, from the bright room.

"What did the boy want, son?"

"I dunno. Asked if people held it against me because I was in jail a couple of times."

His father brooded. Mary began to play a whirling air on the piano of the grim, dark parlor where nobody ever sat on the preserved velvets and walnut of furniture carted all the way from New York before there were railroads. Lupus had his funny sense of being quite inconsequent in a chain of Van Ecks, a kind of bubble made of red skin and muscles. The world was very old.

"Gee, I got the blues!"

"You big fool," his father said fondly, and spat down the steps. "What the hell did I start this for?"

"Huh?"

"Shut your face," said the sachem; "I'm thinkin'."

He thought for a long time. Mary stopped playing and came into the porch. "A little wet for the warpath, Pontiac. But the settlers will all be at home. Good hunting. Many scalps! I'm going to bed."

"It ain't late, Mary."

"Darling," she said, "it's half-past eleven. Good night. . . . Lupus, be sure to wash all the blood off your tomahawk and don't let the papoose get into trouble. The police might nab him when the rest of the tribe is busy."

"What you talkin' about?"

"Nothing. The young brave has taken his raincoat and vanished. Thought you were listening for the war whoop. Good night."

Lupus followed her into the hall and kissed her several times in front of the tall clock. Kissing her cured him of feeling inconsequent and worried. He knew how to kiss, anyhow. Her hair came down in great welters of amber on her shoulders. She smiled at him in this dimness beside the ticking clock, and said, "Something is going on."

"Yeh. Pop's thinkin'."

"He waved an eyebrow," she said, "at Caro. Caro trickled out of sight. I suppose the sachem wanted him to go and scalp Nate Cotton or help Roos Dodd dynamite that loathsome statue or ——"

"Gee," said Lupus, "but you're smart!"

"Thanks a lot. . . . Oh, Lupus, you don't think those idiotic boys will try to—to ——"

"Excuse me," Lupus said; "I gotta see pop!"

His mind was full of colored lights. He went pacing back through the living room and into the porch. Pop was still watching the rain and drawing his cane to and fro on the stone under his peg.

"Say, pop!"

"Quit yellin' an' say somethin', boy."

"Yes, sir," said Lupus. "Yeh. You sent the kid after Roos?"

"Your woman saw me," Mr. Van Eck purred.

"But what for, pop?"

"He can maybe keep Roos out of trouble, sonny. That boy's gunpowder. His father was the same way. He sets an' acts dumb as a duck in hell and then he's likely to explode. I ain't bein' funny. It's how he is. He's prim'tive, like Carolus said, son. I'm an old fool. Had to go and let off steam about someone takin' an ax to that rotten maple alongside of the statue. It could be done easy. I—Jimminy! How long does a man git in jail for destroyin' public works? I'm sixty years old an' I've played the fool, son. It makes me sick."

Lupus was scared. The drowsy voice had almost been harsh for a moment. His father had been almost humble for once, and that was awful.

"Git the car, boy."

"Yessir," Lupus said and ran down the steps.

When he was told to do a thing, he could do it as well as the next man, and better. He ran down the driveway and into the graveled stable yard But just as he rounded the end of the biggest stable, his sleeve brushing its brick, he met a glow. The car was sliding out of the garage already. It must be Carolus back of the wheel. It was. "Hey, kid, did you see Roos?"

Carolus snapped open the door beside him and muttered, "Yeh," as his father swung into the seat. He stopped the car. "Yeh. I saw him. He came out of their place. He went up the road. He's got somethin' under his poncho—your poncho. I caught up with him an' he wouldn't say where he's goin'. He's gone down to town."

"He wouldn't speak to you?"

"Well, he said, 'You get out of this, kid.' And I couldn't go along with a fella that didn't want me to, dad, could I? But I sneaked into the toolshed back of their place and there's no ax there. I lit a match. And there ought to be an ax," Carolus mumbled; "a pretty new one, 'cause he drove downtown with me 'round Easter an' bought an ax. I remember that. He's—he's awful emotional, dad. I ——"

"Drive up to the house, fella," said Lupus.

He had a singularly plain view in his head of the two green lights of the police station's front door on Iroquois Street. They were round, big globes of clear green glass and they stood on long iron posts that almost reached the top of the appalling doorway. He thought about them and heard his father exchanging words with Carolus alongside the white porch. It was very difficult to think of two things at once. The green lamps distracted his mind and got everything mixed together in a kind of whirling suds. This was pretty bad! It relieved him to be driving up the road toward town. A draggled skunk was cleaning its paws with a rosy tongue on a stump where the highway turned.

"They have a sour time," he said. "Nobody likes 'em."

His father asked out of the back seat, "This statue your gang busted up in France, did she break easy?"

"Yes. Pretty easy. A big guy named Haggerty jumped on it. It busted pretty easy. . . . Hey!" cried Lupus, as the car spun around, with muddy water splattering everywhere.

"Blow-out," Carolus panted.

The left rear tire had split grandly. Carolus slung his coat back into the machine, and his hair became a black dome, smoothed down to his eyes, while he squatted or wallowed in the mud and Lupus lighted matches. Mr. Van Eck hung his blue shirt and wet face out of shelter and said in a brutal monotone, "There's a pair of white pants gone to the devil! No wonder the laundry bill's so big. . . . I was scared that long limb would bust this noon, Carolus, boy, with you an' those kids sittin' on it."

"It creaked," Carolus said, struggling with a screw.

"I bet it did. . . . Lupus, you're to snatch this fool boy an' knock him out, if you got to, if we can find him."

"All right, pop. Need any help, kid?"

"No. There we are."

But it had taken minutes and minutes to change the tire. As Lupus heaved himself into the seat beside his muddy son again, the clock of the town hall began to clang over Couveris. It was midnight. It would be lucky, now, to have a black cat run in front of the machine, because that meant good fortune after twelve o'clock. He looked hopefully ahead when the highway became Iroquois Street and the first lamps of the town showed dismally among maples and rain. But the only cat he saw was white.

"He could be there by this time," Carolus said, under his breath. "He's an awful damn good walker."

"You cuss too much," Mr. Van Eck purred. "It runs in the fam'ly. Drive slow. . . . Keep lookin' for him, Lupus."

Lupus watched. Carolus slowed the machine and kept it in the middle of the street. But there was nobody to be seen on the

(Continued on Page 146)

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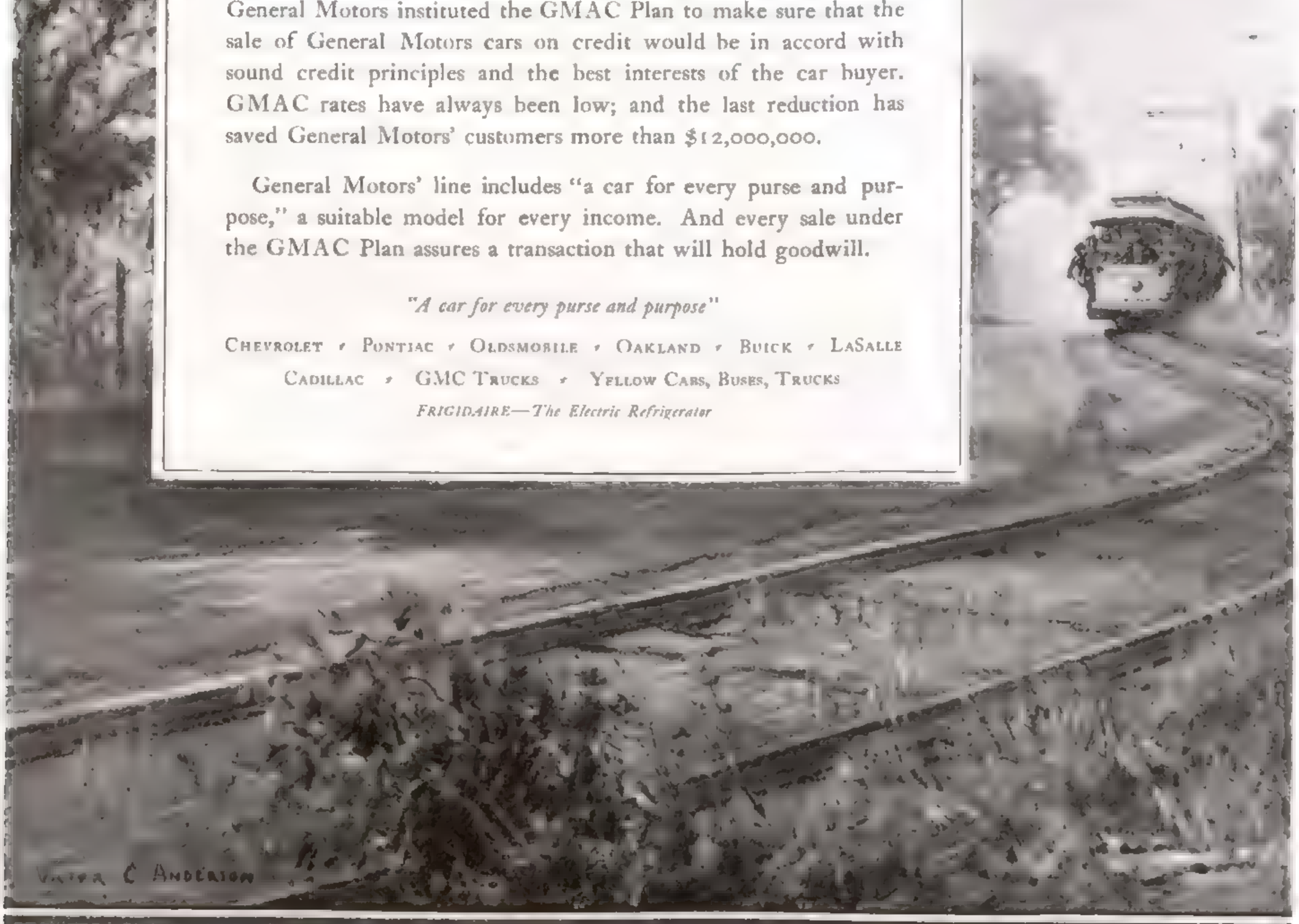

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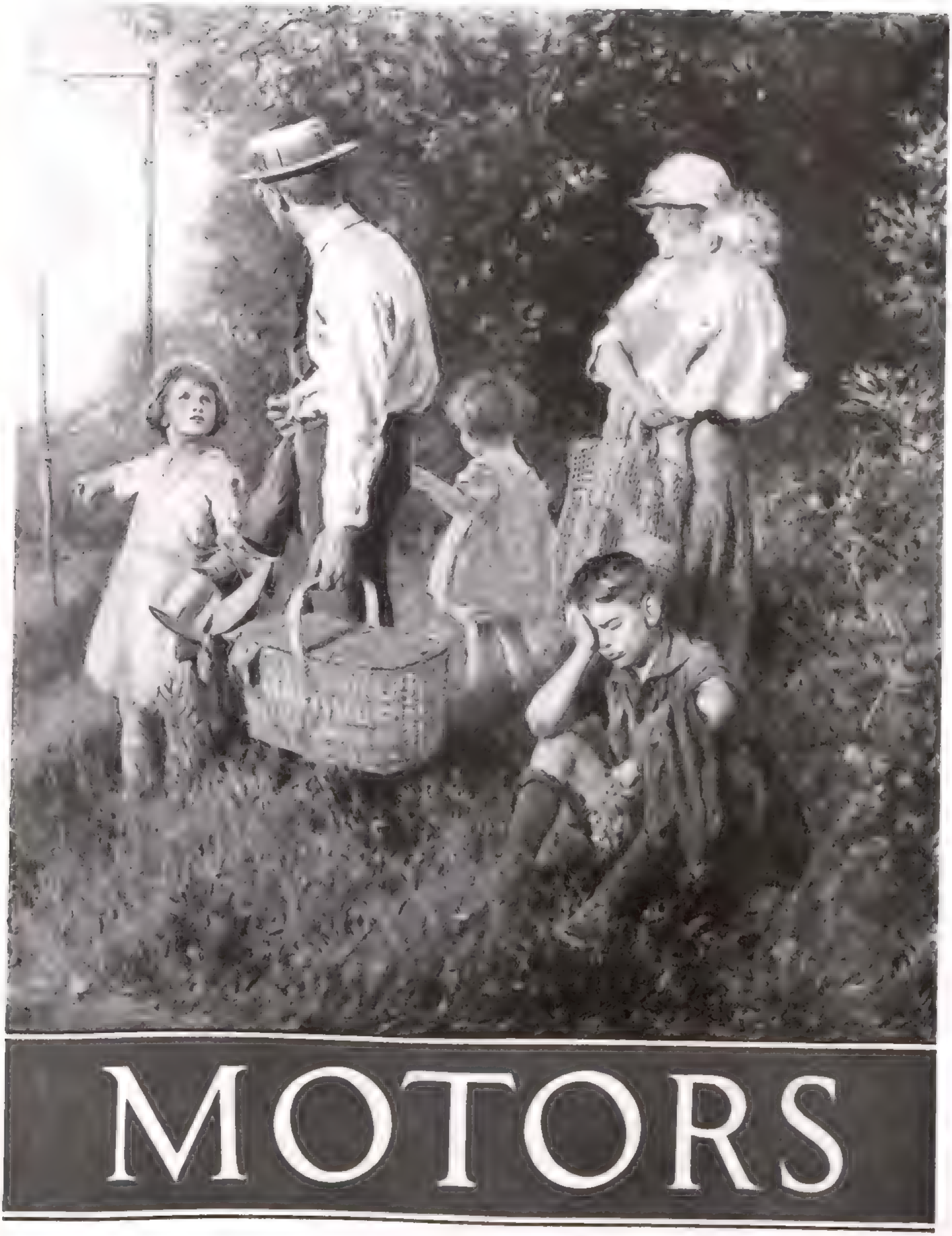
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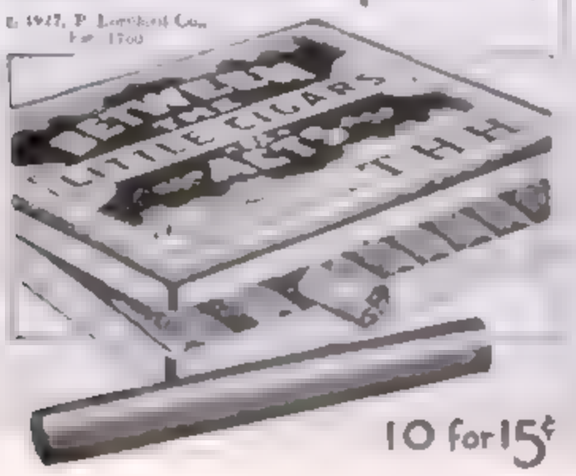

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(Continued from Page 143)

sidewalks and any fool could dodge behind one of a hundred maples if he wanted to keep out of sight.

"He might have come in some other way, pop."

"He might," said the sachem, "but Lord knows what way, sonny. This is as good as the next."

Houses were pale or partly pale shades among the trees as street lamps caught at pillars of porches. Lupus noted that Tom Joyce's wife was pretty skinny in a rose nightgown, doing something to her face in an upper window. But Couveris was asleep already at this end. Down by the railroad track and in the dives on Ivy Street there might be things stirring. Up here, where people who had some money lived, everything was dead for the night. And that would give Roos Dodd nerve to do his fool trick. When you were going to be a fool, night and rain made you sillier. And the kid had never been anywhere outside this country town. All his concerns must live as enormous in his mind. When you got away from home some, you saw that you weren't so big in this world.

"Sh-h-h," said his father. "Slow, kid."

Carolus decreased the car's slow movement. Yes, there was a man on the sidewalk to the left. His rubber coat flashed, far away in front of the high school. But wasn't he coming this way? He was. He was idling along and carrying something over a shoulder. But it was Roos. Passing under a maple, he came into the light, and Lupus knew his walk—the odd, hitching gait. And he was carrying an ax slanted up over his shoulder!

"The fool," pop purred. "Naw, don't stop, kid. Drive right by him. . . . Lie back, Lupus. We don't want to say we seen him or he seen us. The fool!"

Lupus thought that Roos glanced at them, but he wasn't sure. They passed just as the young fellow limped under a maple and its shadow blotted him.

"The fool!"

Carolus said, "Maybe he lost his nerve, granddaddy."

"I hope so, sonny. Git along. Git along. Let's see if he did anything."

Carolus sped the car for another block and a policeman in rubber draperies looked at the machine curiously from a bright corner. Lupus cringed, although that was just Ed Conlon by daylight, and a pretty good man too. But this was night, and the policeman had power over malefactors. And then he stopped thinking of policemen, because a kind of green froth glimmered all around the next lamp. Boughs and leaves made a high, astounding mass of colors and shapes back of the globe and its pole.

"It's the whole tree down, dad!"

"Just some branches. How'd he do it? How," pop gasped, "did he do it?"

He had done something miraculous. One branch was heaped on the sidewalk back of the lamp-post and stripped boughs stood up in long wet streaks of bark above the wreckage. The sodden bunting of the platform was hidden with this froth of leaves, shimmering in the light from the globe and from Judd's drug store. Two big branches had fallen, smashing down others with them, and the stub of the bough that had overhung the platform and the statue seemed cut by a saw.

Mr. Van Eck stepped down from the machine and stood gazing at this destruction while Lupus gaped. The platform had sagged under the blow, he thought, and its plane now seemed to slant. Why, the noise ought to have brought half of the town here! He got down and stood beside his father in a blank. The street should be swarming with boys, and women ought to be yapping lamentations. But only a single man under an umbrella seemed to care, and he was standing immovably close to the lamps of the police station. It was because he stood there that Lupus saw him at all.

"Run and see if that damn confectshunry was hurt, kid," said the sachem.

Carolus flitted around the ruins of the tree and the lamp. His white pants floated into the shadow back of the platform. Lupus scrubbed an ear with rain drops and mutely hoped that the mayor of Couveris had not made some kind of trap for visitors to this disaster. Were policemen watching from behind trees and corners? He shifted and glanced everywhere.

"Your red-headed woman called down the lightnin' for fair, boy."

"Huh?"

The sachem spat and said patiently, "Mary said she hoped lightnin' would strike, an' it struck. She said it at dinner, sonny. So Roos came down with his little ax an' found it wasn't no good to him. An' thank God! But I'm goin' to be careful how I speak to Mary from this on, son. It looks like she's pretty powerful."

"Think it was lightnin', pop?"

"Sure, sonny. It'd take ten men an hour to fix the tree that way."

"I guess you're right, pop," said Lupus, and sighed. He could look down to the police station without a shiver now.

Carolus came trotting, and his eyes appeared black milk pails in his muddy face as he grabbed his father's arm.

"We—we'd better get Roos an' stick him on a train for Canada! It's just smashed clean in two. It ——"

Mr. Van Eck said softly "Sh-h-h," between his teeth, and began to light a cigarette as a heavy pair of feet neared them. The man with the umbrella was close before he had the tobacco smoldering, and his eyes were smudges of lash before the stranger spoke.

"Came in to look at it, Mr. Van Eck?"

The sachem drawled, "Why, so I did, Nate."

It was the mayor of Couveris under the umbrella, speaking so timidly to pop. Lupus hung his thumbs in his belt and looked at the ruined tree because he wanted to laugh.

"I dunno," said Nate Cotton, "if it was the branches hittin' it when the tree was struck or if it was the fall off of the pedestal. Doctor Heidel—he knows some about metals—came over when they sent for me, and he says he thinks it was a kind of inferior kind of bronze. But that don't help any. It's broke in three pieces."

"Three?" the sachem purred. "An' can you git it mended neat, Nate?"

The dim mayor laughed in a disconcerting way that made Lupus shudder. It was not a laughter he had ever heard outside a hospital.

"Mend it? No! I hear you didn't care for it, Mr. Van Eck."

Suddenly Lupus hoped that pop wouldn't cut the man deeper than he was cut and that he wouldn't say much of anything. His father spat and exhaled smoke from his nose into the rain.

"I don't mind bein' honest with you, Nate. It ain't the kind of statuary I like. But that's a matter of taste. But this is hard on you. I'm sorry. You did what you could, and there you are. It's hard on you."

"Thank you, sir," said the mayor. "It is kind of hard on a man. And a lot of poor folks gave somethin' to the fund and—that don't make me feel any better."

Mr. Van Eck trailed his stick to and fro on the muddy pavement. Then he drawled, "Git home and go to bed, Cotton. No use cryin' over spilt milk. You stick a notice in the paper tomorrow that five thousand's been subscribed for a new statue. Say that Mr. Sidney Paramore and Mr. Roosevelt Dodd and Mrs. Lupus Van Eck is the committee for the new monument. I'll see the thing through, Cotton. Git home and git a night's rest. . . . Aw, shut your face, you fool! The town has to have a monument, don't it? Well, go home! So long. I'm gittin' wet."

All the way up Iroquois Street Lupus drove steadily and tried to think of something complimentary to say to pop. Only there was nothing to say at all. And when the car tilted down the slope toward home it was the sachem who said, in a kind of grunt, "The poor fool! . . . Well, Carolus, kid, you be good to your stepmamma. She might call down some lightnin' on you, sonny. It must have struck right after she wished it would. And ——"

Lupus stopped the car. There were no lights here in the rain, save one glow from their own house. But a warm music rolled through the rain and the blackness, and Lupus gaped, listening to some rough voice chanting The Star-Spangled Banner in high, passionate floods of sound that were not musical but were more than mere music, a cry of exultation and triumph that echoed, echoed until the man passed into some home among the little farms.

"Roos," said Carolus.

"The fella's a gentleman," Mr. Van Eck purred. "I bet he's just as glad the lightnin' did his work for him. He has feelings. That's what makes a man come to be somethin', Carolus, boy, in the long run. . . . Say, Lupus, git along home, you fool! Your woman will be nervous for fear somethin's happened to us."

"Yes, sir," said Lupus, and drove down the hill.

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THE ZEPPELINS

(Continued from Page 39)

nearly a mile. When we emerged the searchlights again struck us, but we had the satisfaction of seeing the shells burst at a nice safe distance underneath.

The LZ-98 was then passing the outer defenses in the northeast. A little later I was bending over the maps in the chart room setting our homeward course when Gemmingen called out, and looking back the way we had come, I saw a huge ball of fire high up at our own level. It must have been nearly forty miles distant and over the edge of the city. It was one of our airships, later found to be the SL-11, one of the Schütte-Lanz craft, also built in Germany. The flaming mass hung in the sky for more than a minute and we could see parts breaking loose and falling faster than the main body. Poor fellows, they had no chance at all when their ship caught fire.

We watched in silence until it was over and then agreed that we might easily have met the same fate had we not been fortunate in finding clouds at the right time. Even toward the end of our attack they had commenced dissolving. That probably accounted for the overlong exposure of the SL-11.

On our return we held a conference and decided that raiding London at heights of 10,000 or 12,000 feet was no longer practicable or justified in view of the improved defense. In the future we should remain at 15,000 or 16,000 feet. But then—it was in the autumn of 1916—some of our ships could not maintain such altitudes without considerable reduction in the bomb load. Instead of carrying two tons, we should have to cut it down to about one. That, of course, was undesirable, so for some time to come we were to remain away from the capital and visit other places where the defense was weaker.

Out of Harm's Reach

One of the most important raids against England was made by a fleet of naval Zeppelins during that last Thanksgiving season before the United States entered the conflict. It was important because it forced the next great advance in the improvement of the Zeppelins. Owing to the low altitudes at which they were compelled to remain during the attack, two of the raiders were shot down in flames by British airplanes. Thereafter it was imperative that the ships be able to cope with this menace.

The crew of the L-35, maneuvering about in the mist which was always heavy during the November nights, saw the destruction of the L-34, under Commander Dietrich. She was throwing bombs on West Hartlepool and several searchlights caught her in the act. The artillery fire was unusually light, and this might have warned the officers on the L-34 that the surface guns were being held in leash to provide an opportunity for an aerial attack against the invader.

But it was then too late for Dietrich to heed such a warning. His ship was too low. Shortly after she had dropped her bombs the L-34 was seen to take on a reddish glow, and an instant later was enveloped in flames. The British pilot who had scored the hit evidently had ascended at the approach of the Zeppelins, and he had been able to dive at the L-34 with such speed that her own machine gunners could not hit him. The burning Zeppelin fell into the sea outside the harbor of Hartlepool.

At six o'clock the next morning the L-21 was shot down. Her commander, Frankenberg, apparently irritated to the point of desperation by grappling with the interfering mists and fogs of England and the futile groping in the dark for objectives, had determined to remain over the enemy land until the very last minute before dawn. But he had remained too long. Only a few minutes after he had crossed the coast near Yarmouth and had reported by wireless that he was on the way home, he was attacked by a squadron of English planes which had followed him out over the sea into the rising sun. The L-21, a Zeppelin of 1915 design, had no chance to ward off land planes built late in 1916.

The loss of those two ships spurred on the Germans, and a few months later, when their new Zeppelins were in commission, the situation changed. It was not unusual for an airship to be riding swiftly and smoothly at a great height while a dozen or more enemy planes buzzed like a swarm of bees far below and behind, unable to make either her speed or altitude.

In proof that the always imminent possibility of being caught in a gale was not to be despised, let me chronicle the adventure of the L-38. The ship was a larger naval Zeppelin which had been assigned the same task, along with three other army Zeppelins. It was what the British then termed one of the Super-Zeppelins, though actually it was fast approaching obsolescence.

The normal duty of the L-38 was to patrol the Baltic, and her commander had been authorized to throw in a raid on Petrograd at the first opportunity. Toward the end of December the L-38 was returning from a patrol flight into the northern corner of the Baltic. It was already an extended trip, but on reaching the waters south of Finland which lead to Petrograd the captain decided to look at the weather in there and perchance reach the Russian city. Halfway on his detour he ran into a small storm which had not been registered in our weather reports because it was over enemy country and at that time the key to the Russian weather code was lacking. The captain of the L-38 had not even suspected a storm in that region. Still, it was not serious in itself. The ship had passed through many worse blows without trouble. But here after a while came wet snow. It stuck to the big hull and soon froze into a thick, solid coating of ice.

He was forced to use more engine power in order to carry the heavy extra load. Consequently the gasoline in the fuel tanks vanished at a much faster rate than he had calculated. He had set a straight course for home, and at that would have come through in good shape had he not encountered more ill luck less than two hours away from his hangar. He had been out a night and a day, had fought through high winds, snow and finally ice. It had been difficult enough to economize with the fuel. Then almost within sight of home he plunged nose first into another storm. Snow fell so heavily that it was impossible to see ahead. To make matters worse, night had fallen and he had to carry on in an airship which was weighted down with ice and which was not the easiest craft to manage.

Guided by Radio

To picture it more vividly, imagine a great hull the size of the S. S. Leviathan, inflated with gas and stripped of all save the bare essentials for operating and fighting. Ride a thing of that size through the skies in the teeth of a howling blizzard at night. Yet the crew of the L-38 rode their ship through the storm until only a few miles remained between them and the sheltering station. When he found his gauges registering the fuel at near the zero point, the commander very wisely made haste to save himself and companions. Slowly and majestically, as if she were simply coming to earth for a breathing spell before renewing the struggle, the L-38 settled in a field and everybody was soon safely out on the ground.

As in so many other instances, there was no means of communicating with the station and thereby bringing help in a hurry. With the engines dead, the crew alone could not hold the ship under sufficient control on the ground to prevent irreparable damage. They had to let her flop against the surface, where she soon collapsed into a total wreck, thereafter fit only for salvage.

The LZ-120 also had been designated by the High Command for action against Petrograd. She was the first of the larger Zeppelins of 2,000,000 cubic feet capacity to be received by the army, and it was felt at the time that she could raid the Russian capital quite easily. She was put under my command.

My new ship had a diameter of about 73 feet and was 650 feet long, approximately the same length as the Los Angeles. Her six engines were the improved type which the Zeppelin Company had recently developed in their Maybach motor works. The hull was perfectly streamlined, much stronger and lighter than the older ships. In fact, I could recount a long list of improvements which had been incorporated in the new Zeppelin.

Our new station for the time being was Jüterbog, near Berlin. There, before proceeding to the Eastern Front, we were to conduct a special series of experiments, chief among them being radio direction finding. In the past the usual method had been for the Zeppelin to send a message, and two or more stations on land would then check up the direction whence the message had come. By this system of triangulation the shore stations would be able to work out on their maps the exact location of the Zeppelin, and then it would be wirelessed to her. Technically it was all right, but in practice it was unsatisfactory. The message from the ship enabled one's enemy as well as his friends to determine his location. For that reason I had never employed it in a raid until after the attack had been made; and even then it was rarely that I saw fit to use it on the return flight.

The Balkan Campaign

That cautious practice led to my ship being reported missing on two occasions. When we did not report for direction finding it was assumed that we were either down and helpless or destroyed. We were now to begin experimenting with several new methods which had been devised by scientists and electrical engineers. They were designed to enable the Zeppelin to determine her own position, finding herself without sending messages. In short, the idea was for the Zeppelin to pick up the messages from land stations and use them to chart her exact location. That system is now generally employed on all craft, surface and otherwise. But it was new practice then. Several ingenious ideas had been developed, and it was not a simple matter for us to prove to their creators that they were not adaptable. However, we managed to arrive at some promising results, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather.

It was in January and February, 1917, and the thermometer remained for days at a time several degrees below zero. I recall one day at Jüterbog when all tricks for starting the engines met with failure. After several hours of delay we heated the oil to boiling point and put it in the motors.

March found us in Kovno, waiting to set out with seven tons of bombs which were to be dropped on Petrograd. But the bad weather continued. It extended for weeks, until the revolution put an end to German activities on the Eastern Front.

The fact that the war was still carried on in the west and southeast, is the reason, I am sure, why the valuable work of the Zeppelins in the east passed unnoticed. The world at large seems to have been informed only concerning the occasional raids in England and France. One of the greatest campaigns of the Zeppelins was waged in the Balkans, where they accompanied the German Army in its first offensive against Serbia in 1915. A station was established near Temesvár in Southern Hungary, and by November of that year

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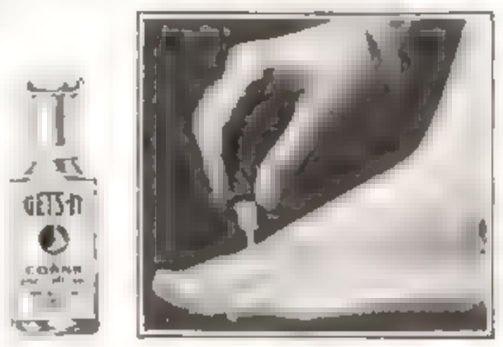

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the Zeppelins had available such facilities as a hangar, repair shops, supply depots, radio station and even a hydrogen-generating plant. The first Zeppelin to make use of this station was the LZ-81, under Captain Jacobi. His orders were to make things disagreeable for the Serbs and the Allied troops at Saloniki, the Mediterranean port for Serbia, where the Allies had to land all supplies and reenforcements for the badly driven Serbs. The LZ-81 was to destroy the harbor facilities, blow up magazines, arsenals, ammunition depots and the newly erected quarters of the soldiers.

Before Jacobi set out on that job, however, he had another mission. At that time—November, 1915—the Serbs were still clinging tenaciously to bits of territory in the northern part of their country. The High Command desired to organize assistance for Bulgaria, which was then fighting Serbia in the east, and also render similar aid to Turkey, which was fighting alone in the south. There were certain matters of policy and strategy involved, necessitating sending a German commission to talk things over with the governments at Sofia and Constantinople. There was no way by which the commissioners could get to Sofia quickly. The Serbs held the railroad which might have taken them by the shortest route. To take a roundabout way through Rumania, whose attitude then was doubtful, would have meant a delay of several days, possibly weeks.

One morning Jacobi received orders to stand by at Temesvár, and a few hours later the commission arrived. The members boarded the LZ-81. She went up quite high and sped over Serbia through the night at the rate of a mile a minute. The Serbs were so surprised that nowhere had they time to deliver an effective attack. The Zeppelin crossed the lines safely, though some of the passengers experienced for the first time the sensation of being under fire. The enemy took pot shots at the LZ-81 with rifles, and bullets whined about the ship, a few puncturing her gas cells and ricocheting from her metal rigging. It was old stuff to the crew, but the members of the commission were interested, to say the least.

The flight was not so simple as it sounds. Serbia offered many navigational problems. Jacobi had no precedents. His was the first airship to cross that rough and mountainous country. Mountains mean turbulent air. The country was sparsely populated—a dearth of large cities and landmarks. It had never been properly surveyed. There were no reliable maps. At Sofia the crew of the LZ-81 would find no landing facilities or skilled personnel. High temperatures and humidity were not the best for an airship, because they kept her from traveling at maximum altitudes, especially when heavily loaded. And the LZ-81 was loaded. There were passengers and ballast. The distance from Hungary to Sofia and back was enough to force the carrying of so much fuel that the ship had barely sufficient lifting power left for ballast.

The Ship and the Commander

After that flight Jacobi had an even more difficult problem in his attack on Saloniki. To reach that port and return he had to figure on a flight under those same conditions for 1000 miles, four-fifths of it over enemy country. In spite of that, he would have made it successfully had it not been for the new-type motors—the same which caused me so much trouble during that period, and which cost the navy the L-19 and generally placed a serious handicap on all the Zeppelins during that winter of 1915–16.

Jacobi made several attempts which invariably ended with a breakdown of his power plant. While other airships might quickly procure even the most unusual new parts, thanks to their proximity to home facilities, this was impossible for the LZ-81 because of her remote location. Finally, after a six weeks' struggle against these odds, she was called back to Germany and the LZ-85, which had the older, less powerful but perfectly reliable engines, was assigned in her place.

The commander of the LZ-85 was Scherzer, one of the youngest captains in the service, and possibly the equal of any in point of talent and luck. He had rendered an excellent account of himself while in charge of my old ship Sachsen during Hindenburg's summer campaign of 1915 against Russia. He not only demonstrated his skill in navigating but by intelligent effort maintained the Zeppelin in a state of efficiency which produced for her the absolute maximum performance.

It is with no desire to eulogize one of my former comrades that I dwell upon these traits of Scherzer's, but because his work and success offer a fine example of how much can be done with a relatively poor ship in the hands of a good commander and crew. There are many other examples of how little a poor commander can do with a good ship. Scherzer's first officer was Lieutenant Nippe, my former radio officer, an extremely intelligent youngster. Nippe's marksmanship as a bombing officer had been most helpful on our early raids with the Sachsen over Belgium.

When the Star Dims

They arrived at Temesvár in January, 1916, and on the last day of the month set out with two tons of bombs for their first raid on Saloniki. All the obstacles in the way of weather and navigation were surmounted and the LZ-85 arrived over the harbor that night. Scherzer placed his bombs on the docks and warehouses so effectively that the German airplane patrols visiting the scene two days later reported widespread fires still raging. The defense had been almost negligible. The Allies were taken by surprise and could not prevent the Zeppelin doing her work efficiently. Eighteen hours after she had set out from Temesvár she was back without a scratch.

But Scherzer was by no means satisfied. He got out his maps and found that if, on the return from Saloniki, he should first cross over to Bulgaria and land at Sofia for fuel, he would not have to set out with so much on his raid. He would have to take only enough to reach Saloniki and then Sofia. This would enable him to carry almost twice the load of bombs. So on March seventeenth he again struck at Saloniki, doing far more damage because of the additional explosives he was able to drop. On this raid, however, the LZ-85 was hit several times by shrapnel because thick clouds compelled her to fly rather low. On reaching Sofia, Scherzer found that he had lost so much gas that the local supply would not meet his requirements for the return to Temesvár. This did not deter him. Taking off two of his four engines, he left them at Sofia, along with the greater part of his crew, who were to follow by train. Then he sailed back to Temesvár. But Scherzer's star was dimming. He made one or two attempts to reach Saloniki again, but the weather stood against him. On May fifth he went out again and failed to return.

The German Armies had advanced far southward in recent months, and Saloniki had become the objective of so many bombing attacks by our airplanes that the Allies had thrown up an extensive defense system. During the airplane raids the defenders had received excellent practice. I do not know the exact altitude at which the LZ-85 attacked the city, but knowing Scherzer, I am sure it was not too high. When he arrived over the harbor at night he was caught and held by a number of searchlights. Within a few minutes the Zeppelin had been so torn by artillery fire that her life blood—the supporting gas—was pouring from her cells in gusts. She lost buoyancy so rapidly that Scherzer could not get her back to the first German lines, which were only a few miles to the north. He had to land her in the heart of the swamp lands along the Vardar River, which flows into the Ægean near Saloniki.

(Continued on Page 153)

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It is a fact that you can use to your own advantage, no matter what car you drive, because AJAX *Hi-Speed* Balloons are made for ALL cars.

AJAX *Hi-Speed* Balloons are deliberately and expertly made to meet the demands of modern cars and modern driving conditions, which include such factors as high speed—quick get-away—sudden stops—four-wheel brakes.

The main reason AJAX *Hi-Speed* Balloons make driving easier and safer under these conditions is a development in BALANCE, CONTOUR and DESIGN:

BALANCE—Equalized weight and thickness of rubber and fabric around the entire circumference adds miles of service and makes for steadier, easier steering.

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Your AJAX dealer has Hi-Speed Balloons. Try them. They will help you get the most out of your car.

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$1295 *for Six-60 Roadster*

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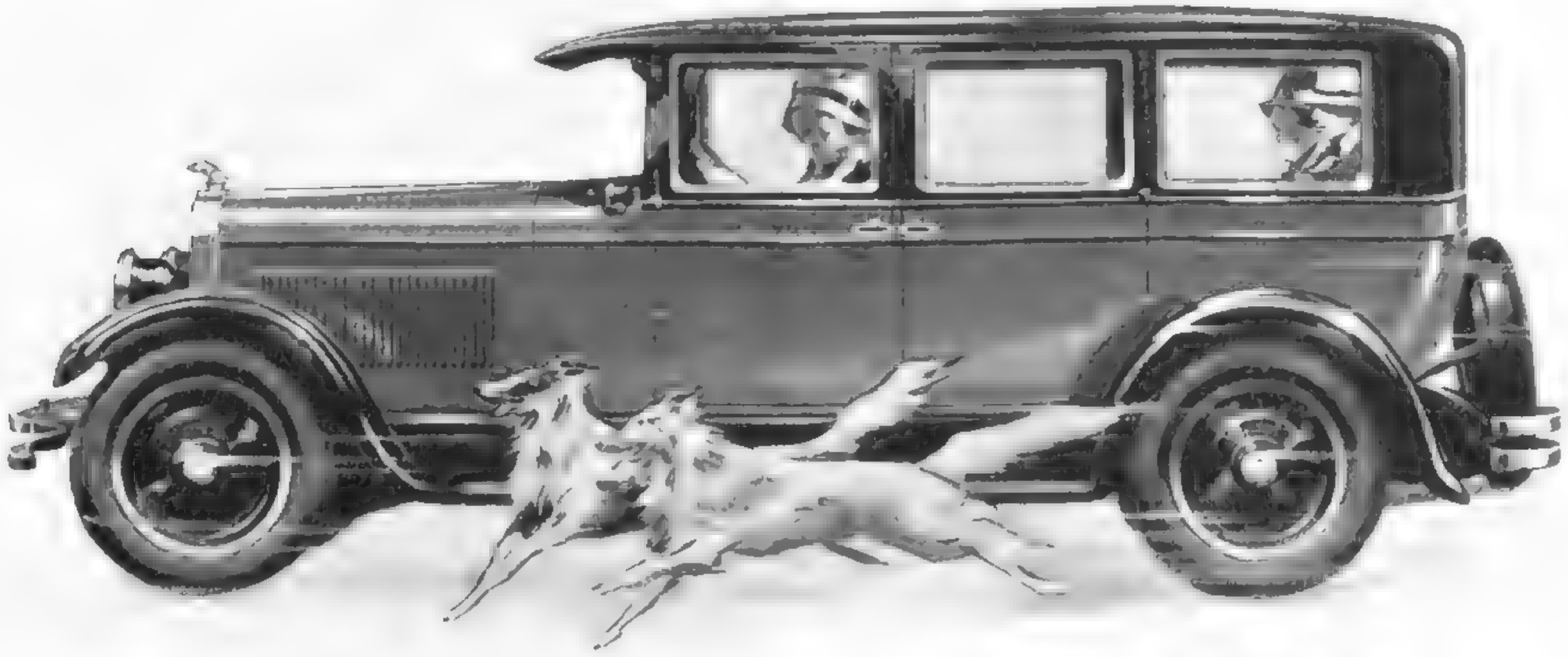

A "fundamentally better" Six that looks, acts and is quality

A WAVE of enthusiastic approval greeted this new little Peerless last month. For the Six-60 marks the day of a new traveling ease—a new kind of comfort—a new and truer satisfaction in a low-priced car.

The very appearance of this new Peerless bespeaks its inbred quality. Those lithe, sleek lines—stylish, distinctive, low to the ground. That rich, flawless finish—the deep, soft-cushioned seats.

But you must drive the Six-60 to realize what a brilliant performer it is. You must dash with it through flying traffic—and sense its abundant power in reserve.

Pick out the stiffest hill you know. Then step on the gas. See how the road flies past. Or, try some rut-scarred, pitted road. How softly those long springs ride! How firm and steady the wheel is in your hands! Try parking, too. You'll never say steering is a hard job now—for the Six-60 is steered by a Ross Cam and Lever gear.

This superb little Peerless embodies everything that's best in automobile engineering. Try it out yourself. Then you, too, will know why it's "fundamentally better."

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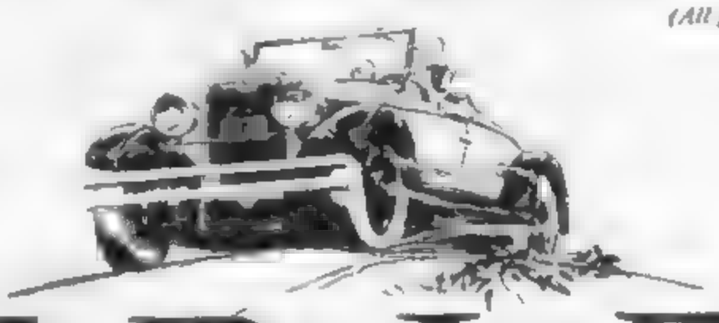

PEERLESS

PEERLESS • HAS • ALWAYS • BEEN • A • GOOD • CAR

(Continued from Page 150)

The entire crew managed to get out of the ship uninjured, and at first they were hopeful of hiding in the swamps until they could make their way to the German outposts. Several days passed, the castaways wading about in one marsh after another, dodging enemy parties bent on taking them prisoners. But the wreckage of the LZ-85 was too conspicuous. It was soon found and from there on the trail was plain. Scherzer and his comrades made a short hopeless fight of it until entirely surrounded, and then surrendered. I talked with some of them following the Armistice, when they were released from a French prison camp.

The airship station at Temesvár, Hungary, taught us a great deal about maintaining such bases outside our own country and off the beaten paths. Though it was not difficult to keep Temesvár supplied with spare parts, tools and other materials, a number of details were rearranged after experience, and we had to fly emergency supplies to Temesvár on several occasions in order to save valuable time.

We had another station in the Balkans which afforded even better practice and experience. That was at Jamboli, Bulgaria. It had been established late in 1915, and I can think of no better method of explaining its importance than noting the reasons for building it. Germany desired to improve the defense of Constantinople against attacks of the Russian Black Sea fleet. The Central Powers wanted to protect coal shipments to the Turkish capital from the Black Sea ports.

They were most desirous of protecting the coastal traffic between Constantinople and Constantza. Zeppelins were necessary to search for Russian mine fields off the Bosporus. They were urgently required for reconnaissance work with Turkish cruisers, to compensate for the superior numbers of Russian light craft, destroyers, and the like. They could also help our own battle cruiser Goeben and the cruiser Breslau at Constantinople. They had been in the Mediterranean at the beginning of war and had joined the Turkish naval forces. Zeppelins were also required for raids against Sebastopol and Batum. And if Rumania should enter the conflict, there would be two airship stations from which she might be attacked—Temesvár and Jamboli.

Jamboli was then a small country village on the Tundza plains north of Adrianople. Here our engineers soon had in operation a hangar, hydrogen plant, electric-power station and a radio station equipped for direction finding. Other direction-finding facilities were established at several of the larger cities. We also used one at Bukharest after Rumania had been conquered.

Rumania's Baptism

In June, 1916, a wooden Schütte-Lanz airship, the SL-10, was stationed at Jamboli under the command of Captain Wobeser. She made two good reconnaissance flights over the Black Sea, coöperating with submarines and cruisers against the Russian naval forces at Sebastopol, convoying Turkish supply vessels and, incidentally, locating several Russian mine fields. But within four weeks after her arrival she went out on another attack against the Russians and did not return. Later it was learned that she did not make her projected attack on Sebastopol, and a few charred parts picked up from the water months afterward led to the conclusion that the ship had probably been destroyed by an accident or while cruising through a thunderstorm.

The wooden airship was immediately replaced by the Zeppelin LZ-101, under Captain Gaissert, and it was only a few days later—August 27, 1916—that Rumania declared herself at war with the Central Powers. The next night, while her troops were marching through the streets of Bukharest, Gaissert came from Jamboli and gave them a first taste of aerial warfare. He placed most of his two tons of explosives on the railway yards, thereby disrupting the thorough plans which had existed since the Allied representatives had first approached Rumania on the subject of joining the conflict—more than a year of planning. German airplanes during the next few days continued making things hot for Bukharest.

The LZ-101 repeated the performance three or four times during the next month, and, despite the rapidly improving defense, was successful in demolishing her objectives. Between raids on the capital she threw her explosives on the more important railway junctions, particularly on the concentration yards at Ploesti. In this she was joined by the LZ-86 under Lieutenant Wolff, who had been assigned to replace Scherzer at Temesvár.

On the morning of September fifth, while returning from Ploesti, the LZ-86 was completely wrecked in landing. The commander and a number of her crew were killed instantly. I cannot recall all the details, but this accident resulted from an error in judgment. Wolff was a good soldier, but a very young airship pilot, and the difficulties of a flight across Serbia proved too much for him. I can say that without any reflection on his personal qualities or those of his brave companions. As I have explained before, it was not their fault that the pressure of war did not always permit sufficient training and experience before the airship crews were put to actual tasks and tests. Besides, it was not always the most experienced pilots who met with greatest success.

The Luck of a Soldier

There were numerous instances where the military prowess—I might call it a certain dare-devil spirit combined with good luck—enabled newly appointed airship commanders to accomplish remarkable flights. They carried on through the initial periods by taking chances, gaining experience as they went along. But the greater risk was always there, and when deserted by the luck which usually accompanies a good soldier, disaster was the result.

Captain Jacobi took Wolff's place at Temesvár with his LZ-81, in the interim having overcome the troubles with his new engines. He joined Gaissert in bombing Bukharest, but, as in the case of Saloniki, the incessant bombing attacks of the German airplanes had forced an improvement in the defense, and the LZ-81 fell prey to the Rumanian artillery on September twenty-seventh.

During her second raid on the capital she was kept at a height of 12,500 feet, yet the searchlights held on to her long enough for the gunners to get the range. A storm of projectiles assailed the Zeppelin, but Jacobi continued grimly at his task of bombing. He deliberately placed his explosives on the spots marked on his flight chart, but as he left the zone of fire he found his ship leaking so badly that she had no chance of remaining aloft long enough for a safe return. He landed safely enough near Tirnovo, Bulgaria, but the usual lack of resources there compelled him to let the Zeppelin break herself to pieces like a ship upon the rocks.

Following the loss of the LZ-81, the LZ-97 was sent to Temesvár, and that Zeppelin, with the LZ-101, which was still at Jamboli, continued the raids on Rumanian objectives. They were particularly effective in attacks against the railroad junctions of Ciulnita and Feteschi; and their last raid on Bukharest occurred late in October, 1916, shortly before the German armies took possession of the city. Rumania had been so badly defeated within three months after joining the Allies that there remained few places for the Zeppelins to raid.

Late in December the LZ-101 attacked the harbor and railway terminal at Galatz, a Rumanian port on the Black Sea, but by the first of the new year the Zeppelins in the Balkans were compelled to undertake much harder tasks to warrant maintenance there.

From her base in Hungary the LZ-97 was supposed to raid Italian ports: Valona,

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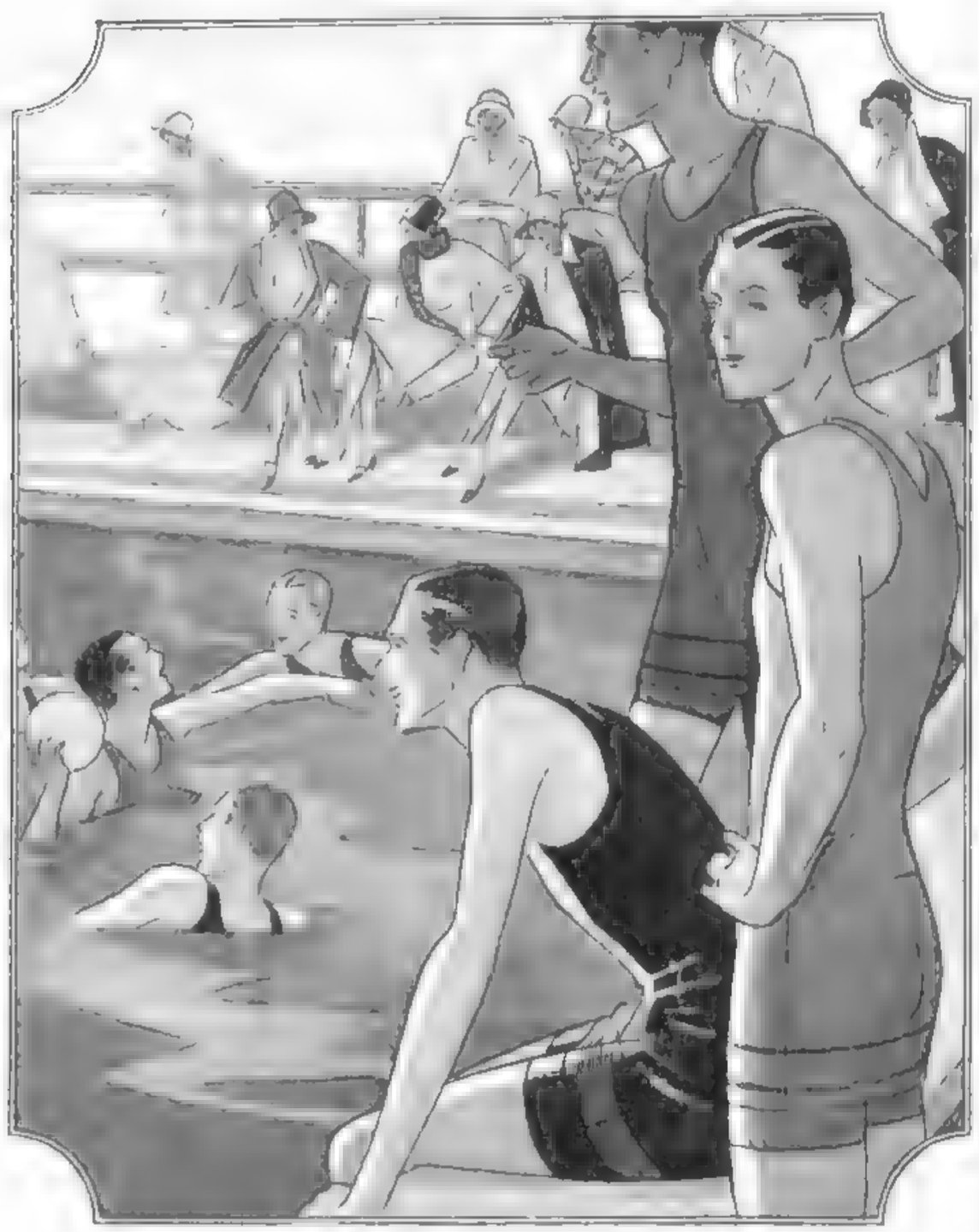

IN A nation-wide survey . . . at Yale, Princeton, Wellesley, California and 43 other universities and colleges in 26 states, Jantzen was named the best known of all swimming suits.

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It's extremely elastic. Fits . . . *without a wrinkle!* Color-fast, too; as Jantzens are literally dyed-in-the-wool. See the solid colors, bright hues and stripes in models for all the family now on display at leading stores. Jantzen's size-by-weight system insures perfect fit.

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Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

Brindisi and Taranto. The Jamboli Zeppelin was to attack principally the British bases in the Ægean Sea outside the Dardanelles—the islands of Lesbos, Lemnos and Imbros. Because of the low clouds which usually hang over the Balkans in winter the ships were badly handicapped. For example, the LZ-97 made no less than five major flights toward Italy and several smaller sallies. Though they were successful from the viewpoint of piloting and navigation, they were without military result.

The LZ-101 had no better luck with the weather. Only one of her many attempts was successful. That was her attack against the British supply base on the island of Mudros during a fine clear night late in March, 1917. She demolished the depots and warehouses and returned with only a few rents in her gas cells, though she must have presented an excellent target. The crew could see landmarks fifty miles distant.

In April both Zeppelins were deflated for a thorough overhauling and later were ordered back to Germany. They had contributed much to the knowledge of airship operations in a southerly climate. Unlike the Zeppelins operating from the Russian bases, they had been able to take advantage of the lulls in the stormy weather, while we in the north had found no let-up in adverse conditions until the Russian revolution eliminated all reasons for operations against Petrograd.

A Passing Incident

With the LZ-120 and her crew I was transferred to Seerappen—near Königsberg—our main naval airport on the Baltic; and soon received orders to work with the navy on the Baltic patrol.

It began to dawn on us that the army was gradually eliminating the airship from land operations. The reasons were not difficult to find. The introduction of the incendiary projectile late in 1916 rendered obsolete a majority of the army ships. Airplanes carrying machine guns which held fire bullets had at their mercy any Zeppelin which could not fly high enough to keep out of their path. The army had been compelled to let the navy have the most modern ships as they were built, so that the vitally essential patrol and reconnaissance could be carried on without interruption. Giant night-bombing airplanes were steadily becoming more capable for raiding purposes and therefore were qualified to replace the Zeppelins in that field of operations. Then, too, the army no longer possessed the incentives. Russia was out of the conflict. The Balkan regions were not then very important—not enough to justify the extremely arduous labor and the costs required to maintain raiding Zeppelins there. Again, most of the army airship sheds were too small for the larger Zeppelins. There were not enough hangars available for further big ships which might have followed the two then under construction, so it was indeed an opportune time for the army to hand over to the navy all its Zeppelins.

On March 16, 1917, five ships went out to raid England. As they arrived over the coast the weather changed. Thick clouds gathered and hung so low that the navigators were mostly shut off from sight of the ground. The rain developed into a deluge and the wind commenced blowing a full gale. The best that the raiders could do was to throw a few bombs at such points as opened fire upon them. Then the wind veered around to the northwest and north and became a series of furious squalls. The direct course homeward across the North Sea was now out of the question, as the storm was raging there at its worst and none of the Zeppelins had fuel enough to fight a long-drawn battle against it. All the commanders set their courses over Belgium.

The L-39, with Captain Koch in charge, failed to reach her home station. Evidently he had not noted the change in the direction of the wind as it veered to the north. As a result, the L-39 sped through the night in a more southerly direction than her crew thought. Before he realized his position Koch was so far into France that he could not get back across the lines until after daylight—a dangerous business under the best conditions. Koch made the attempt. He reached Compiègne, the French headquarters northeast of Paris, and had only thirty miles to go when the early morning light betrayed him to the alert watchers below. The L-39 was caught directly over this heavy concentration of anti-aircraft artillery and it was not long before she was a blazing hulk, falling into the fields adjoining the camp of the defenders.

The remaining four commanders reached Germany safely, but had quite a time of it trying to house their ships in the gale. Fleming, captain of the L-55, arriving at his station quite late, found landing too much of a risk, so he went on 300 miles farther inland to Dresden. He had been cruising at the greatest possible height while crossing the French lines and afterward had accumulated such a load of rain that his ship was hopelessly heavy for landing. Had it not been for the skillful handling, the L-55 would have been a total wreck. As it was, she was brought down at Dresden with only minor damages.

Within the next two months we had lost a couple of other Zeppelins. The L-22 and L-43 did not return from the end of their patrol beats off the Dutch coast, and Captain Strasser, naval air chief, concluded that British seaplanes or flying boats must have surprised them while cruising in low altitudes. Their loss led to an order from Strasser prescribing certain minimum altitudes for Zeppelins in that section. The result of this order was that no further losses from that source were sustained for a whole year, or until the summer of 1918, when the British counter-offensive with superior land airplanes launched from shipboard secured for the enemy another temporary advantage. The land machines could attain greater heights than the overwater craft, and for a time during the last summer of the conflict they made things hot for Zeppelins. But for twelve months their seaplane guards on duty off Holland were only a passing incident to the Zeppelin commanders, who, returning from their patrols or raids, reported that the seaplane "was seen," and that was all.

There's Many a Slip

One of the few survivors of a successful airplane attack on a Zeppelin is Otto Mieth. He was bombing officer on the L-48, which was shot down in flames near Ipswich, following a raid on London. She had tried an attack on the capital in company with the L-42, which had succeeded in blowing up the ammunition depots at Ramsgate. The L-48 encountered between twenty and thirty searchlights near Harwich and instantly the air was filled with whistling, shrieking explosives, shrapnel and incendiary shells, but the Zeppelin kept on until she had dropped her bombs on the target. It was only a couple of minutes before she had passed through the fire zone.

Gradually the fire grew weaker. One by one the searchlights went out, and the crew of the Zeppelin breathed easier, thinking that the enemy had abandoned his efforts to reach them. Only the dull red glow of the fires started by her bombs could be seen from the L-48 as she headed out to sea. At that point it was discovered that the compass was out of order. Instead of steering east, she was headed north, and much valuable time was lost. A forward motor also failed, so that her speed was reduced. A radio had just been sent, telling of the successful raid, when the rays of a lone searchlight flashed up and struck full against the hull. Mieth said afterward that an instant later he saw the L-48 burst into flame throughout her length of 600 feet.

The captain turned quietly to the officers and men with him in the control car and said, "It's all over!"

(Continued on Page 156)

Style—the all-important

Wadsworth Cases led the styles when these were the fashion

The traditional gift for graduation—the watch—must have it, in every detail of case design

"Collegiate"—synonymous with what is latest in matters of style! For no generation has ever attached more importance to this one thing than today's youth of college age.

Here is the first consideration for those who would select a gift for the graduate, whether it is for one just leaving college, or for one who is about to enter it.

The traditional gift on this occasion is a good watch. Naturally, therefore, that is the gift your own young graduate has learned quite confidently to expect

And the degree in which the watch is in style will determine the degree of pleasure with which your gift will be received.

See that it comes in a case by Wadsworth, acknowledged style leaders, to whom for more than thirty-five years the leading watchmakers and importers have looked for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

Any movement you prefer, or any your jeweler recommends, probably comes already dressed in a Wadsworth Case. In the event, however, that it does not, ask that it be so dressed.

For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, of finest materials and workmanship, of that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the movement—and, most important for the graduation gift, of style!

Look for it when you buy. You are sure to find among the many Wadsworth creations a case exactly suited to your taste, at a price quite within your means.

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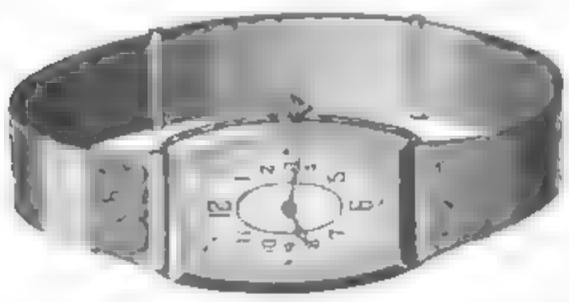
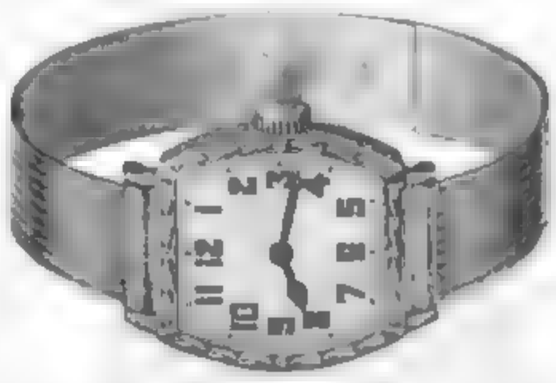


Woman's watch with Wadsworth Diana Band Band attaches to any modern wrist watch; expands to slip over hand, snaps securely to wrist. Men's size in Olympian Model. Plain, $7.50. Engraved, $8.50



Man's watch with Wadsworth Improved Ben Hur Band. Band attaches to any modern strap watch, adjusts easily to wrist, holds secure by safety lock Women's size in Amazon Model. Plain, $6.50 Engraved, $7.50

Wadsworth Cases

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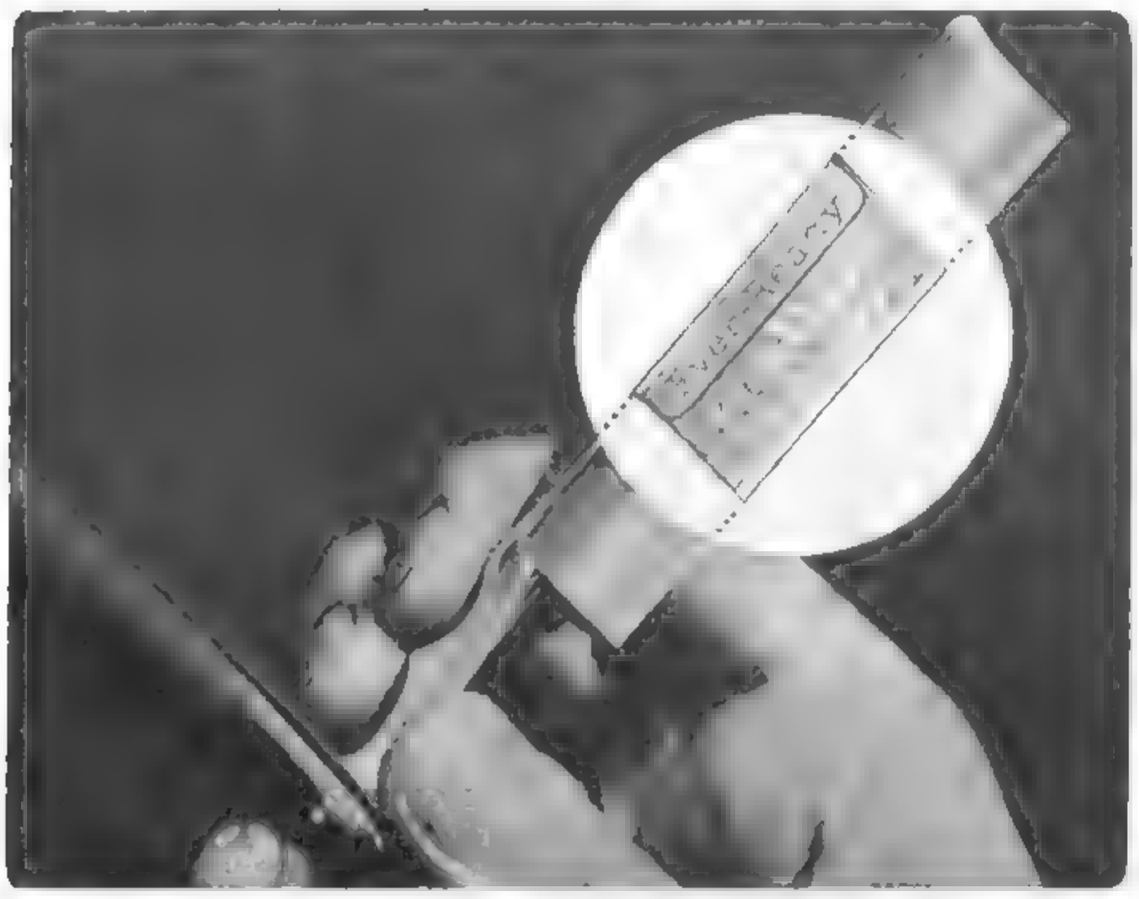
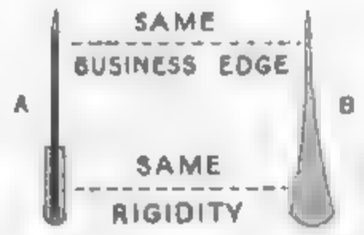


An inch *and a* half *of a* Barber's Razor



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Mail us twenty cents, to cover postage, etc., and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving needs"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This is to prove claims and is strictly limited.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sold Everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades

(Continued from Page 154)

After that there was nothing more to be said. For several seconds the L-48 maintained an even keel—a great ball of flame riding slowly toward the rising sun, 12,000 feet above the quiet English village. Then the Zeppelin snapped to pieces. Her skeleton broke and collapsed, the wreckage falling stern first toward the surface. In the control car, which was now grinding against the framework, the occupants had been tossed into a tumbled heap. Mieth, retaining a sense of his surroundings until the crash came, said that the blazing mass hit the earth with a tremendous impact. He awoke in an English hospital—one of three survivors. A friendly voice was inquiring, "Do you want a cigarette?"

They told Mieth that an English aviator had crept up on the L-48 without being observed, and he had fired incendiary bullets into the hydrogen-filled hull just as she was getting under way for the quick flight homeward.

Life on the Baltic patrol was for us both tedious and trying—twenty-four hours out on flight and then rest for a similar period

In flight the entire personnel had to be constantly at their posts and on the lookout during practically the entire twenty-four hours. And, of course, we could not—our nerves would not let us—sleep sufficiently during all of the day and night on land. As a result of this peculiar strain a discussion arose in the officers' mess hall one evening that brought out some interesting views on the endurance qualities of the Zeppelins and their crews.

It was the consensus of opinion that it would be better, from a military viewpoint, to maintain a ship on patrol for much longer periods of time—for example, 100 hours or more. We also concluded that the length of a flight might be limited solely by the gasoline capacity of the ship. I say that was the consensus of opinion. It was universal among the members of our crew, but the other officers largely disagreed, for two reasons. They thought the motors would require overhauling before the completion of such a long trip, and further, that the men could not stand the exertion and strain for such extended periods.

But the subject persisted in bobbing up repeatedly, and it ended in my decision to try it out. There never had been such a flight as we contemplated, so the test was worth while as an experiment. Within two days we had outfitted the LZ-120 and were ready for the flight. After taking on 2700 pounds of bombs, 6200 pounds of small arms, supplies and spare parts and 7700 pounds of water ballast, I deducted 5500 pounds for the weight of the twenty-eight men aboard and found that we could carry twenty tons of gasoline and oil—a quantity sufficient to keep the engines running at least 100 hours at reduced speed.

The Endurance Flight

We went up from Seerappen a few minutes before midnight on July 26, 1917. The sky was full of stars. It was a beautiful night, yet it provided the most disagreeable period of the entire trip. By carrying all possible quantities of fuel and ballast we had started off with very little reserve buoyancy. As the air became warmer each foot that we ascended, the lifting power of our ship was accordingly reduced after leaving the airport, which lay in a hollow encircled by slopes. With the propellers twirling at full speed, we depended on them to carry us up and over a hill, and there were exciting moments when we did not know whether or not we would make it without sacrificing some of our load. Barely clearing the hill, we sailed past a house on the crest—right past it, not above, and only a few feet from the windows, through which the occupants stared at us in fear and amazement. Finally, with that critical situation behind us, we commenced putting things in shipshape order. I insisted upon the off watch going to bed, and they took to their hammocks reluctantly, for the night was interesting and it was a different sort of adventure from the usual raid or patrol.

Still, it was not a peaceful three hours that followed our departure. It was excessively hot and humid. Navigation was difficult because of a number of thunderstorms which lay in our path toward the western edge of the Baltic. All of us were glad when morning brought a light rain which cooled the air somewhat. Our life became regulated by a routine similar to that aboard surface vessels, save that the crew was too small to permit four watches. I had enough machinists, however, to organize three watches, because, instead of running on all six engines, we used only three the greater part of the time, and occasionally four. Incidentally, it was our idea to determine if a normal two-shift crew could bear the strain for any length of time. So on the first two days out we stood our watch for eight hours and rested for eight hours; and on the following two days, as a counter-trial, we alternated four hours, then six hours. All methods proved entirely practical.

The food consisted principally of the war-time endurance rations. Each man was handed his share for the entire trip immediately after the start. There were cold-potato bread and sausages, a few hard-boiled eggs, chocolate bars, biscuits and crackers. The first day out we had hot sausages and a big, double-walled kettle of pea soup, with tea and coffee. Of course there were the usual bags of plain water. We had no kitchen, but there were two engine-exhaust cooking plates—one on the rear and the other on the forward motor-exhaust pipes. In the control car we had an electric hot plate which we used occasionally for frying eggs and warming coffee.

Repairs While You Wait

In fact, the character and quality of the food were more of a handicap than a help, because it was crude. The pea soup was ill chosen. That first day it made a bad combination with the sausages and most of the crew were sick with indigestion. All our arrangements were far from being what they might have been, even under war conditions; but we wanted to prove, if possible, that no elaborate preparations were necessary. And we learned just that. It is possible, with little difficulty and without too great expenditure of weight, to arrange for rationing all hands as long as a week or more. It is also true that though an elaborate cuisine is not essential, a varied menu is most desirable. The same may be applied to the resting and sleeping opportunities for the crew.

Our experiments in organizing the watches indicated that the details were secondary as long as there were watches and proper relief. They also confirmed what I had learned on previous long flights with a reduced crew—that it is extremely unwise to make such a flight with only one man for each function. It can be done, of course, but the endurance of a human being is limited. There is no telling whether one will give out at a critical moment toward the end of a strenuous trip. I also found confirmation for the wisdom of the marine custom that the captain of the ship should not stand regular watches. I tried to put it in force on this flight, but on the rapidly moving airship there was always something occurring—something that required my personal attention, if only for a few minutes, during the periods when I should have been off watch and asleep. As a result, I was more fatigued than the others.

We cruised all over the Baltic in sunshine and rain, night and day. At times we ran into fog and thick haze, again we would spend hours in the clear sunlight; always, however, with a wind varying between twenty-five and forty miles an hour. Twice one of the engines, running irregularly, caused so much vibration that the connecting bolts in the flanges of the drive shaft were sheared off clean. Each time two machinists climbed far out on the propeller outrigger to set in new bolts. They were

located at the upper end of the shaft at the equator of the ship. To make it easier for the men and to avoid the possibility of their being blown off, I reduced speed to almost nothing and did about an hour of free ballooning. The outer cover had to be opened so the mechanics could reach the outrigger and I could not resume speed before it was closed again.

I must not forget to mention some of the creature comforts. I took a shower bath every morning except one, using a collapsible rubber tub to stand in and a bucket of water rigged overhead. The bathroom was between the mooring gear in the fore part of the corridor on the keel, inside the hull. We had our sun baths, too, when there was a sun. The gunner's platform sunk in the stern was an ideal place. It was solid and spacious, completely free from wind or drafts and absolutely quiet. It was the only place I have ever seen where there was not the slightest sound except a soft and soothing murmur of the wind and a very faint, almost imperceptible hum from the engines. The top platform on the ship was almost as good, though there was some singing of the wind in the rigging of the shield set up to break its force.

A Tour De Luxe

We had changed the interior arrangement of the control car, providing one huge room instead of several smaller ones. The rear corner was the mess hall, with couches, chairs, a table seating eight, and with our flowers and pictures making it most homelike. Sleeping in hammocks in the corridor was most satisfactory. Gemmingen had his in the quietest place up forward. Mine was next to the ladder leading down to the control car, so that I could be there quickly in an emergency.

We had no radio concerts in those days, but I had a guitar and some of the others had mouth organs or music boxes, and we played and sang while the good old LZ-120 moved softly over the sea, now standing off Copenhagen, then traversing the Baltic to the vicinity of Stockholm. It seemed that we could go on forever cruising about that quiet region. Of course, we were in constant wireless touch with land and, most important of all, we had regular and complete reports from all the principal weather stations, so that we could draw up our own weather maps fairly complete four times every day. So toward the end of the trip it was plain to be seen that another storm center was approaching.

On the last evening out, as I sat reading one of the five books that comprised our library, the ship commenced rocking slightly and the officer of the watch reported strongly increasing winds. It was time for us to be making for port because I did not want to put the LZ-120 through a severe storm after her fine endurance flight. As it was, we had to run at full speed against head winds for several hours before arriving at Seerappen. We landed at 4:40 o'clock in the morning of July thirty-first, 101 hours after our departure. And there still remained on board enough fuel for thirty-six hours more. It was the record endurance flight at the time and one that pointed the way for a much more important venture a few months later.

Doctor Zupitza, chief medical officer of the German East African colonial troops, was taken prisoner early in the war and exchanged in 1916. On his return to Germany he reported that our forces in the colony were short of medicines; and on reading in a newspaper that a direct flight to North America was considered possible he suggested to the Colonial Office that an airship be employed to make a relief flight to Africa. The Colonial Office took the idea to the Navy Department, where it was turned down at first on the grounds that further experiments were necessary before such flights could be made. That winter, however, the L-16 had carried food and other supplies to an ice-blocked island in the north, and then came our record endurance flight with the LZ-120. A few weeks later, after my report had proved the theory that both a Zeppelin and her crew could stand the strain of long flights, the relief expedition to German East Africa was authorized and I was asked to submit suggestions.

It was a great disappointment to me that I was not assigned to make the flight, but this was offset somewhat when the authorities placed me in charge of some of the more important preparations. I arrived at Friedrichshafen in September, 1917, and found the factory was busy adapting to the special requirements of the long trip the naval Zeppelin L-57, which had been designated to go to the relief of the colonial forces under her captain, Commander Bockholt. When the L-57 was ready she was flown to the station at Jüterbog, and there we placed on board a carefully prepared special cargo. Before setting out, however, it was decided that Bockholt should make a trial flight, and this was undertaken in the face of one of the worst windstorms that struck us that season. The L-57, after coming back to land at her station, was dashed against the earth and completely wrecked. The loss necessitated other plans for the African flight. Right here let me point out that these new preparations indicate more than theories or conclusions the efficiency with which lighter-than-air operations can be carried on by an organization fully developed and trained for the purpose.

The wrecked L-57 was burned to prevent the secret of the proposed flight being made public. We did not want the British to learn of it. They had already given our colonials under General Lettow-Vorbeck a severe drubbing. In fact, there was no telling whether we would be too late with supplies, which, besides medicines, included ammunition. The Zeppelin Company was then capable of producing a new airship every two weeks, such was the impetus imparted by the recognition of the naval branch of the value of the Zeppelins. The L-59, a new ship then under construction in the Zeppelin works at Staaken, near Berlin, was picked for the second attempt, and it was remodeled, enlarged and completed for its arduous journey within four days after orders were received.

To Africa and Return

Commander Bockholt took charge of the new ship a few days later and, after storing his supplies aboard, was off for Jamboli, Bulgaria, where the actual start was to be made. With Dr. Hugo Eckener, the former director of commercial Zeppelin operations, and then chief adviser to the naval-airship division, I had been assigned to Jamboli to assist with the departure of the big ship, which was the largest that the Zeppelin Company ever built. Her size was exceeded only by the postwar R-38, built in England, which collapsed and burned on a trial flight, August 24, 1921.

The L-59 was longer by nearly 100 feet than her predecessors, having two additional gas cells and consequently that much more lifting power. Inside her 745-foot hull were 2,381,000 cubic feet of hydrogen. She was designed to carry a fifty-ton load and her five motors were supposed to give her a speed of more than sixty miles an hour. This is the load she actually carried: 30,600 pounds of ammunition, rifles, jungle knives, radio parts, and medicines; twenty-five tons of gasoline and oil as part of the forty tons of water, fuel, clothing, parts, provisions and weight of the crew—in all, about fifty-five tons as a total load.

The ship arrived at Jamboli on November fourth. Her first start for Africa was made on the thirteenth, and failed because of poor maneuvering. Three days later, despite bad weather and storms in the Adriatic and Black seas, Bockholt again took off and commenced working his way through the narrow mountain valleys in Asia Minor, where he encountered thick clouds and thunderstorms. Toward nightfall he was fired at by Turkish infantry,

(Continued on Page 160)

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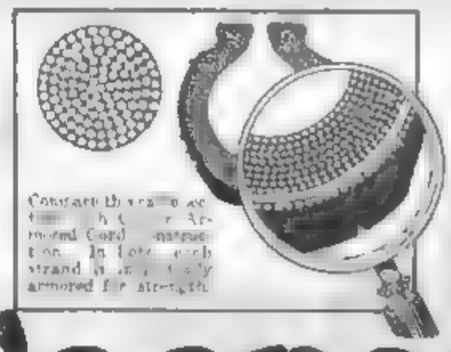

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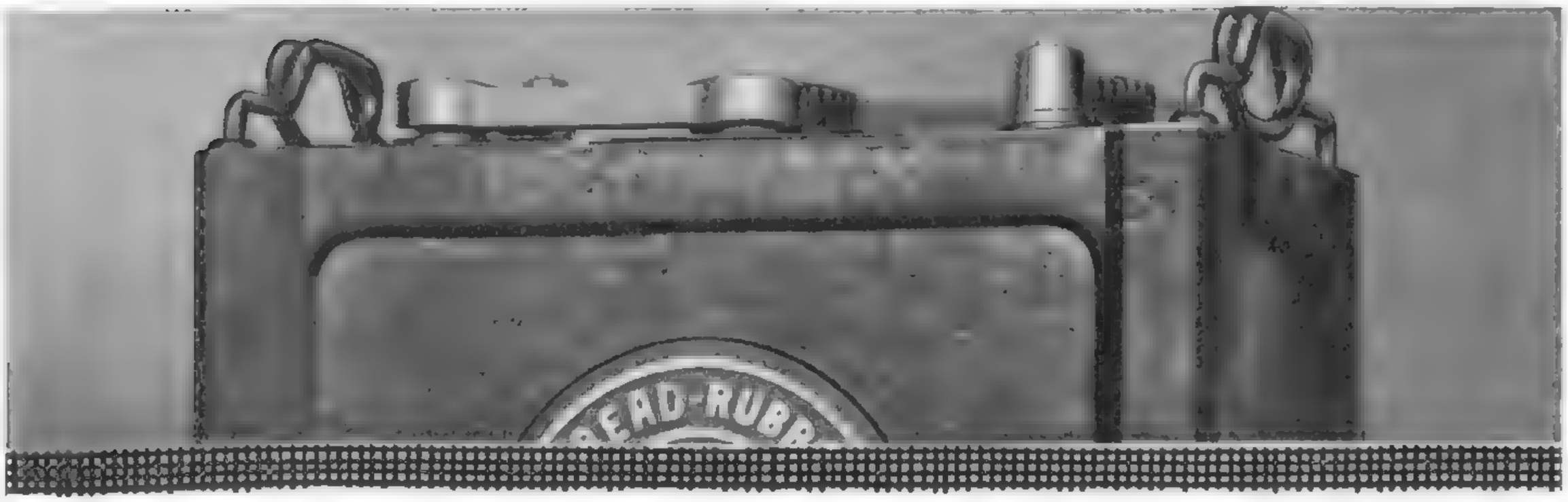

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(Continued from Page 157)

despite advance warnings sent to our allies that the Zeppelin should be permitted to cruise overhead unmolested. Thus attacked by our friends, the L-59 was an easy target, and the Turks damaged some gas cells enough to compel Bockholt to put back to Jamboli for repairs.

Finally, after further delays due to storms, the L-59 got under way on November sixteenth, and headed safely on her southern trip, passing out over the Mediterranean by way of the Sea of Candia. That night was a series of thunderstorms, and the L-59 was surrounded by flashing lightning, yet, notwithstanding that St. Elmo's fire played about her metal points, so heavily charged was the atmosphere, the ship was untouched. Morning found her over the Libyan Desert in a temperature of seventy degrees, a jump of thirty degrees from that at Jamboli. At the rate of about forty-five miles an hour the Zeppelin sped down the valley of the Nile and then crossed over into the Sudan. The plan was to arrive in the highlands of German East Africa and land at Makonde, the area where Lettow-Vorbeck's troops were last reported. One of the crew was to jump with a parachute when soldiers were sighted, to prepare the landing, and he was to signal back whether they were friend or foe. But that second night, while flying at an altitude of nearly two miles near Khartum, Bockholt picked up this wireless message:

"Last foothold of Lettow-Vorbeck, Revala, lost. All Makonde highlands in possession of British. Parts of Lettow's captured. Rest in north in bad position. Return immediately."

An Error in Eavesdropping

The message had been sent direct by the Admiralty in Berlin by way of the Nauen radio station, Bockholt told his crew. They pointed out that the L-59 was then 2800 miles out from Jamboli and going strong. In their opinion the message was just one more good reason for continuing the flight as planned, for it indicated that Lettow-Vorbeck needed their supplies and the help of the thirty white men who were aboard.

To return would be a disgrace, in their eyes, and the end of an attempt that at the moment still promised success. To abandon the relief expedition then might possibly lead to the end of the German commander's resistance in the colony. Of course the task would be more difficult than anticipated, for the territory remaining in German hands was very small and vaguely defined. The L-59 might have to cruise around for days before finding it, and in the end possibly be sacrificed without accomplishing her mission. They might be forced down in the jungle or in the midst of the enemy. And the enemy might have planes and might find the ship more easily than expected. Later a captured German officer reported that the British had, indeed, possessed airplanes and they had shown him that they were ready for use against any enemy aircraft that appeared.

Bockholt was a good soldier. He put the L-59 about and returned to Jamboli, achieving the record nonstop flight, which was not surpassed until years after the war. In some ways it has never been surpassed. The Zeppelin had been in the air ninety-five hours and had flown 4230 miles going and coming. She still had left sufficient fuel for sixty-four hours of flying, and we calculated that the L-59, carrying a fifteen-ton load, could have flown from Germany to San Francisco without stopping—this in 1917.

The recall of the ship was one of the most peculiar incidents of the war. The Admiralty, lacking direct information from the colony, had depended upon the British wireless. When they intercepted a message broadcast by the enemy giving such a gloomy picture for the Germans, it was decided to call back the Zeppelin. We did not know for some time to come that the British wireless had exaggerated the situation. There had been a battle coincidentally with the flight of the L-59, and the German troops had been forced into a retreat out of the colony. But Lettow-Vorbeck had not surrendered. A few days after the L-59 was turned about on her homeward journey the German leader had captured a Portuguese camp—having then entered territory belonging to another of the Allies—and there he seized sufficient supplies to tide him over until the end of the war.

Lettow-Vorbeck himself doubts whether the L-59 could have found his troops, but he asserts that her arrival four weeks earlier would have been of immense assistance. He also believes, and none will disagree with him, that the German Admiralty misjudged completely the political importance of the flight, that even had the L-59 been captured by the British, the moral effect in the colonies and upon the rest of the world at large would have been worth the loss of the ship. We lost other Zeppelins under less significant circumstances.

The British, when they discovered how easily an airship could be shot down by an airplane using incendiary machine-gun bullets, provided that it could get within, say, 300 to 500 yards range, were then developing other means to that end. They were carrying landplanes on surface vessels. Seaplanes or flying boats were never a menace after the commanders learned to avoid them by flying beyond their reach. But there was a wide gap between the performing qualities of overwater craft and the landplanes. When the enemy discovered that the Zeppelins could avoid their flying boats and pontooned planes, they immediately adopted the land machines, and being good engineers, they perfected the necessary devices for using them on their surface craft.

Late in August, 1917, they caught the L-23 off guard. The captain, Dinter, was patroling the coast off Denmark and early one morning sighted and reported a group of enemy light cruisers. Unsuspecting, he followed them at a moderate altitude, trying to learn their purpose. He did not know that on the forward deck of a cruiser a new fighting landplane was poised. He did not see it take off because the haze was thickening and the distance was too great. After an hour spent chasing the British ships, the L-23 was suddenly attacked by the tiny plane, which swooped down on her from above, and a few minutes later only a few specks of oil and smudge on the surface told the story of a blazing Zeppelin.

An Ill Wind for Germany

Then, too, the weather very often proved to be Britain's faithful ally, more especially when sudden storms swept down out of the north to catch the raiding Zeppelins unawares. I recall an instance of this when early in 1916 half a dozen naval airships had been out to raid Middle and Northern England, and I happened to be over the southern part with my ship on the same night. A change in the weather was apparently imminent and the United Kingdom already at midnight lay wrapped in warm, ugly mists and low clouds. It was so difficult to see anything that none of us could spot an objective for our bombs. In view of the threatening weather I finally gave up the raid. Likewise the other commanders. The entire fleet returned home save one, the L-20, under Captain Stabbert. He had gone farthest north of all; in fact, he had been cruising around over Northern Scotland. When the storm broke, coming at him from the south, he found his ship lacking sufficient fuel to take her back to Germany. So Stabbert sent the L-20 eastward, cruising straight across the North Sea to Norway, where the ship was wrecked while landing near Stavanger, and the crew interned.

Without doubt the most thrilling and striking adventure of that sort occurred in October, 1917, when the British aircraft defense had reached its highest efficiency and the Zeppelins had to ride three and often four miles above the earth to escape the airplane attacks. This was a case of sudden storm and an improved defense system combining to wreak vengeance on the invaders. Eleven naval airships left Germany at about noon on October nineteenth, their destination certain vulnerable points in England. They made their respective attacks at midnight and then a majority of the commanders put on all speed for home, for they recognized the approach of a serious northern storm.

Most of the Zeppelins were sent home on a course determined with a fair knowledge of the opposing elements which the storm held in store for them. But some of the others were either late in starting back or possibly less experienced with storms. Five of the Zeppelins were carried far southward. Instead of striking a general easterly direction, they were literally blown south by a gale which blew in the high altitudes with remarkable violence. At daybreak the occupants of the five ships found themselves over France and many miles beyond the front line. One of the Zeppelin captains sent his ship to an altitude of 24,000 feet, at which he succeeded in crossing the front unobserved and landing in Germany.

The other four never returned.

Saved by a Mountain

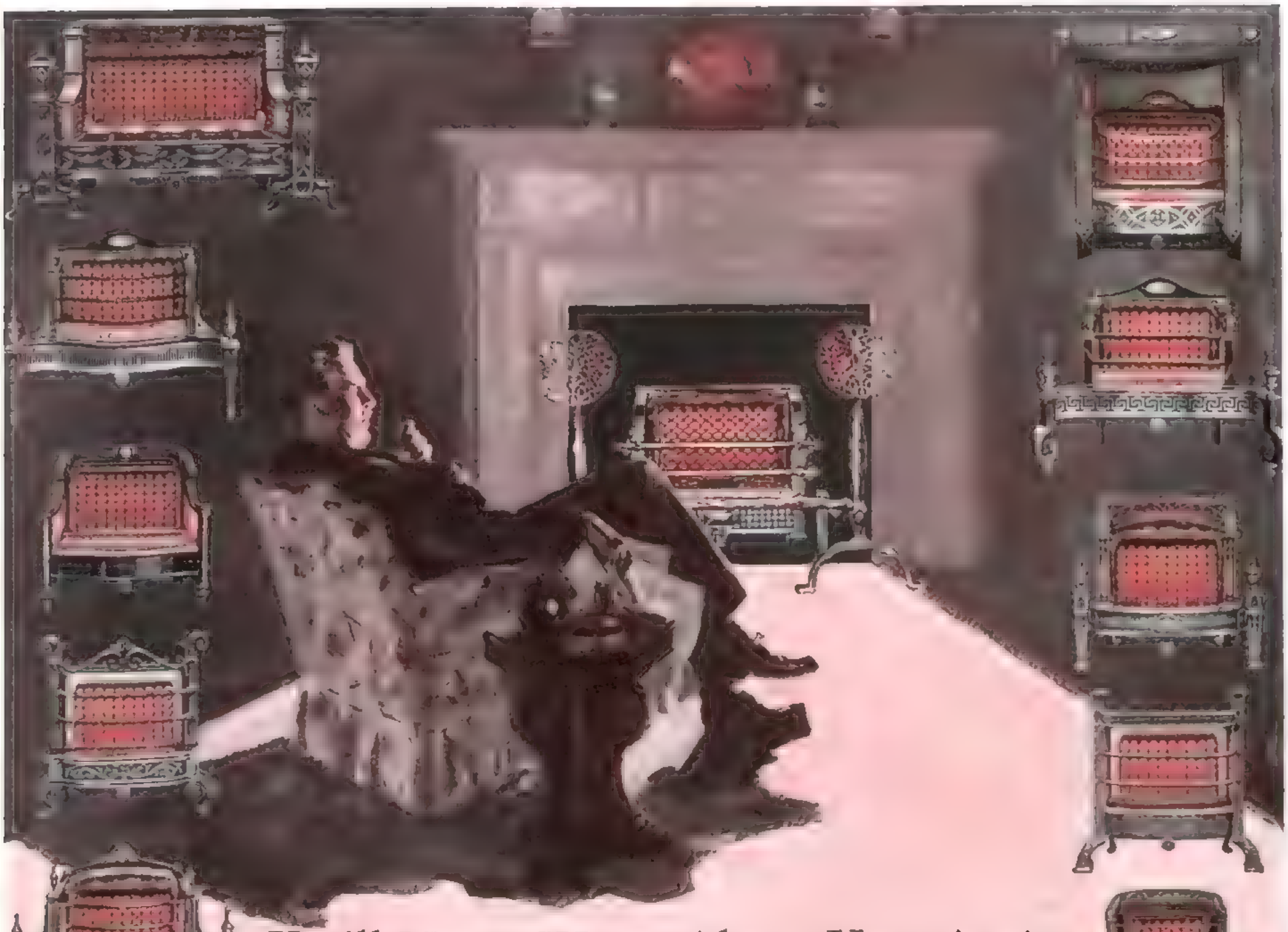
The L-44 was shot down by airplanes while trying to cross the enemy lines. The L-45, L-49 and L-50 cruised over France in freezing altitudes of 20,000 feet or more throughout the daylight hours of October twentieth. The L-45 and L-49, when their fuel became exhausted, landed almost normally, and the crew of the former were able to burn their ship before the French came up to take charge. But there was no time to burn the L-49 when she came to earth. Her crew were seized immediately. The French put a guard over the Zeppelin and there she remained until engineers had made comprehensive plans of the entire ship.

The crew of the L-50 had the most amazing experience that I have ever found in relation to airships. They had held out longest in the air, trying to make Switzerland. They had cruised southward past Paris, then swerved to the east toward the French Alps. They had been in the air more than twenty-four hours, ten of which had been spent in maximum altitudes where they had to resort to oxygen to sustain life. Even with oxygen, the extreme cold and nerve strain reduced some of the crew to a state of helplessness. When the engineers in the motor gondolas had exhausted their oxygen they simply lay down and the motors rattled on unattended. The officers and helmsmen in the control car had done their best to economize on oxygen, taking turns at the wheels, which they were barely able to turn for sheer want of strength.

When one of the crew happened to remember a reserve flask of oxygen stored in the corridor of the ship, there was none strong enough to climb up the short ladder from the control car to get it. Too exhausted to move or eat, helplessly cruising in a frozen void, and with the engines running at speeds ordered by Captain Schwonder six hours before, when he hoped to make Switzerland, the men of the L-50 were unable to control the ship when she headed into a mountain peak in the neighborhood of Dommartin

The machinists in the wing engine gondolas were either unconscious or dead, and the motors could not be shut off or reversed. The impact knocked off the control car and rear engine gondola, by that accident depositing safely on the earth once again a majority of the crew. As they struggled out of the wrecked cars and gazed aloft they saw the hull of the L-50 soaring upward with four of their comrades aboard. Still in the grip of the north wind, the L-50 drifted out of sight, and nothing has been seen or heard of her. It is believed she crashed in the Mediterranean.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Mingos. The next will appear in an early issue.



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CROOKED

(Continued from Page 29)

away her existence in the four-room flat uptown. She had forgotten now even the drab, sordid moment when she had sat in the flyblown cashier's cage of that quick-lunch restaurant, Pabst's.

"You're worth it anyway!" said Charley, crushing her to him.

Bertha released herself. "Worth what, Charley?"

"Worth all—anything," he mumbled.

It was not till a month later that she had her talk with him.

XVI

A MONTH—February. It was in February that they moved again. A great deal was happening now. Uptown, Bertha's life had grown more and more engrossing; downtown, affairs with Harnett, Gershon & Co. seemed to be booming at top notch. They were coining money, so to speak; though Bertha naturally did not concern herself with the humdrum, cut-and-dried details of the business. The suite in the apartment hotel, it had dawned on her, as so many things were dawning now, was, of course, absurdly out of keeping with the position she felt now it was her duty to maintain. Besides, there was another side to it. Having seen, as she had, that her husband's income was really trifling in comparison with what other women's husbands made, she knew instinctively that the one way to spur him on was to furnish him with a fresh incentive. In other words, the more she insisted on having from Charley, the more, she figured shrewdly, Charley would be urged to make.

Clever. Not all women are so shrewd. It is only the women who make their husbands succeed that are—and then, not all these. But Bertha had learned. He who rests rusts, she knew; and convinced now that he must be told the truth, the facts of his fancied success, she merely awaited the chance to tell him. However, though the rent of the new apartment she had decided on was almost three times what they paid for their present one, and though in burdening him with this fresh responsibility it was to be done largely for his sake, Bertha was still frank enough to confess that she herself had some rights to be considered. People were beginning to talk. It had been hinted to her, in fact, that if a man were successful—or, anyway, as successful as she and Charley had at first tried to make out—he and his wife didn't live in any three-room suite, not even if the suite was in a high-priced apartment hotel. And then, too, this apartment hotel wasn't so high-priced either.

But Bertha got her chance. Rather than a mere chance, though, the happening—that talk with Charley—was forced upon her. She never would forget it.

"*Bon jour, m'dame. Vous allez bien, 'espère?*" It was Germaine, the hairdresser from downstairs, who spoke. He had come up to do over Bertha's wave. "*Il fait beau ce matin, n'est-ce pas?*" mentioned Germaine.

Bertha nodded dully. She had only recently begun with French, one of her bridge friends, a Mrs. Siebert, having suggested it; but though the lessons had progressed far enough to let her understand Germaine's brisk greeting, the allusion to the weather didn't interest her. Nor was she more interested, at the moment, in the chance to exercise her new talent in the language. "*Vous pouvez aller vite,*" she said.

"What?" inquired Germaine. His astonishment was open-mouthed. "*Allez?* Must I leave?"

Bertha omitted further flights in French. "I mean hurry," she said sharply.

Though it was eleven o'clock, she still was clad in negligee, a robin's-egg blue matinée. She and Charley had been out late the night before and she felt fagged and irritable. What a night! Again she had let herself be dragged into going to a theater, then to a night club, the people with them some of Charley's business friends—and such people too! She had rebelled at last. "But, Bee," Charley had protested, "it's our business!" However, though she had retorted, "Yes, and what a business!" she had not brought it to an issue then. Charley, she had seen, had been drinking—drinking more than was good for him, she had seen too; and she meant, when eventually she told him what she had to tell, that he should have a clear mind to grasp clearly what she said. Batting around with his dull, cheap business people was the least of it too. "Hurry!" she said again to Germaine.

Germaine hurried. He was apt and skillful at his work; but though he occupied only a little more than three-quarters of an hour in doing over Bertha's permanent, she thought the time interminable. She had a luncheon engagement at one o'clock, besides which there was an important sale that day at one of the shops. After the luncheon, too, she was due at a matinée, a performance of the Russian players. True, Bertha didn't understand a word of Russian; and having seen one of their plays besides, she hated it.

But Flora Beals had said she must go; everyone who was anyone was seen there. So Bertha had bought the tickets for Mrs. Beals and herself. After the play they were going to a new tea room a friend of Mrs. Beals' had just opened.

The luncheon engagement, though, was what set Bertha on edge. It was with Minnie Harnett. She had not seen Minnie now for weeks—Sophie Gershon, either—and she had been tempted to decline Minnie's invitation flatly. Charley, however, had put his foot down on this; and as Germaine finished with her hair and she paid him the six dollars that was his charge, Bertha glanced anxiously at the clock. Already it was close to noon; and helter-skelter, her irritation rising, she scrambled into a street dress and a hat and made her way downstairs. Fortunately a taxicab was standing at the curb, and she hastily bundled herself aboard.

As she flung herself back on the cushions she was more than ever annoyed. Why should she be forced to inconvenience herself for a woman like Minnie Harnett? Still further, why should she be compelled to waste time on those stodgy nonentities, her husband's customers? "Where to, lady?" inquired the taxi driver.

"Hartman's," directed Bertha. The man stared at the sharpness in her tone.

Hartman's was on Fifth Avenue. It was an expensive shop; so much so, in fact, that even Bertha only occasionally bought her dresses there. But today there was to be a sale at Hartman's, each of the dresses a model; and she had reason in that to feel fretful. Unless she got there before luncheon, all the gowns would be picked over and the best taken; and as the cab jerked its way along, its progress halted at every block, it seemed, by the jam of traffic, Bertha saw presently she would have to do one or the other of two things. Either she would have to make a quick, hasty snatch at a dress or two or let Minnie Harnett sit and wait. It was nothing, of course, if Minnie was left to cool her heels; but then there was the matinée afterward. Two blocks away from Hartman's, Bertha stopped the cab and got out. It was quicker to walk.

Hartman's was crowded. There were a couple of other sales that day, cheap stuff mostly, the prices around forty and fifty dollars; and, her annoyance complete now, Bertha thought she had got there too late. To her relief, though, when she reached the part of the shop where the model gowns were on sale, only a few women were looking at them. The prices, it seemed, were still too high for the rabble of shoppers; and eager now, Bertha beckoned imperatively to a near-by shopgirl, one of the saleswomen. "I'm in a hurry," she said. "Show the best you have."

"What price, please, madam?" the girl inquired.

"Never mind the price," Bertha told her irritably.

Then, just as she spoke, she started abruptly. At the other end of the floor, and coming toward her, was a familiar figure. It was Mrs. Hodge, and Bertha caught her breath as she saw Mrs. Hodge's face. Her features convulsed literally, Mrs. Hodge was glowering.

The glare, though, was not for Bertha. She had thought so for an instant; but, as it proved, Mrs. Hodge had not so much as seen Bertha. A dozen or so paces ahead, a young and attractive if somewhat flashily dressed woman was crossing the shop; and as she turned to pass along one of the aisles, Mrs. Hodge, too, turned with her. Then Bertha saw what was taking place. The one woman, the younger and better-looking, was being followed by the other, and of the animus and hatred that fired the pursuing woman there could be no doubt. Bertha for the moment forgot all else. She forgot even the trim, exquisite model gown the saleswoman was holding up for her approval. "Chic, madam. A Paris model, and only a hundred dollars in price."

Bertha did not so much as hear her. Fascinated, her eyes riveted on Mrs. Hodge and the other woman, she watched, waiting. She did not have long to wait. Halfway along the aisle Mrs. Hodge overtook her quarry, and seizing the woman by the arm she said something under her breath. It was not so far beneath her breath, though, that Bertha could not hear it; and she winced, shocked. It was almost as if she herself, not the other woman, had been the victim. As for the victim herself, she turned white, then scarlet. The next instant, her effrontery coming to her aid, she flung back her head and laughed, the laugh derisive. Then, too, she said something, the speech unmentionable.

Bertha gasped aloud. She had heard the remark, every word of it. It was a taunt, a brazen, shameful affront. In not more than a mere half dozen words, it scathed and scarified the woman at whom it was directed, Mrs. Hodge, so that she stood there livid, her face purple first, then white. With a mocking, derisive laugh, the other woman turned and walked on down the aisle out of sight.

Clinging to a table, Mrs. Hodge looked as if she were about to be hit by a stroke. Bertha could hear her mumbling to herself. "Hussy! Wanton!" Mrs. Hodge was saying to herself, her figure swaying.

Bertha sped toward her. She had heard what had been said, and she had seen the woman too. And about the woman's looks, though she was ordinary enough in her appearance, was that something that always is a disclosure in such women. But Bertha was not thinking of that. She reached the tottering figure beside the table just as it swayed again, and compassionately Bertha flung an arm about her.

"Mrs. Hodge!" she cried.

Mrs. Hodge looked up dully. Then recognition dawned in her eyes and a flood of crimson rushed up under her skin. "Say," she uttered thickly, "were you listening?"

Bertha tightened her arm about Mrs. Hodge's shoulders. She gave the shaking, tottering woman a little comforting pat on the arm. "You mustn't think of that. I wasn't listening—I just was where I couldn't help but hear. Are you all right? Can't I get you a drink of water?"

A couple of shopwomen had seen Mrs. Hodge's condition. They came toward them hesitantly, but Bertha waved them away. Mrs. Hodge was speaking again: "I couldn't stand it. It got my grit. I've known about it a long while now; but when I saw her this morning I lost my head. She was spending his money, the money I helped Hodge make—I! Only this never would of

(Continued on Page 164)

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Motion pictures require advance styles in smart clothing, for pictures made today are being shown months later. Frank Dewees, whose portrait is here shown, is always as well dressed as his motion picture work demands. Here with Mr. Dewees is Peggy Watts, charming Ziegfeld Follies beauty who has been graduated to stardom in Famous Players-Paramount pictures.

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Spur Ties are displayed in smart shops for men. If you do not see them, ask for them by *name*. Feel in the wings of the ties for the H-shaped Innerform. Make sure it is the *real* H-shaped Innerform in the *real* Spur Tie by looking on the back for the red Spur label, shown at right.

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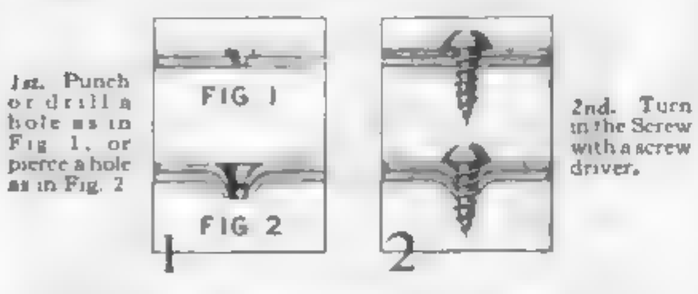

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happened if he hadn't gone crooked. It's this way always when they are."

Bertha gasped in spite of herself. "Crooked?"

Mrs. Hodge nodded dully. "Hodge—men like him—if they c'n get away with it in business, they think they c'n get away with it everywheres. She used to be Hodge's typewriter. Secretary, he called her." Bertha was horrified. "Oh, yeah," mumbled Mrs. Hodge. Then she began to weep, the tears eroding the heavy layer of powder on her wrinkled, crêpelike skin.

"There, there, Mrs. Hodge!" consoled Bertha. With difficulty she got the shaking, weeping woman into the store elevator and down to the street floor. Here she still had more difficulty in finding Mrs. Hodge's famous landaulet. It took at least fifteen minutes to pick it out from the jam of cars parked in the neighboring side streets; and when she got back to the shop Mrs. Hodge was on the verge of a collapse. She looked infinitely old—beaten too—and an occasional tear still crept out from under her heavy, crinkled eyelids. "Come and see me, won't you?" she begged pathetically as Bertha tucked her in under the lap robe.

Bertha said she would.

Afterward she did not go back into the shop. She had forgotten the dress sale; and she had forgotten, too, the luncheon engagement with Minnie Harnett until a clock striking one warned her she must hurry. Beckoning to a cab, she got into it and gave the driver the direction. Then, as the cab picked its way out of the traffic and headed northward toward the restaurant where she was to meet Minnie, Bertha sat back against the cushions, her face absorbed, a little pucker on her brows. Crooked? Of course she could thank God, Bertha piously told herself, that her own husband was not like Hodge. Charley never would go crooked, she could be sure. He had no reason to do so, in the first place. She wished, however, she had thought to ask Mrs. Hodge that woman's name. Charley, though, would know about her. She wondered whether Charley ever had known the woman.

The thing was still in her mind when she reached the restaurant. The place was one of the usual small and select Park Avenue resorts Bertha patronized nowadays; and, in passing, she always would remember the thrill it had given her the first time the head waiter, recognizing her, had called her by her name. In the lobby Minnie Harnett was waiting. She was in a towering ill humor, too, at having been made to wait. "Say, who do you think you are anyway?" she demanded angrily; adding, "You're pretty high hat nowadays, aren't you?"

Bertha was too preoccupied to resent it. "I couldn't help being late—I'm sorry," she appeased.

"You'd better be!" snapped Minnie.

The storm that threatened to become a tempest turned out, however, to be merely a passing flaw. The restaurant was new to Min; its patrons were manifestly of a selected class; and when the head waiter, obsequiously smiling and deferential, called Bertha by name, and then ushered her to one of the best tables in the room, even Minnie was impressed. "Say," she said appreciatively, "you must blow a lotta money in here, the way that fellow scraped and bootlicked. Could you work him for a couple of life savers?"

Bertha caught the head waiter's eye. "Two, Antoine," she directed—"Martinis."

She felt she needed something. "And listen," said Minnie to the man, "I'd like a highball afterward."

"Plain, or with carbonated water, madam?"

"Make it Seltzer," said Minnie.

Bertha dispensed with the highball. She seldom drank, an occasional cocktail sufficing her. Then, too, she considered highballs for women vulgar, though she was not concerned in what Minnie Harnett did. Silent, curiously absorbed, she hardly listened to Minnie, who now was chattering in her usual haphazard, high-speed manner and voice. Curiously, too, when she tried to force herself to scan the menu the waiter gave her, the printed lines slid elusively from under her eyes. She could not concentrate. She could not fix her attention on even so slight a task as the ordering of the luncheon. It was not until she heard Minnie talking loudly and volubly to the waiter that she awoke.

Minnie had undertaken offhand to order the entire luncheon. Bertha hurriedly interrupted her. "Corned-beef hash?" she interrogated.

"Browned, a poach' egg on top, and French frieds," said Minnie.

Bertha glanced about her. The people at the next table were listening, a faint smile on their faces; and she colored faintly, though Minnie and Minnie's crudities were the least of her concerns. "I don't want corned-beef hash," she said.

"I do—I'm starved," declared Minnie; and she turned again to the waiter. "And say, garsong, fetch me a large cup of coffee with the meal. I'll take punkin pie and a side order of cheese for the last."

Bertha ordered for herself a cup of consommé, a cold squab and escarole salad, the squab boned.

"*En gelée, madame?*"

"*Qu'est ce espèce de gelée?*"

"*Aspic, s'il vous plait, madame.*"

"*Bien,*" managed Bertha.

The smile at the next table waned. It was replaced with a mild look of wonder—that and an appraising side glance at Minnie.

Bertha, though, did not want the squab she had ordered. For that matter, she did not want even the consommé. It was queer, in fact, how of a sudden, and for so remote and impersonal a reason as the happening that morning, her mind had all at once filled itself with a diffuse and kaleidoscopic confusion of thoughts. Toward the end of the luncheon she abruptly interrupted Minnie in the midst of something Minnie was saying.

"Minnie, have you ever been downtown—I mean, in your husband's office?"

Minnie nodded. "Have some of these French frieds, Bertha. They certainly can cook them here. You ain't eating anything."

"What are the offices like, Minnie?"

Minnie idly shrugged. "Oh, I dunno. Just regular offices. Haven't you ever been there?"

Bertha hadn't. There was a question, however, she wished to ask, though she hadn't framed as yet the way she wished to put it. She could not bolt out with it vulgarly direct and disclosing. "Do you go there often?" she asked.

Minnie again hunched her shoulders indifferently. "Once every now and then, maybe." She grinned. "Harnett says I'm to keep away from there—only I don't. Whenever I need a little extra something to spend I pop down there on him and make him come across. He gets sore, of course, but he knows now I'm wise."

"Wise?" Bertha felt her heart throb. "What do you mean—wise?"

Minnie helped herself to a fresh portion of the potatoes. "You ought to know. You've tumbled, haven't you? Your husband's in it just as much as mine is—Gershon too."

There was a pause. During it Bertha sat rigid. She could feel her skin turn hot and moist by turns. She did not believe it yet—she could not; and appalled, her eyes fixed, she stared at Minnie Harnett. What callousness! What sordid indifference! She wondered how, in the face of all that, the woman could sit there like this, tranquilly gorging herself with food. Then, as in a dream, she heard Minnie speak, her words laconic, drawling: "Nothin' to me what Harnett does. It's up to him to keep out of trouble. Anyways, I guess the firm's business ain't different from most businesses."

"What?" exclaimed Bertha.

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Her mouth was open. She was frankly bewildered. Business? She had said nothing of that, and her dull wonder was such that Minnie Harnett saw it. "Say, what's wrong with you, anyways? All through lunch you've been acting kind of queer. Has something happened, or what?" Of a sudden a look of acute suspicion hardened in her eyes. "See here now, it isn't anything about downtown, is it—the firm? I want to know, you hear? Charley hasn't let on they're going to bust, has he?"

Bust? Bertha had a fresh shock, a sudden stab of fear. She exclaimed swiftly, "They're not, are they?"

She had, however, an instant feeling of relief, a release, on that score from her trepidation when Minnie spoke. "I was asking you," said Minnie. Said Minnie then: "If they bust downtown, I'm going to light out. You don't catch me hanging around!"

"You mean you'd leave your husband?" ejaculated Bertha.

"You watch me!" Minnie nodded firmly.

Startled, Bertha shook herself together. She saw how far the talk had gone astray. Of course, as she knew, with all the money that was coming in, there could be no reason to worry over that. It was ridiculous; and affecting lightly to laugh, in a few words she told Minnie of the morning's happening; though Minnie, it was to be seen, hardly listened, her mind, it was clear, still fixed on the suspicion that Bertha's husband had told Bertha something she now was withholding. "Mrs. Hodge, you say?" Minnie mumbled. "Who's Mrs. Hodge?"

Bertha told her. She told, too, of the other woman and what Mrs. Hodge had said of her. Then she repeated Mrs. Hodge's other remark, her conclusion about men—business men. "She seems to think," laughed Bertha, "that if a man is crooked in business he gets crooked every way too."

Minnie spoke. "She was right," said Minnie; "they do."

"What?" exclaimed Bertha. She gasped as she spoke. "You say they do go crooked—carry on?"

Minnie grinned. "My, but you're young! How old are you, anyways?" Then, though she still grinned, Minnie's face hardened. "Harnett has—he'd quit me tomorrow if I didn't have the goods on his business and if he wasn't scared I'd squeal. It's the same with Gershon. Sophie knows, and she was going to kick up a row till I stopped her."

"Oh, my soul!" whispered Bertha.

She could not believe it. She had never liked Harnett, nor had she ever been overfond of Gershon; but that they should be leading the life Minnie intimated they were leading somehow seemed incredible. Rigid again, she listened to Minnie ramble on: "I told Sophie not to be a fool. If she made a row, Gershon would quit, leave her flat, and I asked her where she'd be then. 'You know what the courts are, Sophie,' I told her. 'Why, you'd be months, maybe, before you so much as got a cent of alimony! Better take what you can get while the getting's good, honey.'"

Horror and distaste struggled together in Bertha's mind. The callous, material philosophy of Minnie's words escaped her; instead, behind it all was her own situation. She could not believe yet—or dare yet to believe—that in any way her affairs as a wife paralleled theirs. The luncheon now was nearing an end, Minnie's outlandish dessert, the pumpkin pie, had been set before her; and, her appetite for it unimpaired, Minnie had just forked herself a liberal mouthful when Bertha managed to speak. It couldn't be so. It was beyond belief. Charley ——

"Minnie, tell me the truth. I've got to know. Your husband—mine too—the way they make money isn't wrong?"

"Wrong?" With an effort, Minnie bolted her mouthful of pumpkin and crust. "Crooked, do you mean?"

When Bertha, with an effort, nodded slowly Minnie stared. Then she laid down her fork. "Well, for Pete's sake!" she said simply, her tone one of wonder.

"Is it, Minnie?"

"What did you think?" inquired Minnie.

Bertha didn't know. She never had thought of it—not particularly, at any rate. That was not the point though. It was not the way they made their money that had anything to do with it. It was, instead, the effect the crookedness would have. Bertha managed finally to get her question into words. It came from her bluntly. There was no evasion or beating about the bush now. However, though Minnie Harnett seemed to take it as a matter of course, she was unable to supply the facts. She didn't know, and she hadn't heard.

"Just the same," said Minnie, "I'd keep an eye on him!"

It was Charley Maddox she meant.

Crooked! All that afternoon the word and all it evoked ran like a mill race through her head. It was there when she took a cab to the theater, where she was to meet Mrs. Beals. Afterward, throughout the matinée, it interwove itself into the grandiloquent and meaningless gibberish spouted from the stage. She was perhaps ready, as a result, for what awaited her when she finally quit Mrs. Beals at the tea room and took a taxicab back to the apartment hotel.

"Has Mr. Maddox come in yet?" she asked the clerk at the desk.

"Not yet, madam," the clerk replied.

He handed Bertha her key. She was turning away when the clerk spoke again: "There is a young woman waiting to see Mr. Maddox, Mrs. Maddox. She is in the reception room. She has been there for several hours."

Bertha did not even start. She knew instinctively, however, who that waiting woman must be—the one lying in wait for her husband. Brazen. It was to be expected. There must be no scene there, though, in her home. "Thank you," Bertha said calmly to the clerk; and walking into the reception room, she faced the woman she found there.

The woman was young, slender and, in an exotic foreign way, good-looking. She was well dressed, too, though more quietly than Bertha had expected. "You are waiting for Mr. Maddox? What is it you wish?" demanded Bertha.

The young woman rose impulsively. Manifestly she was a little startled. Bertha's tone was harsh, contemptuous. The young woman, however, seemed presently to overcome her first air of startled concern, and she spoke hurriedly, her voice low and musical. "I wish, yes, to see Mr. Maddox. It is of great importance. I have been waiting a long time now," she said; and putting a hand on her breast, she wet her lips. "Will you tell me to whom it is I am speaking?" she asked.

Bertha told her. Into the answer, too, she put all the scorn and the accusation the answer, as she thought, involved. "I am his wife," said Bertha.

His wife indeed! It was a reply, she felt, that should stagger any but the most brazen. But though it did not, she was determined not to take any part such as Mrs. Hodge that day had taken in a shameful, shameless scene; and her lip curling, she was about to demand the woman's name, then leave the room, when the girl gave a cry. "His wife? Then you will speak with me!" She clasped her hands together, and the tears all at once welling in her eyes, she took a step toward Bertha.

Bertha put up a hand to stop her. "What is your name?" she demanded harshly; and, her breath faltering, the girl told her.

"I am Hester Baronov, madam. You are his wife, and you will listen. I—we ——" She began to weep deeply, fitfully. "It is because of him the ruin comes, and you, his wife, you will hear me?"

Bertha already had her hand on the door. "I do not care to listen. Tell my husband if you like," she said.

She closed the door behind her and walked steadily along the hall. Her voice, too, was steady when she spoke to the clerk at the desk. Even she was a little wondering at her own calmness and poise, especially in a moment of such provocation. "As soon as my husband comes in," said Bertha, "say to him that I wish to see him."

Then, still steady, Bertha went upstairs to wait.

XVII

SIX o'clock struck; then seven. Charley Maddox had not come in yet. It was not until half-past seven that she heard the iron grille of the elevator down the hall clang open and his footfalls sound in the corridor.

Half-past seven, and she had been sitting there since five!

At that moment, and during the hours she had waited, it would be hard to denote the nature of her thoughts. They were complex and widely divergent, her mind in its feverish stimulation leaping errantly from one thought to another. Traces, hints; happenings, clews. Straws, in fact, do show which way the wind blows; and in the first hour of her brooding she had picked up and pieced together out of a series of immaterial, long-forgotten occurrences an array of evidence damning in its sinister significance. There were, for instance, the nights when he had telephoned uptown he would be late for dinner. Business. There were those nights, too, when he had not come home for dinner at all—business. And where had he been, too, on the nights when he had told her he must go out of town? Was that business also? Bertha, however, had not restricted her activity to this merely mental phase.

His desk was her first field of research. She found nothing there, however. It was filled with bills, letters and business papers, all flung in together in the hopeless confusion that was characteristic of him; and she tried his bureau next. Like a magpie, he often stowed the most surprising things in there; and in a lower drawer, tucked in secretly under a pile of shirts, she found what she at first thought was what she hunted. With a low cry she pounced on it—a packet of letters tied about, if unromantically, with a bit of wrapping twine. Her disappointment was graphic, though, when she snatched the first letter out of its envelope and saw its contents. "Darling," it began; and the letter, as well as those with it in the packet, had been written by herself.

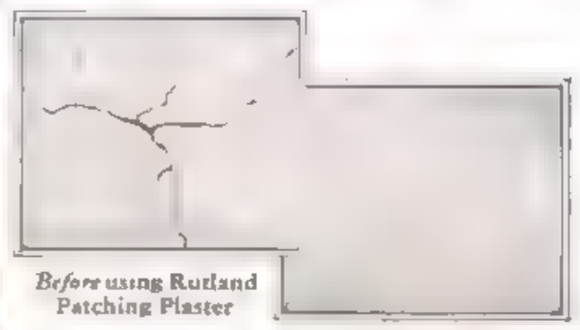
Charley, it seemed, had kept them all these years, and with a shrug she flung them back into the drawer. She searched the bureau again, hoping she might find in it some secret hiding place she had overlooked, but the search was futile. Then she remembered that on two or three occasions she had seen him with a square black tin box of whose contents he seemed solicitous. Feverishly she began hunting for it; and after fifteen minutes of prying into dark corners and high and low among closet shelves, her efforts were rewarded. The box had been tucked out of the way beneath his bed; and though it was locked and she could not find the key, a few minutes' work with a steel envelope cutter and the heel of a shoe pried open the flimsy lock. "Ah!" she cried as her eye fell on its contents.

Letters! There were a score or more. Some were penned by hand, others had been typed. These, at any rate, were not letters written by her; and seated on the floor, her eyes narrowed and intent, she hurriedly went through them. She was foiled again, however. They, too, were business letters, though there were lines here and there in each letter that caught her attention even in that moment of stress. Each, it seemed to her, was in the nature of an attack; but as she saw, too, the attack was based on business grounds alone. "Bilk" was a term used in one. In another veiled threats were uttered.

But Bertha now was not concerned in so remote and impersonal a matter as her husband's business; and she flung the letters aside, her attention turned to other papers in the box, one a packet of folded sheets held together by a rubber band. Tearing off the band, she saw that each folded sheet

(Continued on Page 169)

New Life *for* OLD WALLS *and ceilings*



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DEPT. 42 · PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Also look for name and year rolled in metal

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 167)

was a monthly financial statement headed by the name of a firm she didn't know. Neither was she able to make head or tail of what was a meaningless array of numerals and letters. "Long, 200 So. R. R. com; 500 Int. Pete; 250 Nash Mot, com. Long, 400 So. R. R. com; 150 USCIP com; 1000 Int. Pete. Long, 300 Mont. Ward com." All the papers were dated; they were stock-brokerage statements, she divined dimly, and before she flung them aside an annotation on the one of the most recent date held her momentarily. It read, "Balance, $284,001.10." At the bottom of the box, however, she found something that was worth the search. It was a check book, only the stubs remaining; but as she opened the book she found in it a single used check pinned to one of the stubs: "Pay to the order of B. Baronov $1000."

Baronov was the name of that woman she had left downstairs, and Bertha gave a low cry of triumph. She held the check up to the light. It was dated in October of the previous year, and all at once the significance of the date dawned on her. The day was the one before that day when he had made that first killing—the sixteen thousand dollars; and as she saw this, she saw something else. Stamped on its face was the legend, "No funds." The check, it seemed, had been turned back at the bank, though that was of scant importance. There was that woman she had confronted downstairs, and her husband and the woman had been deep in their shameful intrigue even when he hadn't the money to go on with it!

Leaving the papers scattered on the floor, Bertha went straight to the closet where her husband hung his clothes. Systematically she went through the pockets of each of the suits hanging up there. A faint scent hung to one of the suits, a perfume; and dragging the suit from its hook, she held it close to her nostrils. She knew the scent and hated it. Sophie Gershon always was drenching herself with the stuff; and, as she remembered significantly from her experience at the night clubs, it was a favorite among certain women—women she had watched contemptuously. But in the pocket of the coat was something else—a glove.

"Hah!" she said. She flung the suit on the floor, and with the glove in her hand Bertha walked into the living room. There she seated herself, the glove in her lap. Her chair directly faced the door; and though once or twice her eyes swam hotly, the tears edging out of them and trickling down her cheek, she hastily dashed them away. This was not a time for tears, mawkishness. Bertha long had steeled herself to the ordeal she knew was before her when she heard the grille of the elevator clang.

Charley Maddox had come home.

"Well?" As she spoke Bertha rose. She stood with her slender figure erect and her head tilted back. There was no premeditation in the poised dignity of her pose, though she strove to keep out of it any vulgar show of the anger and contempt that raged within her.

Charley Maddox started sharply. "Well, what, Bertha?" he responded.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

Her tone was icy. He did not answer for a moment. He still had on his hat and overcoat; and after a quick glance at her frigid face and stiffened figure, he laid his hat on a table and slowly took off his coat. "I was in court," he answered.

Bertha stared. "In court?"

"With Tebo, Bertha."

After a moment Bertha's lip curled. It was difficult for her to control herself. She long had accustomed herself to what she considered the ridiculous vagaries of his character; but that he should have been employing himself at a time like this in another of his quixotic escapades seemed somehow too grotesque even on his part. He had been in court! He had been there with Tebo! Bertha laughed outright, the laugh like a file.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Charley. His face was grave. "Tebo got three years in Sing Sing."

Bertha looked at him for a moment. It was as good a time as any to begin, and her lip curled again. "Was the woman in court too?" she inquired.

"What woman, Bertha?"

"Tebo's woman, Charley."

She spoke quietly, her tone even, though her eyes were alert to see its effect on him. "There's always a woman in it when they are crooked, isn't there?"

He admitted it. It often was as she said. "Yes," answered Charley painfully.

"And what was her name?" inquired Bertha, the accent suggestively on "her."

Charley's eyes shifted uncomfortably. "I say, Bertha," he mumbled, "what's got into you anyway? Why are you acting like this? Is it because I tried to help that poor devil in his trouble? You don't think that was anything wrong, do you?"

Bertha's foot tapped the floor impatiently. "Come, answer my question!" she directed. "Who was the woman? His typewriter?"

"It was his wife," Charley answered.

His voice dropped as he spoke. He turned away, his hands thrust into his pockets, and, his eyes on the floor, he took a short turn across the room. "I'd rather not talk of it, Bertha. They put Tebo on the stand and turned him inside out. He wept finally, hardly able to speak; but he wouldn't say anything about her. It was one of the neighbors that gave it away. She spent all he could make, then some, and ——"

Breaking off abruptly, Charley gave an exclamation: "Bertha!"

Bertha again had laughed. As if she—she, indeed!—should be hoodwinked and bamboozled by any claptrap such as that! All at once, though, the laughter ceased and she drew herself up. As she did so she thrust out the glove she held in her hand. "Whose is that?" she demanded.

Charley took it. After a look at the glove he handed it back. "Yours," he said.

So it was, as she saw now; though it did not disconcert her. Her face set, she pointed a fixed finger at the floor, indicating the house below. "Who is that woman downstairs?" she inquired.

"What woman?"

"The one waiting for you in the reception room."

"I saw no woman," replied Charley, and she stamped her foot.

"Answer me! Her name, she said, was Baronov—Hester Baronov!" cried Bertha, and this time she struck fire.

Charley Maddox started sharply. "Good God!" he said, his face wondering—frightened, too, as she saw. "She was here—Hester Baronov?"

Bertha was quick to follow up her advantage. She gave him no time to quibble or to palter. "She was here, and I talked to her. You may as well understand that!"

"What did she say?" he stammered.

Bertha smiled with bitter, tragic triumph. "She as much as told me all—everything," she answered.

But the reply, so far from crushing Charley Maddox, seemed only to rouse him. "Exactly what did she tell? I want to know," he repeated.

Bertha told him then. It was not much she had to tell. All of it was, of course, largely compounded of suspicion; but, as such, the charge was clear enough. When she had wrenched it out, however, she hardly was prepared for the effect it had on Charley Maddox. His lip curled. For the first time in her life she saw scorn, not to call it contempt, disclose itself like a fang on Charley's face. And the contempt, she sensed, was for her! "So that's what you think of me, is it?" he said slowly, and Bertha all at once felt herself wilt.

"Charley—please! Look at me, won't you? You mean it isn't true?"

Charley shook her off. It was the first time, too, he'd ever done that, and she uttered a broken cry. "Don't talk to me!" Charley said savagely.

He took another short swift turn across the room. His face was set—as she rarely if ever had seen it, ugly, menacing. "It was that dog, Harnett," he said; and Bertha caught at the name. "Harnett? Then that girl ——"

She saw his lip curl again as she spoke, and she stopped short.

"That girl—that girl, as you call her," Charley said between his teeth, "would spit on a cur like Harnett. She would spit on me, too, for that matter, if what you insinuate was in my mind. I've talked with her. I know that girl's aims in life, and her ambition for her father and her family, and if you even so much as dreamed of the evil your suspicion does her, you'd get down on the floor and beg her forgiveness." A muttered rumble came from him as he spoke. "Hester—little Hester Baronov! Good Lord!" said Charley Maddox.

But when, frightened now, Bertha strove to speak, he swung around on her, his hand flung out in anger. "Oh, keep still!" he said vulgarly—roughly too. "You've said enough for once! It was that fellow Harnett that's done this. I warned him to keep his hands off Baronov and let him alone; but I see now, once he got to licking his chops over the thought of Baronov's money, he couldn't let him alone."

Bertha was listening breathlessly. "You mean then it's just between Harnett and the girl's father?"

"Yes." The yes was sharp and blunt.

"And the girl isn't in it at all?"

"Haven't I told you?" His mouth distorted itself again and she saw his eyes snap. "You may as well know the facts now. The moment you told me Hester Baronov had been here I guessed what was up. It was because I overheard Harnett tell Gershon a week ago in the office that he had just made a killing. What he did was to trim Baronov. He did it, too, though I'd warned him not to."

"Then that's all it was?" asked Bertha.

"All?" cried Charley.

"Why, yes," said Bertha. "It's just how money's made, isn't it?"

"Made?"

"Yes," she answered.

Charley gave her a stare in amazement. Then he picked up his hat from the chair. After he had put it on, his eyes still fixed on Bertha, he picked up his coat and began getting into that. "Where are you going? We haven't had dinner, and we're going to the theater besides," she said, and Charley's mouth set itself.

"Damn dinner! Damn the theater too!" he said, and Bertha had to ask him again where he was going.

"To Brooklyn, of course—to see Baronov," he replied.

Those stupid people! Why should more time be wasted over them when so much already had been wasted? And then, too, there was the talk she wished to have with Charley. The ridiculous events of the afternoon and evening had, of course, made it impossible to discuss intelligently what Bertha had so long intended to discuss; and there was so much to say, besides.

"About what?" demanded Charley. A lot of things. There was the new apartment, for one thing. "The new apartment?" Charley's voice rose.

"I've decided we'd better move, Charley."

"What—again?"

"A man in your position ——" began Bertha; but that was as far as she got. After another stare at her Charley laughed abruptly; and opening the door into the hall, he walked out and closed the door behind him.

A moment or so later she heard the iron grille of the elevator clang, and it was not until late that night—midnight, to be exact—that she had her talk with him.

This time, however, the talk was productive.

XVIII

MIDNIGHT, the witching hour. It was eight o'clock when Charley Maddox left, hurrying away on his ridiculous errand, whatever it was, to Brooklyn; and at nine

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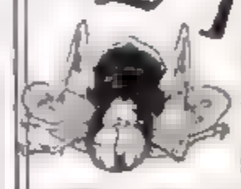

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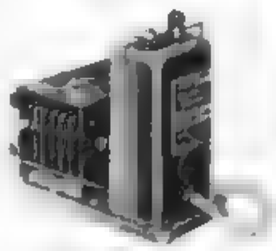

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KUPROX

Dry Metallic Disc Rectifiers

Bertha dined. She ate little, however, the hotel food tasting more than ever insipid and unappetizing; besides which, her mind was too preoccupied for her to have enjoyed any meal. Had she enjoyed her own wishes, she would merely have ordered herself a little consommé and toast, as she had first intended; but when the waiter came, his attention solicitous, she felt she could not disappoint him by ordering anything so insignificant. His tip was, of course, proportionate to the check; and then, too, she had the uneasy feeling that if she merely ordered a soup and toast the man might feel she was skimping. It was the same feeling, in fact, she'd had more than once in her old housekeeping days uptown, the times when in sheer self-defense she had ordered from some sneering tradesman twice as much beefsteak, say, as she had needed — either that or double the required amount of groceries. However, having ordered a complete formal dinner from hors d'œuvres to a sweet and a demi-tasse, Bertha went to the telephone. Outside, it had begun to rain.

Flora Beals lived some blocks uptown. It was in an apartment. Bertha never had been in the apartment, since Mrs. Beals always did her entertaining elsewhere that is, either in a restaurant or at a tea room; but, as Bertha knew, the apartment was one of those smart, up-to-date affairs of the kind made by remodeling a former dwelling. However, Bertha hardly had given the telephone number to the operator before she wished she hadn't. It was only that she felt she must talk to someone that she had done so; and she realized while she waited for her connection that after all she did not know Mrs. Beals any too well. The same was true, too, of all her new circle—the women she met at bridge parties, at restaurants, and so on. But that was perhaps to be expected when a woman is establishing herself. She had, of course, had to drop her former acquaintances, those reminiscent of her dowdy days now past; and she had not had time yet to cement her friendship with the new.

As she was reflecting this she heard Mrs. Beals' voice on the wire: "Yes? Who is it?"

"It's I, Flora—Bertha. I wanted to talk to you."

"Well?" said Mrs. Beals.

Bertha was a little set back at Mrs. Beals' tone. It seemed abrupt, faintly chill. She overlooked it however. "Are you doing anything, Flora? I'd like to see you if it's possible. I have something on my mind that is necessary to settle, and I need your advice."

Mrs. Beals' voice rose inquiringly: "Something on your mind?"

"Something that's troubling me, yes."

"Tell me," Mrs. Beals said hastily. "Your husband hasn't busted, has he?"

Bertha was dumfounded for an instant. Busted? It was as much the raw crudity of the remark as its bluntness that startled her. She could hardly believe that it came from a woman of Flora Beals' assumed cultivation and authority; and, astonished, she herself as crudely exclaimed into the telephone, "What's that?"

Mrs. Beals replied, "I just asked. You said you were in trouble, didn't you?"

Not in trouble; she merely was troubled. It was a distinction with a difference. "If you could come down here," faltered Bertha hesitantly, "why, I'll send a cab for you."

"Impossible!" Mrs. Beals, besides, made it fixedly definite. Bertha, she pointed out, must have forgotten it was Saturday night, and all Mrs. Beals' Saturday nights were taken. Then, having said this, Mrs. Beals spoke again, a newer crispness in her voice: "Emilie told me this evening that you had sent back those two dresses you ordered of her," she remarked.

Emilie was a dressmaker. Flora Beals had introduced Bertha there; and Bertha had indeed sent back the dresses. Though costly, they were atrocious.

"Well?" she said.

"You can't do that," announced Mrs. Beals—"not when you ordered them."

"You mean," inquired Bertha, "that I must pay for them whether I take them or not?"

"Naturally," was Flora's decisive reply.

Bertha hung up the receiver, wondering whether Charley might not have been right in something he had said. It was the suggestion that in so kindly introducing Bertha to so many of her shops, Flora Beals had been actuated by something more than mere kindness. In fact, at this insinuation and another that had accompanied it, Bertha had been incensed. Scoring him sharply for suggesting that Flora Beals might be a dressmaker's tout, she also roundly called him to task for terming her new set, in so many words, restaurant society.

It had naturally angered her. She was more angered, perhaps, than even an affront like that would warrant. "Yes, I know!" she'd retorted, in her wrath disclosing what long had been a secret soreness in her mind. "If you had your way you'd like me to bootlick and grovel to those former friends of yours, the ones that think they're such swells!" She meant the Reades.

For an instant Charley looked as if she had struck him. "Don't be vulgar, Bertha. You never were before," he said heavily.

"Then don't you attack my friends!" she had warned.

"Please, please!" begged Charley. At the same time he had laid a hand on hers. "I'm sorry, dear. Have what friends you like, if it pleases you. Do what you wish, too—I'll say nothing. If you're happy, God knows that's all I can ask," he finished heavily.

However, the momentary affair over the telephone with Flora Beals had one decisive effect. Why should she care what Flora Beals said or did? Why, for that matter, should she let any woman worry her? All at once, in fact, at thought of it, Bertha realized the folly and absurdity of letting any of these recently imagined shadows creep in to dim her joy. Unhappy? What reason had she to be unhappy? Think of all she had!

Think of all the women who would have danced with glee to be in her shoes! And even if her husband wasn't so rich and successful as the husbands of some women she knew, he was young, he still was beginning; and with her to help him, urge him on—well!

She was humming to herself when the waiter came up with her dinner. She again was humming when he returned to clear away the dinner things. The man exclaimed at the size of the tip he got: "*Merci, madame.*"

"*Pas de quoi,*" smiled Bertha.

Once the waiter had gone, she slipped out of the street dress she still had on. It was already past ten, and Charley might return at any moment. She wished to make herself ready for his return.

She was sorry now she had spoken as she had. She was sorry also, among other things, that she had mentioned that business of the moving. Apparently her plans for the new apartment had for some reason vexed Charley; and, as she realized, it had not been a propitious moment to talk of it. That had been the trouble, though—her anxiety and suspicion had made her momentarily tactless, even though the suspicion had proved unfounded. Tonight, however, she meant to repair that fault, once Charley Maddox came home; and as she slipped off her waist and stepped out of the skirt of her street dress, she smiled radiantly as she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the dressing glass.

How slender and girlish she still was! How comely and desirable she appeared! For a long moment Bertha stood there, gazing at her image in the mirror.

She was not yet thirty. She looked, indeed, even younger than she was; and conscious of this, she needed no second glance to assure her that the charm of her lithe, slim figure and white, sloping shoulders was undimmed. A faint sidewise smile played upon her lips. She lowered her lids,

(Continued on Page 173)

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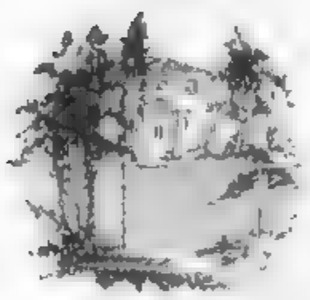

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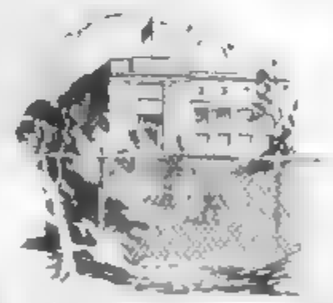

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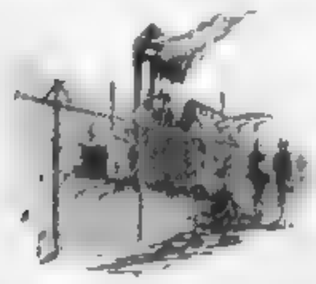

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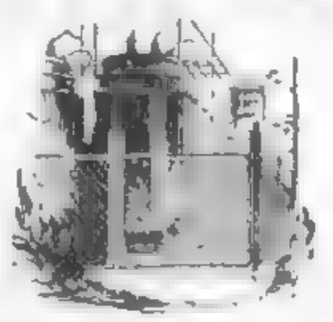

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Cyclone Chain Link is the only wire fence made entirely of copper-bearing materials—for maximum endurance

(Continued from Page 170)

her head tilted, as she surveyed her slenderness and shapeliness. One of her shoulder bands, a silken strap, had slipped down out of place, and she wriggled her arm to let it slip lower.

She had not lost her husband, Bertha knew. She had not lost him, nor would he be lost to her if she wished to hold him. She knew, in fine, as most women at some time learn, that if they lose their husbands they, the women, have themselves as much as any to blame; provided, of course, age does not kill their charms; provided, too, that care, toil and drudgery do not aid old age. But, naturally, there was no need now for her to think of this. Through the lashes of her narrowed eyelids she gave herself another glance; and then, opening the door of the closet near at hand, she took down from its hook one of the long, filmy garments that hung there.

The garment was a negligee. Its fabric was a delicate silk, so sheer and nebulous in its texture that it shrouded her like mist. The tone, its prevailing hue, was old rose; but she no sooner had it on than she discarded it. In the closet were two similar garments, and she tried on first one, then the other. This, the last, was ivory white and so transparent that her bare arms and bust gleamed through it vividly, and after another glance at herself in the glass she smiled again.

Charley Maddox would do what she wished, no mistake. She had only to look in the glass to know it; and indolently, the sheer silk negligee slipping from one bare shoulder, Bertha drifted back into the other room ready to greet Charley when he came in. It was just midnight when she heard the grille of the elevator clang.

Outside now the rain had changed to snow. The snow, too, was wet and clinging. "My dear!" ejaculated Bertha. He had gone without an umbrella; and his coat and trousers were sopping, his shoes, too, piping and squelching as he turned to shut the door behind him. "Lord!" he mumbled.

Bertha frowned in dismay. She had not expected any home-coming like this. In his drenched, bedraggled attire he looked like a tramp; and his dull sullen manner, too, had little in it to encourage any warmth or fervor on her part—a greeting, much less, such as she had planned.

"Oh, don't do that!" she exclaimed.

He had taken off his hat and was flipping the sodden snow from its brim. The snow flew, a part of it landing on the sheer, diaphanous texture of her negligee; and with the exclamation she gave she shrank back hastily. But Charley didn't seem to hear or heed. His face morose, he hung up his hat and coat on the rack, the drip from them forming a puddle on the hardwood floor beside the rug. "I'd like some hot coffee," he said, his teeth chattering. "I'm frozen."

Coffee at this hour? He must realize that the restaurant downstairs had closed.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" she asked.

"Couldn't find one," he growled. Then, as he came farther into the room, Bertha got a first clear look at him. His face was pasty and drawn. Under his eyes circles were limned as if with a smudge; and beneath his lips, the lips blue, his teeth chattered in a tattoo. Bertha gave a gasp as she saw a chill rack through him.

"Charley, you're sick!" she cried.

"Yes, I'm sick," he said doggedly.

She fairly flew at him then, her face painful with concern. He had slumped down on a chair. Again he was riven with a chill, its rigor vital, so that he could only cling to the chair and shake. "Get up, Charley! Get your wet things off!" she ordered. Vigorously she lugged him to his feet and steered him toward the bedroom. She saw, however, that the chill shaking him was as much due to some shock, some emotional nervous upset, as it was due to the cold and wet. "What's happened to you?" she demanded as he began clumsily and with fumbling fingers to strip himself of his clothes.

Charley turned a pair of dulled, painful eyes on her. "Happened?" He hunched his shoulders dispassionately. "Nothing—just hell," he said.

Bertha felt another stab of fright. "Tell me what you mean. I want to know, Charley."

"Just what I said, Bertha. They thought at first I'd done it. I had a hard time to make them see it was Harnett—just him."

"In Brooklyn?"

"Yes. Baronov. The old man was in bed, and they've got a nurse for him. I thought when I came in the old woman would tear me limb from limb."

Bertha stared. "Tear you limb from limb?"

He nodded, his voice when he spoke catching. "She was like a fury. The other, though—she was different."

Bertha now was listening, her breath caught. She understood little if anything of what he was saying, but fright somehow was tugging at her. "The other? You mean that girl, the one who—who was downstairs?"

"Yes—Hester. She—she ——" He sought to speak, but once more a chill shook him so that he couldn't. Presently, however, he got command of himself. "She—she got down on her knees," said Charley; "she got down on her knees and —— she tried to kiss my hand!"

"Your hand? That girl?"

"Yes—Hester."

"What for, Charley?"

"Because I did what I went over there to do—gave back to Baronov the money Harnett took from him."

"You gave it back?"

"Yes."

"Your own money?"

"Mine, Bertha."

"How much was it you gave them?" asked Bertha.

But at that moment another chill, this one more vital than any of the others, racked Charley from feet to head. His lips turned blue. The last vestige of color in his face went out of it; and when he came out of the spasm he made no reference in what he said either to Baronov or to what he had done at Baronov's. "I'm cold—so cold," he faltered; "I can't be ill—I mustn't! Can't you get me something hot to drink?"

She gave one more look at him and hurried frantically into the hall. The elevator was still running, and when it reached her floor she asked the man hurriedly whether there was anything left in the kitchen or whether he himself couldn't get her husband something hot to drink. Coffee, tea, cocoa—anything would do. "I'll try, madam; I'll see," he said.

Bertha gave him a five-dollar bill and hurried back to Charley Maddox. He had his clothes off and, having crept into bed, he had dragged the blankets up about him and was sitting there, his eyes sodden and staring about him sullenly. "I hate this place," he said doggedly as Bertha came hurrying in.

She at once busied herself patting the pillows together and making him comfortable. "That's another reason why I mean to have us move," she said.

Charley's voice was still dogged when he replied: "I'd hate the next place just as much, Bertha." Bertha, however, didn't reply. She saw it was again futile to attempt to discuss the matter with him; and, as she, too, now began to realize, something of more importance even than that which had in the meanwhile intervened. It was that chance admission he had made. If veiled and incomplete, the admission of what had occurred that night over in Brooklyn was something she could not let pass, and frankly she was frightened.

It was not merely a passing fright. She could not free her mind, try as she would, of the fear it had instilled in her. Just what the fear was she did not put into words, nor is it certain she herself was clear as to just what her terror was. There were her woman's intuitions, however. She might not know much about men's affairs,

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or how men conducted their affairs; but that day's luncheon with Minnie had, on the other hand, been a finisher. Convinced of this, she was thinking how she could broach the subject to her husband when the apartment doorbell rang. The elevator man had come with the coffee.

"It's the best I c'd do, ma'am," he apologized.

He had made it himself. As he said it Bertha thanked him with the rare charm she had with such people. The man went off down the hall rosy with pleasure and gratification; and closing the door, she hurried back into the bedroom and poured out a cupful for Charley.

"That's good," he said as he sipped it. The color came back into his face and the chill, too, seemed to wane. "Pour me some more, Bertha." As Bertha did so Charley smiled grayly, his mouth twisted. "Over in Brooklyn they wanted to get me some. They saw I was cold, but it was just nerves then. The girl wanted to bring me home, too, in her car, but I wouldn't let her. She'd had about enough for one day."

Had she? Bertha glanced curiously at her husband. How about him? "Charley," she said abruptly, "you've got to chuck Harnett—Jud Gershon too."

To her surprise, he said nothing. Slowly he went sipping his coffee. A little nonplused, she said it again: "You can't keep on with those fellows. You've got to drop them, and the sooner you do, the better. You hear what I say, don't you?"

"Yes, I hear you," nodded Charley.

"Well, why don't you say something?" she demanded, and he grinned faintly.

"It depends on what you expect me to say, Bertha."

She was a little indignant. The only thing he could possibly say, of course, was that he agreed with her—that he must do as she said and chuck the two; but instead of saying it, he grinned again. She did not like the grin either. It was ironical, not to say sardonic, and she flushed faintly with her annoyance.

"Well?" she inquired.

Charley set down his cup. He had not finished the coffee in it, but he seemed not to require it now. "Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

Did she mean what she said? She curled her lip. "Naturally," replied Bertha.

At once Charley sat up straight among the pillows, his face grave, but a new quick light lifting in his eyes. "Very well," he said, and his eyes fixed themselves gravely on her. "If you mean that—if you're honest, Bee, in what you tell me—I'll not only quit that bunch; I'll get down on my knees and thank God that I'm done with them. Now just why do you think you're sure you want me to?" he asked.

There were a lot of reasons. There was her dislike for Harnett and Gershon, for example. Charley should not be in business with people like them. There were again the wives of Harnett and Gershon. "I knew I was piqued, Charley, when you intimated they were vulgar. They are, and I am finished with them. I was never more ashamed in my life than I was today when I had luncheon at Pierre's with Minnie. She ordered corned-beef hash with a poached egg on it, then pie—pumpkin pie."

"I see," said Charley; "then it's Minnie and Sophie?"

"Yes; they and their husbands."

"Their husbands' table manners, by any chance? I know Harnett makes music when he eats soup."

"Are you trying to be funny or insulting?" inquired Bertha, and he shook his head.

"Neither, Bertha. I'm merely trying to get at your real reasons."

"It's your partners, then, if you wish to know," she returned. "I don't like them and I don't trust them. Minnie as much as admitted today they are crooked."

Charley reflected for a moment. "By chance, did she say anything about your own husband, Bertha?" he inquired.

"She?" Bertha laughed scornfully. "I wouldn't have let her!"

He reflected again after that. For a moment it looked as if he meant to say something, perhaps make some admission, though he didn't. Instead, he drew in his breath, a faint sigh coming from him.

"Well?" prompted Bertha.

"The point is this, Bertha," said Charley: "I don't care for them any more than you do. I don't like their ways, I don't like the things they do in business. It all seems a hopeless mess to me; but I'm willing, if you are, to get out from under. After all, there's something else in life than money."

Bertha started. "What do you mean, Charley?"

"Just what I say, Bee. If I quit with them the money, too, will probably quit."

"The money you bring home?"

"Yes, Bertha."

She had not known that. It had not occurred to her—or she had not quite digested it—that it was his association with Harnett and Gershon that had enabled him to supply her with the thews and sinews of her new delightful existence. She was, in short, still striving to digest it when Charley spoke, his voice low, deliberate: "I'd thank God, no joke, Bertha, if I were out of it. You'll never know what I've been through these months—the hell of lying awake nights, night after night, and thinking, thinking. A man can get away from a lot of things in life—unpleasant things; but there's one he can't get away from, and that's himself. Say the word, though, and I can get clear of Harnett and Gershon; I can get clear of them, too, with clean hands and a clear mind. You don't know it—they don't either, what's more—but it all can be fixed in a way that would surprise a lot of people—that is, if you would be willing."

"I?"

"You'd have to give up a lot, Bertha. Maybe you'd have to give up everything. It might be that you and I would have to go back to where we were, live as we lived when this began."

She looked at him in astonishment. Once again she felt that stab of nameless indescribable fear she had had. "What are you talking about?" Bertha exclaimed.

"I was telling you," he answered.

"That I'd have to give up my friends? Give up the things I have? Go back to a flat like we had, for example?"

"The same flat, maybe," he nodded.

"That place?" She laughed.

"I was happy there," he said—"happy anyway."

He grinned as he spoke. There was not much humor in the grin though. "See this?" he inquired. As he spoke he reached over to the night table by his side and picked up his watch and chain. A small flat key dangled from one end of the chain. "That's the key to our old flat," grinned Charley. "I kept it as a souvenir."

Bertha looked at him in amazement. She'd had plenty of instances in her experience of his absurd, boyish freakishness; but this seemed of all the final straw. Along with that, too, she had a suspicion, itself grotesque. "You haven't been fool enough to keep on paying the rent of it, have you?" she demanded.

His grin grew. "No; but I'll admit I thought of it."

"Yes, it would be like you!" Bertha said, though Charley did not seem to mind that.

He still was grinning. "The flat's empty yet," he said. "I went up there this week, just for roots, to have a look at it."

"And you thought I'd go back there?"

"No, I just wondered if you would."

"To live there again—that dump?"

"If it were necessary, Bee."

"I?"

"Uh-huh."

"You must be crazy," said Bertha.

She turned away and slowly began to take off her things. As she saw, it virtually was a waste of breath to try to discuss things with him while he was in his present ridiculous mood. Charley watched her thoughtfully while she moved about. After

(Continued on Page 177)

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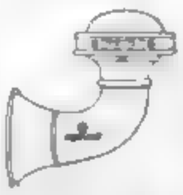

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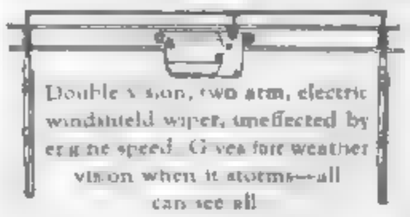

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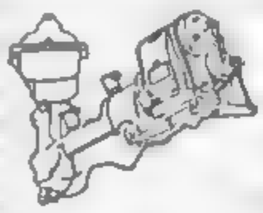

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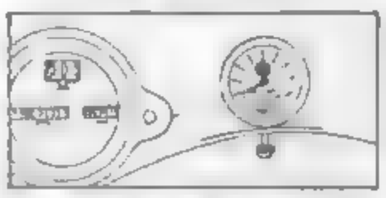

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(Continued from Page 174)

a while he spoke: "Then you don't want me to quit, Bee?"

Bertha shrugged. "Don't be ridiculous!" she told him.

He dropped back among the pillows. Burrowing among them, he drew the coverings up about his head. From under them his voice emerged.

"It's your party then. On with the dance!" said Charley.

Bertha asked a final question just before she turned out the light: "You haven't said anything about the new apartment, Charley. The agent has to have an answer on Monday. What shall I tell him?"

"You can tell him what you damn please," said Charley.

On Monday night Bertha brought him the lease to sign.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ALIMENTATION'S ARTFUL AID

(Continued from Page 11)

trust company, you know he won't advance us a cent! We've tried that." She dropped down on the bed and groaned.

"If only we had a charge account somewhere ——"

"No!" Pamela's dejected voice took on a forceful volume. "I have never owed a penny and I won't begin. It would make me too utterly miserable to have a debt hanging over me. Goodness knows, when I have money I spend it like paying out an anchor chain where there's no bottom, but when I haven't, I'm a Scotchman."

"You are a blessed lamb," said Jocelyn, and kicked off her pumps. "I wouldn't have you one scrap miserable. We'll look over my things and see what we can do."

Pamela swung herself around and lay flat. "I read in a woman's magazine once how to get yourself up for a ball without spending a dollar. You just ripped up your wedding dress, dyed it rose color, achieved a fetching fichu effect with your grandmother's lace and found your great-aunt Maria's pearls in an attic trunk. A very sound experiment if one has ancestors in the garret—we haven't even the garret—and can sew—which I can't! No, you must have a brand-new evening gown, somehow. I'll lend you my three new satin pajamas, but that's not quite the same thing, is it?"

"In another year or so I dare say we'll be wearing them to night clubs at least," said Jocelyn, standing up to let her clothes slide to the ground. "I must get into my tub," she added with a glance at the clock, and vanished into the bathroom.

Pamela lay on the bed and beat her brains. It was quite true of her, as she had said to John Ogden, that her stories came to her as bolts from the blue. Once or twice she had even been given an idea in her sleep. Sometimes a mere remark from a passing stranger in the street had taken sudden root like a fakir's seed and grown up into a tree with blossoms before she could reach her desk. And then how effortlessly the tale drooled off the end of her pen! It made her quite wild to think of it. Within a stone's throw of her there must be a thousand plots just waiting to be seen. It was quite maddening, because with a plot in her head she would have been willing, under these pressing circumstances, to borrow a couple of hundred dollars; though she had never done so for herself. Without it she suffered under the common delusion of artists in an unproductive season that the world's last picture had been painted, and the tubes were twisted and dry.

Jocelyn could take her silver-tissue frock and the black tulle—it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that she had never grown fat—and her white brocade evening wrap with the ermine collar. If any of the circus invited her to a party while the child was gone, she would have to drape herself in her Chinese bedspread. But all that wasn't a new gown, and she knew what a cloyless sauce to life's banquet was a fresh frock.

Jocelyn came back from her bath, radiantly refreshed, and humming a tune just to show how little she cared for being stony broke. As a matter of fact, she rather overdid her part, and Pamela, lying there watching her make her toilet, was impressed with the belief that Jocelyn was going on no ordinary party. She cared horribly about that vanished dream. Pamela's wide blue eyes stared at the golden head. Could it be possible—could it be possible, she cried inwardly, that that baby wanted to be particularly beautiful for some particular person? She felt her hair turn gray at the mere notion. Jocelyn was nineteen and had finished her schooling this very June—why did it seem so fantastic to think of her as being ready for love and marriage? Swift and awful was that change in those years from fifteen to twenty! Five years made so little difference in an adult life.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" she burst out, and bit her lip.

"What-what?" said Jocelyn easily. She stood up in her pretty slippers and a flimsy bit of nothing that passed for underpinning, and turned to look at the woman on the bed. Contrition seized her at sight of that loved face. "Honey, you're not worrying?" She ran over and laid a satin-cool cheek against Pamela's. "As if, darling, you didn't do such miracles for me all the time! Think how many, many lovely dresses I have had!"

"Well, I know. But, oh, Jocelyn, child, I have an idea that this dress is different!"

The cool cheek pressed to hers became softly warmer, but Jocelyn did not speak or move. Pamela felt her heart sink. Had the time come then when the girl she had loved from babyhood, who couldn't, she felt, be dearer if she had been born of her own body, was going to start out on a quite separate life for herself? What would she do without her housemate, alone?

She could have lain there and let the tears ooze out of her closed eyes. Well, darn the lovers that go and be, she thought. She must not make a moist spectacle of herself and dampen poor Jocelyn's little hour with her selfish woe. Considering the child's beauty and charm, Pamela was lucky to have kept her so long as this. Faintly hope within suggested that she might be reading too much in the clasp of this warm slim nymph, but the very length and silence of that clinging embrace were overeloquent.

"It's quarter to seven, Miss Shere," she said, with a dry throat. Well, how different everything seemed. Perhaps this intruder in her life was even now on his way here to eat the dinner she had so carefully planned. She could have asked, but she would not force confidence. She never had.

Pamela was conscious for days of being the incommensurate container of too many emotions. The delight of loving John Ogden was quite positively at war with her reluctance to yield Jocelyn to love so early; and curiously enough, tremendous as were these vital preoccupations, her temporary frustration as an author would occasionally override them with the egotistic passion of the artist.

She flung herself, with her peculiar intensity, into the contriving, from their combined belongings, of a suitable outfit for Jocelyn's visit to the Marriot-Smiths, finding surcease from mental torment in consideration of material frivolities. And a very good job she made of it, so far as it went. There remained, glaringly obvious to her critical eyes, the unfillable gap where that new frock should go.

"I declare, Jocelyn," she would burst out. "If I can't get an idea for a yarn, I think I'll go crazy."

Jocelyn quite understood how tantalising she found her fallowness. She had seen these bolts strike from the blue, knew just

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the lift of wide, unseeing eyes, and parting of half-breathing lips with which her Pamela received them. Then Pamela, chuckling and excited, would be scribbling for dear life for days after. Followed the check. Yes, as Pamela said, it was the very infernal ease of the thing that make it most maddening to be unable to achieve it now.

"You are getting into a state over it, Pam," soothed Jocelyn, and tried to feel a grown-up resignation. "I shall do very nicely as I am, darling, because there won't be any big parties, you know. Remember how little difference it will make a hundred years from now."

"I can't," snapped Pamela viciously. "Nothing would ever get done if we felt like that."

But rebel as she might, sponge and turn her last year's brain as she did, she could not make a new dress of it. Jocelyn departed for her visit, taking the maid with her. On this Pamela had insisted.

"I don't want her for anything, and just think, I won't have to feed her!" she said impishly. "With my finances at their present neap tide, that's a consideration."

Ogden, who came to take her out to dinner, found her in a perverse mood. She seemed, for her, depressed and nervous.

"I think you might tell me what is the matter with you, Mistress Shere," he said, eying her neglected plate at table. "Perhaps you think you don't need to sing for your supper if you don't eat it, but I tell you frankly I am accustomed to a little polite conversation with my meals."

Pamela burst out laughing. "I have the hump," she said. "It always takes me this way when my work goes badly, and I am never anything but savage when I am hard up. And when the two come together it is almost more than I can bear."

To Ogden the idea of her needing money was ridiculous. "But why should you be hard up, my dear girl?"

"That's the same old chicken-and-egg conundrum," retorted she. "If my brains were working, I should be well-to-do."

"That is not what I meant," Ogden corrected her. "You might be decently pally enough to let me lend you what you want."

Pamela turned a furious red. "No," she said shortly.

"And without snapping my head off," he added, smiling.

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry! I mean, I've paddled my own canoe so long, John. I've never had much trouble doing it, though it has sometimes been, as the darkies say, 'chicken today and feathers tomorrow.' But I can't borrow, even from you, in this state of mind. Thank you just as much. I'm not in any sad condition, you know. It just so happens that I've a very special hole which could be neatly filled with a few dollars. Let's not think about it."

"But what's the use then of my having all this money, Pamela?"

"Well, I suppose some way had to be devised to make it hard for you to get into heaven," she smiled.

He held her smile a moment with his eyes. "You can say pretty things sometimes, Pam," he said wistfully. "I suppose it's just the Irish of you."

"It's the very heart of me," said Pamela, but not to him.

By the time she had fallen asleep that night, the healing flood of her love had washed away all her petulant mood. The world with John Ogden in it was too rich a gift to be received with anything but a joyous gratitude. Why should she set her fears and selfishness in Jocelyn's path toward her destiny? Why should she fret and fume because a little trick she had of stringing words together in amusing combinations seemed to have failed her? In the sweet darkness that brings sleep and dreams, she stretched herself out like a tired swimmer in summer waters, to float in the soothing sea of her love for John, letting the tide bear her where it would.

A sunlit morning did nothing to prepare her for the black hours that the day was to bring. She sang in her little kitchen, getting her own breakfast, and set a table for herself in the open window of the living room. The pretty blue and pink and white daisies in the balcony looked at her with bright, friendly faces. Pippa was surely passing. All was well with the world.

Nor did classic premonition descend upon her with the arrival of the telegram. These jaundiced missives were too common, in the hit-and-miss existence of the inheritor of a circus, to surprise her. She signed the boy's book and carried the message back to her table before she opened it. It was, of course, from Jocelyn, as she had supposed, but not one of those gay little good mornings she was accustomed to receiving on the rare absences of her housemate.

"All going on to pompish house party for week-end. Oh, Pamela, does no bolt threaten? John Ogden to be there."

The sunshine seemed to drain out of the room even as the blood faded from her cheeks. At the first swift reading she merely wondered why he had not told her that he was going. But immediately the connotation of the second and third sentences rocked the earth under her feet like a little boat. Her hands fell into her lap weakly, and the paper fluttered to the floor. John Ogden to be there! She felt again that clinging, silent clasp about her body, that warming cheek pressed so close against her own. The blood seemed to stand still in her veins.

When reaction came it drove her to her feet, walking again and again the length of the great room, with frequent jerking stops and tortured startings. Her thoughts raced along, encountered the swelling barriers of emotion, and fell back into mere incoherence to begin again.

A mirror caught her once, to show her a pale face with eyes that burned like blue flames. She went nearer, staring at herself. But what she saw was Ogden's face, with its lean cheek where the smile had cut a mark, its gray long eyes between half-closed lids, its mouth so ready for a laugh, the brown hair frosted at the temples. Ogden was older than she by a year or two. But, oh, Jocelyn was nineteen! Age did not matter, but youth—youth, how it counted. How had she been so mad to dream of love when nineteen stood her rival in the field? Jocelyn, so pretty, so fair, so worth the winning.

The sickening nausea of a nameless shame swept her away from the mirror. In her blind ignorance, had she truly loved Jocelyn's man? The thought was torture, suffocation. She went to the open window as if she needed air, and stood leaning there looking out and upward at a sky she had believed to be blue. And memory, which fairly clawed through its tokens like a frantic searcher going through a well-filled chest, finally paused exhausted, pensive, surrounded by a scattering miscellany of old forgotten far-off things.

If it could seem unnatural during that heaven-happy ritual of tea with John not to have remembered the Ogden wealth, that simple old house where she had first met him, where she had occasionally visited his father and mother before that, held forth few reminders of those oily millions. It was just one of a myriad houses like it in the New York that was now so rapidly passing under the wreckers' and builders' changes: A narrow high brownstone dwelling with a preposterous flight of steps, upward from the street, high studded rooms disproportionately long for their width, and a seeming plethora of black walnut woodwork. There had been no display of unlimited resources there, neither of money nor, alas, of taste. The furniture was of that period when one might confidently expect in the parlor at least one triangular chair of fretted black knobs and spindles upholstered in an unearthly shade of blue-green plush. The dining room, she remembered, was accurately toned to set off suet puddings with hard sauce. On the newel of the stair, a bronze figure, caught in a pose to make one's muscles ache in sympathy, upheld a lamp in which the gas jet ever weirdly whistled. It was an awful house,

(Continued on Page 181)

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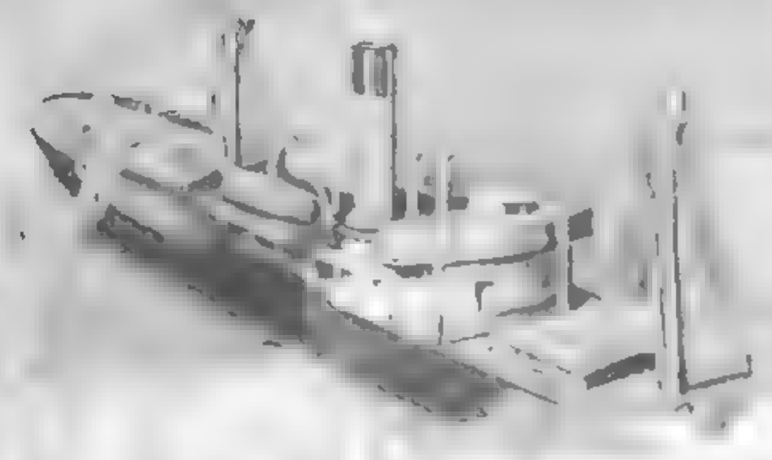

The Cost of Distribution is Lower – The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built – Not to Undersell, but – to Overserve

(Continued from Page 178)

unchanged to this day, where a little old man and woman lived utterly content among their penatic horrors, but a dear house because of that content.

Curious that she should have met John there and not have known at once who he was! Already she had been looking forward to her marriage with the brilliant Anthony Shere, whose life work, like her father's, had gone into a million wastebaskets with the discarded daily newspaper. It was quite true that she had scarcely noticed John, incredible as it should seem.

Her wedding had been that very year—it seemed to her, as she thought of it, quite simply the marriage of somebody else. Yet she remembered happiness. They had all lived together in one ring of the circus—she, and her father, and her husband, and little Jocelyn—with an everchanging kaleidoscope of shifting fragments of the journalistic personnel for friends.

For her in a sense it had been a dual existence, with a little girl to begin an early day in a flat that housed two men just going to bed about the time of Jocelyn's waking. She had lived on schedule, getting her sleep during Jocelyn's outings, and commencing the morning with a breakfast that coincided with the child's luncheon. But her everspringing vitality had easily adapted itself to exigency, and certainly there had been nothing about that life to grow monotonous. The world itself—upheaving wars, pestilences, murders, famines, discoveries and inventions—had seen to it that their daily labor knew unending novelty of interest. Men came and went to other desks, to other deaths—even her father and Anthony who seemed so rightfully among the quick. That chapter of her story had come to an end, leaving her with Jocelyn just past her twelfth birthday and she herself still young, still with her modest later fame unguessed.

With the cessation of two fairly generous salaries, Pamela had been faced with a more meager existence than that which she had always known, yet even with the need for additional income it had been some time before she had seriously begun to write.

Scribble, she always had, though her delightful humor had for the most part been expended vocally, and it would be impossible to say how many of those flashes of Celtic wit that had become newspaper history her unthinking father had carelessly appropriated at his own table. From a humble start in cheaper magazines, she had, however, taken an early flight into pages that reckoned at a high rate per word, and had the half-astonished satisfaction of earning more money a year than Anthony Shere had done himself.

Jocelyn had been sent to an expensive school, not because of its social advantages but quite absurdly because it was housed next door. By the time Pamela had taken on the great extravagance, this pseudo-baronial hall which made so splendid a setting for her precious heirlooms and acquisitions, Jocelyn was old enough to fare farther to her classes. Dancing lessons, music, and even riding in the park had been added to the curriculum of a singularly lucky orphan, and though Pamela never saved a dollar, she managed by the end of every year to observe with considerable pride that both ends had been made to meet in a handsome bow.

It was probably the knowledge of that small but safe monthly check from the trust company—a joint provision made for her by Anthony and her father—that was Pamela's undoing from an economic standpoint. If worse came to the worst, and the vein of golden imagination proved to be worked out, they would still be secure, if not so luxuriously comfortable. The passing years brought a drain upon the bank account through Jocelyn's social successes, but Pamela remained contented with her circus.

Life in the past had been richly colored. It had, since that moment of revelation when she had met Ogden face to face and recognized him as her love, put on a springtide of its own. And here in this hour she stood, with flowers crumbling to dust in her fingers, light stricken from the sky and all song hushed.

It was high noon before her daily ego took charge of the distraught self. A purely physical weakness creeping over her gave her a prosaic warning that uneaten breakfasts are not sustaining. The old Pamela Shere touched her stone-cold coffee cup and glanced at her wrist watch. One of her was astonished that it should be after twelve, the other had lived years since the message came. One of her took the other rather sharply to task. "Are you going to stand around here all day, bending your eye on vacancy?"

She stooped and picked up the fallen telegram. Dear Jocelyn—dear young beautiful thing. In love! Her first tears were misty in her eyes as she read the message again. What was that phrase—"does no bolt threaten?" Like the clown's laughter, it put the anticlimax to her passage through the shadow. Jocelyn wanted a new dress, to wear for John Ogden.

"It's really funny," she said. "I can see that it's funny, but I can't laugh."

Out of the comprehensive agony of her being—Pamela seemed to herself one vast substantial heartache—emerged a childish but vigorous resolve, a cradled Hercules of determination, strangling serpents. Jocelyn was going to get that frock, did she make it of her own skin. Could she do other than dress her with all the girl's dreams for her lover's eyes? Could she endure her own companionship if she failed, however innocently, to add that brightness to Jocelyn's beauty for John to see and desire?

At her dressing table, rolling her lively hair into the close swathing that drew so perfect a line around her shapely head, she looked resentfully at her own cranium. "If only I could put you into a pot and light a fire under you!" she said savagely. But inspiration, like the raven croaking, "Nevermore!" perched and sat and gave no evidence of wings. And if she thought that the bust of Pallas had nothing on her in the way of marble where her brains should be, it was because she had been badly brought up by a slangy father.

"I must get out of this place and stand this town on its helpless head till something falls out of its pockets," she told herself angrily. "It will give me up a plot or I'll sink it."

She dressed rapidly and flung out of her haunted rooms. A long walk up the Avenue would set her blood to moving, a casual prowl through the shops would certainly prove a stimulus. If she did but see the gown for Jocelyn, the devil was in it but she would get it for her.

Resolutely she pressed down and closed the lid on thoughts of herself, of John. That way lay the utter stupefaction of misery, while she needed every sense alert. Some unconscious benefactor would do something, say something, look like something that would resolve itself, in the old miraculous way, into one of those checks. And because she needed the money immediately she would, with the story once beginning to brew in her, set aside for this single emergency her life-long habit of refusing to borrow. She would even go to John Ogden to do it. It should be part of her cleansing of that ugly imputation, set upon her by a fantastic conscience, that she wanted to keep him for herself.

In the little inner room of exclusive importations, set aside from lesser frocks in one of the temples dedicate to feminine beauty on the upper Avenue, she was immediately accepted as a rightful visitor. A suave female, who belied her general queenliness by wearing the bracelets of a slave, undertook to soothe her into an extravagant purchase, despite her open statement that she was not come prepared to decide on anything. Patient neophytes trotted back and forth from secret stores of Parisian Golcondas, bringing one quaintly christened gown after another, the while the high priestess drawled her adulatory chatter of

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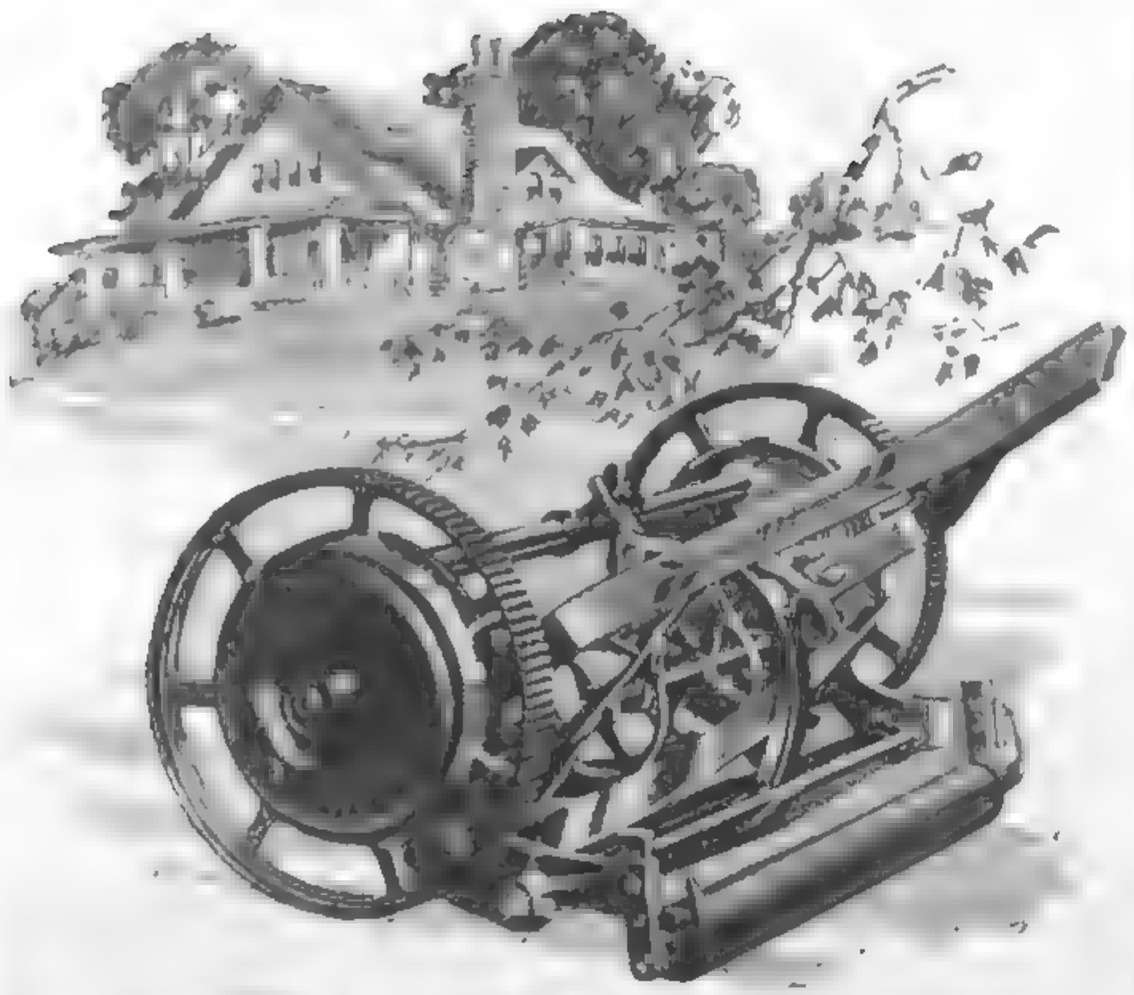

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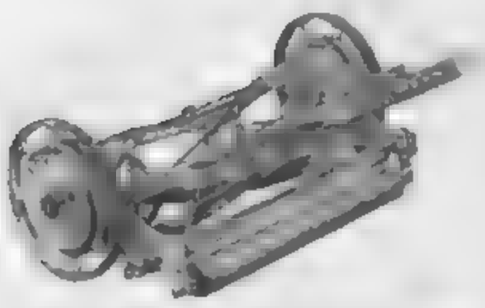
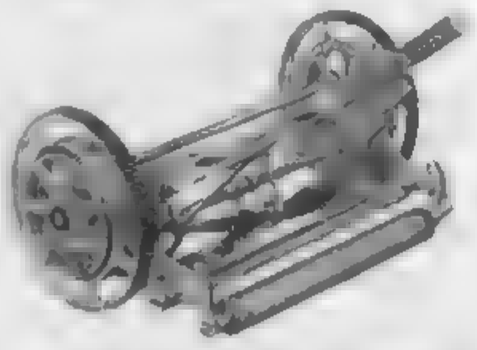


The LADY—an Eclipse-built popular mower, moderate in price, yet sturdy, easy running and dependable.



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this great name and that as "featuring," "stressing" and "innovating" bows, fringes and drapes. Jocelyn's frock quite suddenly appeared. It was there, *un fait accompli*, indubitably hers—a shimmering heaven-blue satin with a violet underside turned softly up at the hem of the full skirt to be caught so with cushiony silk flowers of palest rose. It brought a little cry of sated anticipation from Pamela.

"Shall I set it aside for you, madam?" was the insinuating temptation.

"Oh, I must have it, yes," said Pamela Shere breathlessly. How Jocelyn's fair radiance would surpass itself, eclipsing the perfection of this envelope. She must, she would, tear it from the hands of fortune for her darling's high hour. "I will come back," she said resolutely. And even as she gave the saleswoman her most confident smile, she was thinking: "This twenty-five-dollar-a-week duchess has got a story in her, if I could only see it!"

She wandered about the great shop for an hour, exposing herself to the lightning that would not strike.

In the shoe department a curious female with the drawn fleshlessness of a lifted face and a pair of undisguisably fat ankles, gave her a moment's hope. She casually took a place next to this prospect, and began a slow canvass of the available slippers in the shop while she listened avidly to the woman's talk with her companion. How often had she utilized these unconscious slaves to make her bricks, with and without straw. There must be a plot in this unnaturally chinless creature, buying footwear carved like an apple tart for her dreadful feet.

"I just thought I'd die, Angie, when them artichokes came on. I guess I got as red as my hat. That bonehead told me she knew how to fix 'em, and here she brings 'em in—just the leaves, Angie, all messed up in the hollandaise so you couldn't touch 'em. She'd took the bottoms out and thrown 'em in the garbage, Angie. And with just them particular people to dinner. . . . I really thought I'd die. It looked like nothing but I didn't know how to serve artichokes myself. 'Here,' says I, 'take these things away.' The dumb-bell. I bet that snooty Mrs. Pearce laughed at me when they was to home. . . . I thought I'd die, Angie ——"

Pamela gave it up. "I think I would better bring the frock in," she said, with so lovely a smile to the clerk that he felt a distinct lift in his naturally low spirits.

A slender little woman with a pale languid child, at the glove counter, was talking to a friend behind that barrier and buying nothing. Pamela edged closer in the press, eavesdropping like any spy.

"—— do think it's dreadful to take a youngster to the shops," said the plaintive voice. "But I haven't got a nurse for the kiddy just now. You don't know how hard it is to get one you can trust. My dear, the last one I had! I found out she used to take Lottie out every morning and spend the whole time visiting her friends—servant girls in apartment houses and people like that. Goodness knows where she didn't take her. And I, thinking all the time they were out in the air! You can't trust ——"

Pamela found no nourishment in this thin porridge. If only she could call out "Is there a person in the house who is living a story?" as they cried for a doctor in the theater. The vision of the delectable frock swam before her eyes, and her lips closed more firmly than ever.

An elderly lady matching net for the mending of rare old lace brought her alongside. She was very beautifully dressed, and the lace in her hand was priceless.

"It's the nearest I can find," she said. "Send me an eighth of a yard, and charge it: Mrs. B. F. Ponsonby, —— Park Avenue. Yes, Pon-son-by." She turned a face, harassed and more than a little flushed, to her companion, an anxious, thin-chested, obvious subordinate. "But what on earth am I to do?" she said, continuing an old lament. "They're all invited to the camp, and I've got to have a chef. Doesn't Miss Allen know anybody who will go for just a week? I told that devil of a Jules this morning I'd give him a bonus of a month's wages if he'd go, but he says the mountain air does not agree with him. He actually said the mountain air did not ——"

Pamela, on a sigh, almost voiced her exasperation. Did women talk of nothing but their servants? She swept out of the store and wandered impatiently down the Avenue. At the door of an antique shop a lettered red flag flapped in the warm air. Should she go in? Surely there must be something at an auction ——

Pamela's feet halted, stepped forward once, and brought her to a stand. Her lips parted, her eyes stared a bit upward. Above her, without warning, the blue had parted and the bolt struck down.

One cannot stand, even to receive inspiration, in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

Impatient people passing her jostled Pamela until she woke to life. The rapt look faded from her face, and her lips curved into the first smile they had known for many hours—lips that had scarcely thought to smile again, quivering to unuttered words, flinching from an indescribable humiliation. She drew a breath and tasted deep of relief. And the taxi did not hover near that forbidden cruising channel that could whisk her home fast enough.

Later that afternoon she presented herself at that odd little private office on Seventeenth Street where the head of one of the world's great oil syndicates transacted his humble affairs. There was indeed a towering building down on lower Broadway that bore the magic name, but old Mr. Ogden preferred his original place of business, just as he refused to leave his old home. It was as dun and modest a place as Tellson's bank, though no young clerks were kept invisible till they became appropriately musty. A half dozen smart lads held the outer room, who seemed to regard her entrance as the reward of an early start in mercantile life. She was lovely enough, glowing now as she always did when inspiration had descended, to brighten a much larger reception room than she was shown into by one of these young chaps, clever enough to reach her first.

"I'll see if Mr. John Ogden is still here," he said. "He sometimes goes out without coming through our office. Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Pamela gave him the smile for which he waited.

One minute later she was sitting opposite to John, loving him, but with such a difference, across the desk. If everything had been as it was when she had had tea with him, she would have made herself her very prettiest for his eyes, but, although even her customary prinking and preening had seemed impossible to her that day, John Ogden was quite positive he looked upon the fairest face in Christendom.

"It is only right to tell you, Pamela," he told her happily, "that by coming in here to overturn an office full of men, you are probably costing my poor father a million dollars."

"Plus three hundred," said she calmly.

His forehead wrinkled to understand this curious sum.

"Not exactly costing that," Pamela emended, "because my intentions are, as ever, honorable. I shall pay it back promptly."

"Oh, I see." He laughed, reaching for a drawer of his desk, the mere act of taking out his check book giving him an absurd thrill of delight. To have Pamela come into his office and sit there at the other side of his desk while he made out checks for her!

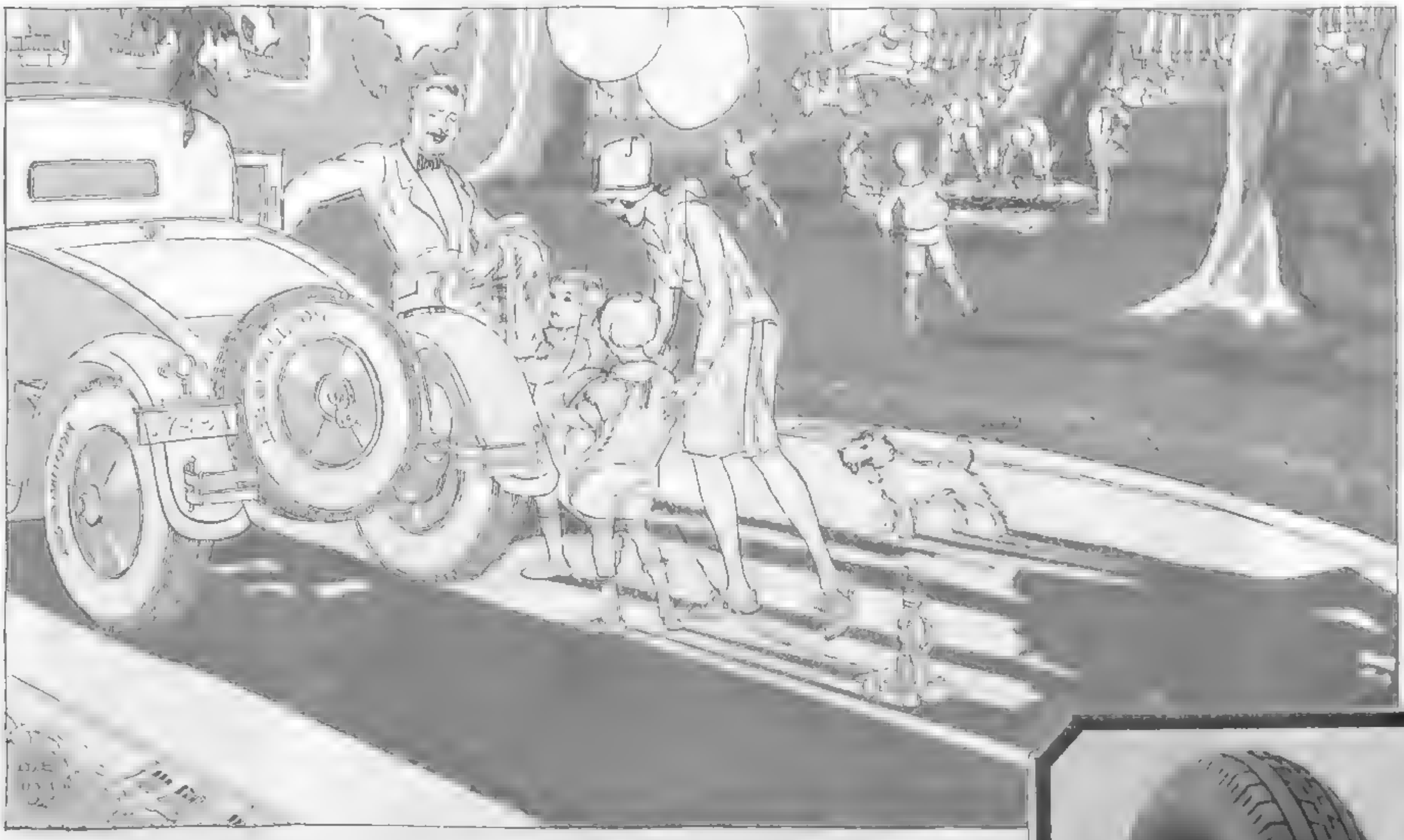
But she would have none of it. "Not to cast any discredit on your paper," she said, "I must confess I'd rather have bank notes, if it's all the same to you."

"It is barely possible that we can scrape up the appalling amount you mention," replied Ogden. "Sure that's all you want?"

"Not a penny more, thank you, John. Let's see, today's the sixteenth. You shall

(Continued on Page 185)

LEE *of Conshohocken*



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SPARTON RADIO

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Pioneers of Light-Socket Radio without batteries of any kind (107)

(Continued from Page 182)

have it back by the twenty-fourth. I suppose you'll want my note of hand?"

His wallet gave up some trim yellow bills which he held toward her. He would not lay them on the desk for her to pick up. But Pamela, who in a less preoccupied moment might have caught the meaning of the game he was so boyishly playing, took them without a flicker of her lids.

"What about tea, Pamela?"

"Not today," said she, rising promptly. "I'm off on a most important errand."

"Give me back that money," said Ogden.

But Pamela only laughed, though for one moment her heart had quivered with distress. How could he think that she should sit at table with him today when everything had changed? But then, he did not know. She thanked God it would never occur to him to guess.

"Shall I thank you, John? You must not think my 'this time doesn't count' is like Rip's. Behold my first and last borrowed money." She put it into her hand bag and shook his hand in a calm, friendly way, though the touch of his fingers set bells to ringing in her head. It was not yet too late to redeem her pledge to the slave duchess, if she fairly rushed away.

"I must hurry," she said on a sudden breathless note, and did it. All very well to be strung up to concert pitch by the perverse delight she took in accomplishing her Jocelyn's dreams, but there was for herself a very conscious desire to get away from John. One of the Pamelas could rush about on brisk errands while the other dragged leaden feet about the empty ruins of her life.

The exquisite frock, with a discovered pair of pale rose satin slippers, was packed with reams of tissue into a box, and a recklessly hired messenger dispatched to the Long Island address, with not more than an even thousand injunctions to carry the package with the utmost care. She even sent a telegram to Jocelyn: "Gown on its way; cut off the bolt of blue. Be happy in it, darling." She might have telephoned, but she felt queerly uncertain of her voice. Well, it had been a long day, she told herself, matter-of-factly. She was only tired.

Punctual to the very day, on the twenty-fourth she drew a check for three hundred dollars, put it, with a little word of greeting, in an envelope, and posted it herself to Ogden's office. He would perhaps not be there yet, but she was irrationally glad to see the letter on its way.

A week of arduous work was nothing new to Pamela, who had been known to sit at her desk twelve hours on end on more than one occasion, but now that her stint was finished she found that she was indeed a very weary girl. The big place she lived in seemed very empty, when she let herself into the apartment, but Jocelyn would be coming home soon—with what of news?

She decided on a hot bath, a regular thoroughgoing beauty treatment, a glass of warm milk and a short rest. Then she would put on her very best negligee, set out her Sheffield tray with a bang-up tea, and luxuriate in being a woman of leisure.

All these things she accomplished slowly, and even dreamily. The let-down from her driven week was upon her, but her resilient vitality welled up under sagacious restoratives. She was rather astonished to find, when she had donned a lovely tea gown of creamy lace, that never had she looked better in her life. It was extraordinary that her depression of heart should not show in her face. There were her eyes shining away like stars superior to mundane sadness, her cheeks were quite as pink as if happiness dwelt in her. Well, so much the better, she thought, as she prepared her quite elaborate tea. She hadn't finished making Jocelyn happy when she gave her the magic frock, not by a good many years—forty or so belike. A nice thing to begin showing wear and tear at the very outset.

She had filled the place with fresh flowers and set the windows open, and she arranged her tray on the table that always stood conveniently near her deliciously comfortable couch. But just as she looked about to make sure that her preparations were complete before settling herself there, the bell rang.

"Now, drat it all, who's this?"

Sincerely as she cared for all the members of the circus, who, indeed, else would not have belonged to that strictly eclectic group, she had no wish to see one of them today. It could not be Jocelyn, who would have used her key, but it might just be Mary sent on ahead. She moved over to the door and opened it to John Ogden. For a moment she stood transfixed, too genuinely surprised to say so.

But John gave her a comical look of dismay. "Oh, Lord, are you giving a party?"

Pamela made a notable recovery. "Well, if you call this a party!" she said, and made a sweeping gesture at the empty room.

"But, my dear girl, do you get yourself up like this to have tea alone?" He looked her over with very evident interest.

"Perhaps I felt it in the Irish bones of me that you were coming," she answered lightly. "Come in, then. The pot is just brewed, and there are caviar sandwiches."

"You are a most amazing woman," said Ogden. "I thought it was quite generally understood that women alone nibbled soda crackers and pickles."

"And if by any chance you have come to dun me," said Pamela, getting into the comfort of her pillows, "you are too late. Because I've posted you my check. Today's the twenty-fourth," she added, as he showed her a puzzled face.

"Every virtue!" said Ogden. "Well, I have been out of town, or I should have been hanging about to see if your ships came in. So your argosy was not cast away coming from Tripolis?"

"You'll get no pound of flesh, only sandwiches," she said. "Why didn't you tell me you were going out of town?"

"I didn't think it would interest you. Didn't—did Jocelyn write you?" His mild bewilderment could have passed anywhere under suspicion for well-carried embarrassment.

"Jocelyn never writes," said Pamela with utter calm. "You saw her?"

"Well, rather. We've been dragged at the wheels of Mrs. Marriot-Smith's chariot, which I might explain has a double-eight engine. Nothing more vividly brings to my consciousness the fact that Malay massacres are greatly overrated than to get into one of these up-to-date house parties. If I ever hear a radio again, Pamela, I shall be carried shrieking to a padded cell."

Pamela drank a little tea and rearranged her cushions. Against their collected shades of yellow, from palest daffodil to nasturtium orange, her face showed clear as ivory, her hair pushed forward, softly black, around her flowerlike eyes.

"I dare say you know," said Ogden, "that you are criminally lovely to look at."

"I want to know, on the contrary, how Jocelyn looked," she said. A hard-bitten wish to get it over with had taken possession of her. But her hands trembled so that she had had to put down her cup.

"Of course you do. Jocelyn told me. She looked—let me see how one can describe her—something superlatively exquisite. She looked as if you had dressed her."

"Jocelyn told you what?"

"I think it is not too much to say that she told me everything, with a capital E."

"How much longer," asked Pamela severely, "are you going on like that?"

"Like ——"

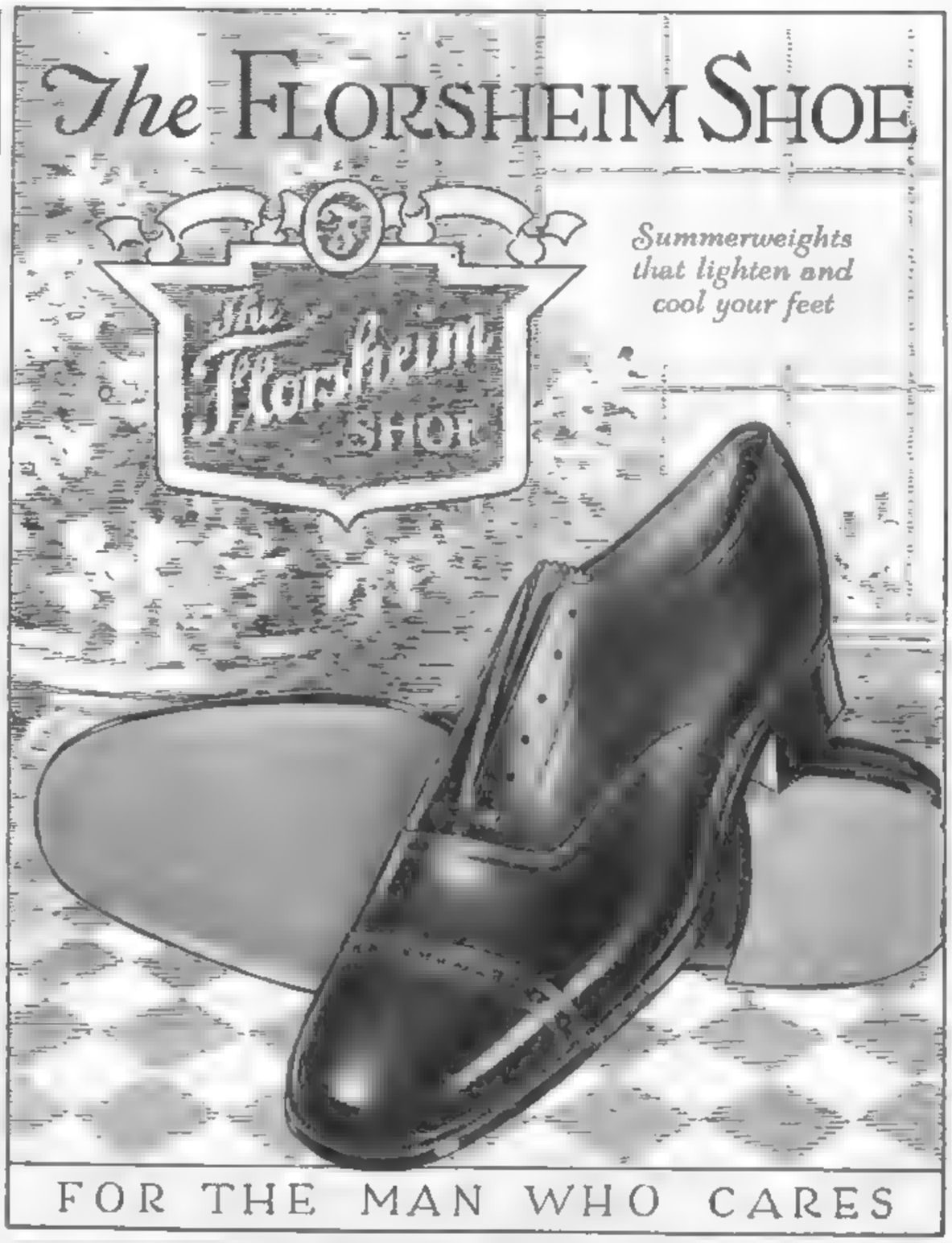
"Round and round the mulberry bush," she said. "What did Jocelyn do or say?"

"Jocelyn wore the dress, and said no to three swains."

Pamela sat up among her pillows. "You mean to tell me that chit of a child had three proposals?" she cried.

"It's my duty to tell you she had four," was Ogden's answer, given with another touch of that elusive discomfort.

Pamela for a moment looked away and gathered her shaken forces. "Having a



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mathematical mind," she said, after that inconsiderable pause, "I make it that she must have said yes to one of them."

"Well," Ogden hesitated and came out with the truth in a sort of desperation, "she did. Pamela, you are not going to be a stuffy parent, are you?"

"I am completely unstuffed," she answered, wondering if her voice was quite as natural as it should be. A touch of the chipper would be dreadfully out of place, yet it was so difficult to lift her tone. "Why don't you go on?"

"Jocelyn wanted me to come and tell you first," he said. "She will be in any moment now. It was entirely her idea." He cravenly denied any instigation of this plan as he saw that curious shadow fall over her fixed eyes.

Pamela felt suddenly weak and ill. She drew herself to her feet, apparently to cross to another table for a cigarette. But all she wanted was to turn her back on John Ogden.

She could have borne it all but this. Her hands closed with a grinding pressure on the little silver box, but she made no move to open it. Her eyes stared unseeing across the room.

"So Jocelyn guessed," she was saying to herself, as incoherently, for all her silence, as a woman sobbing aloud. "She's sorry for me. She couldn't bear to tell me. She knew I'd hear it best from John, show nothing. She has guessed. She's sorry for me."

"I thought myself you'd think it a piece of impertinence," said Ogden gently, aware that all was not well with her. He knew what it was going to mean to Pamela to give up this happy life *à deux*. The temptation was sore to go to her and take her into his arms and try to comfort her, but had he not intruded far enough? The day was coming when he would have to tell her his own story—this was no time for it, and did he but lay his hand upon her in the way of kindness, the passion in him would override all else.

"I wish you would come back and sit down again," he said, with an effort to regain his usual tone with her. "I am sure you were not brought up to stand with your back toward a visitor."

She turned and leaned against the table where she stood, and obediently looked at him. She could not smile.

"Let us reason about the thing, Pamela. It is going to be a horrid wrench, I know, but he is such an awfully nice chap ——"

To his utter amazement and not a little apprehension, her face went suddenly quite white. In two strides he was beside her. "My darling girl, are you ill? You're not faint, dearest?"

She did not trouble to deny it. "Who?" was all she said, her lips parched.

"Who's who? Jocelyn's young man? Why, young Jimmy Severance, known to his confreres, I believe, as Jymes. You couldn't pick out a better lad for her yourself." He looked down at her anxiously, fighting to keep from clutching at her nearness.

"You said—it was your duty ——"

"Well, only because they begged me to. They were afraid you'd think they were 'too young, or something.' I pointed out," he went on desperately talking at random, as he saw her eyelids flutter down over her eyes, "that if you are not young, you are still bound to be something. No, Pamela, I can't stand it. Dearest of all, what is the matter?"

Pamela couldn't stand it either. Her hands caught at his coat, and she hid her face against him. "John—John, I thought it was you!" she cried.

John Ogden's arms swept her up. "It is," he said. "At least, it's you and me. Pamela—Pamela, do you mean this? I've loved you since the first day I saw you. Are you just hanging on to me because you don't want to cry where I can see you? Or do you—can you—Pamela, do you mean this?"

She let him lift her chin. "I can't help crying. I'm so happy."

"You've no idea what the word means," said he. "Just you try being in love for twelve years with a woman brilliantly beyond your reach, and then have her pitch in and cry on your waistcoat. It may be unusual in these circumstances, but I feel that I am going to kiss you." As her fingers twined in his, his own deep breath, like a sob, cut athwart his banter. "Pamela, beloved," he whispered.

No more than the rattle of a withdrawn key at the door announced Jocelyn's arrival, which brought her in full on this tableau. Pamela raised her head from John Ogden's shoulder at the sound of the girl's gasp.

"Darlings!" cried Jocelyn on a burst of understanding delight. She darted forward and flung her arms about the two of them. "If life isn't just the most delirious thing! I've been so worried about you, Pam—and then I come home and find you going on like this! Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded of John Ogden.

"Do you suppose I knew it?" said he indignantly. "And I playing around with you children? Do you suppose I thought for a moment she'd look at me? I always thought I bored her."

"Well, can you tie that!" cried the inelegant generation, with a laugh. "Pam, darling, with you-uns going on in this fashion, you can't object to my having done something very like it?"

"I don't see how I can," said Pamela. She freed herself with some difficulty from Ogden's clasp and gave the girl a sound hug. "Where's Jymes?"

"Oh, Pam, how sweet of you to call him that. He's coming up in ten minutes. Gone to buy some flowers to ease himself in. I say, can't we have a double wedding?"

"No," said John Ogden quietly.

"Look, Pamela, he's begun already. Well, never mind. I understand just how you feel about it. Pam's the whole show, isn't she? I think I'd better have some tea before I fly to pieces with all this excitement. Oh, darling," she gave Pamela an ecstatic little squeeze, "it was the dress that did it, I'm quite sure."

"I wish, *en passant*, you'd tell me why you telegraphed me that John was going to be at your party."

"Did I? Well, it just slipped in, I suppose. Mrs. Marriot-Smith told me he was coming."

Pamela laughed and drew the girl down beside her on the couch. Her eyes dwelt for a moment in John's and then turned to give a wholly loving attention to Jocelyn's raptures.

"Jymes liked the dress then?"

"My angel, it did for him completely. Saturday night as ever was. At dinner I did feel sure I looked lovely—it gives you the tingles. And Jymes reached out under the tablecloth and took my hand, and held it. I didn't get a mouthful of food all through."

"I saw it," affirmed Ogden. "You missed the best dinner I ever ate. If I am to preserve my figger and keep myself young enough to pass for anything but Pamela's gouty uncle, I shall have to abjure the temptations of the Ponsonby chef."

Pamela nearly dropped the cup she was holding out to Jocelyn. "Ponsonby!" she said on a weird cry.

"Oh, didn't we tell you, darling? Mrs. Marriot-Smith took us all up to a house party at the most regal place you ever saw. They call it a camp. In the Adirondacks. But it is a regular private Ritz. It was at Mrs. Ponsonby's that—that Jymes kept me from eating any dinner."

"That's youth for you," said Ogden. "When I think that you did not taste that *vol-au-vent!* You may laugh, Pamela, but you never in your life set teeth in such ambrosia."

Pamela gave up, gurgling with mirth as she let her lovely length slip prone into her satin cushions. "Did I not?" she said, on a peal of laughter. "Jocelyn, it wasn't a story that bought your give-away dress. I ought to know about that dinner, my children. I cooked it!"

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THE HIDDEN FORCES IN CHINA

(Continued from Page 4)

Bolshevik gospel, this was quite in order; the Russian Empire was an empire won by conquest of subject peoples; was that anathema to the good revolutionary, imperialism, in its starkest form.

But the necessities of nations remain the same whatever label they give themselves and whatever flag they wave. An innate necessity had for a couple of hundred years urged the Russian nation eastward toward the warm Pacific, and the same necessity forced the Soviet Government, all other considerations apart, to pick up the pieces and reconstitute the Russian Empire. By 1920 they had done so well that they had not only recovered all the territory of the Czarist régime but had swallowed Mongolia in addition. Once more the Russian soldier stood on the frontiers of China, and in Manchuria confronted the Japanese soldier acting as a "railroad guard," while in Siberia the Japanese Government had "magnanimously" evacuated the last of its troops from an area too far north to be worth fighting for.

But in its contemplation of the possibilities of China, the Russian Government was actuated by considerations additional to that of the traditional drive to the sea. The Soviet Government has two aspects –national and international. Nationally it is merely an object lesson in the always possible success of a small but determined minority of fanatics and adventurers; it is in fact a holdup of the Russian people.

Internationally, however, the political system inaugurated by Lenine has far more significance. Specifically Bolshevism rests upon the thesis of world revolution. Over and over again the Bolsheviks reiterate this cardinal article of their faith. Why this should be so is hard to discover, unless it is an obscure consciousness that the plainly obvious superior prosperity of capitalist countries will forever withhold them from voluntarily embracing the Bolshevik recipe for ruin, and may even induce the Russian people to discard it. Whatever the reason, the slogan of World Revolution appeals equally to the fanatic and to the loot merchant who is his invariable companion.

Lenine's Prophecy

Those fanatics and those loot merchants have made sporadic appearances in Western civilization since the end of the eighteenth century, but never before have they had the accumulated wealth of an ancient empire and the resources provided by 120,000,000 people to play with. Never before has a high-pressure civilization produced so many disgruntled second-raters with abilities incommensurate with their inflamed egoisms, and frank throwouts, to be their instinctive allies in every country. Never before, in theory, have the prospects of world revolution looked so good—at least to those abnormal brains which can think of nothing else.

The Bolsheviks see quite clearly that there are two great obstacles to world revolution—the United States and the British Empire. Wherever on the globe the emblem of either of those great communities waves from the flagstaff there is stability. The Bolsheviks hate both impartially. And in their hatred, as is the way with people who hate, they believe that if they could only bring down one of those great pillars of civilization, the entire structure would collapse.

At the moment, however, the United States is unattackable directly. It is difficult to persuade a population which increasingly owns its own motor cars and its own houses, which enjoys a standard of luxury unimagined a generation back, to go mad and smash things up. The British Empire is a much more likely proposition. At its heart it has the permanent corrosion of an average 1,000,000 of unemployed. It has a second largest political party which grades from vivid scarlet to the most stylishly exquisite pink. It has already suffered huge economic losses, and the foreign trade which was its source of wealth has diminished, and is still diminishing year by year; a very little extra damage might produce a decisive crisis in its industry. It possesses a potential volcano in India. Altogether, in the eyes of Moscow, it is ripe for attack.

Accordingly, since 1920, it is upon Britain that the Bolsheviks have concentrated. They have left a little over for assisting trouble elsewhere whenever opportunity offered. In 1920, Lenine—who happened, for the misery of the world, to be a genius—wrote that it was in China that the British Empire would be overthrown and the world revolution initiated. Only a month or so back, the official Soviet newspapers were requoting that prophecy in sardonic glee.

Young China Welcomed

Outside Moscow no one took any notice of such insane absurdity; but to Moscow it did not look absurd. The little camarilla of despots ordered the immediate establishment of a propaganda-and-revolution college for yellow, black and brown students. To that college Mohammedans and Hindus from India and from its border peoples, negroes from Africa and from the United States, Chinese from China were cordially invited, free of all charge and with subsistence provided. Particularly were the young Chinese welcomed, and enthusiastically young China—or a section of young China—responded. For in this past generation a new problem has presented itself to China—the problem of what to do with its sons.

In a multitudinous stream, immensely increased since the 1911 revolution set a fashion of Westernization, thousands upon thousands of young Chinese have crossed the Pacific to American universities. According to theory, and according to the hopes of their zealous and sympathetic professors, they ought to have gone back to make a new China—a China transformed by great engineering works, by achievements in applied science, initiated and controlled by Chinese engineers and Chinese scientists. It did not happen—or only to an all but imperceptible extent. Such development of China as exists—or until recently existed—was still all but exclusively the work of foreigners, although the trade of China is per capita only one-eighth of the trade of Japan. The opportunity was there in bulk, but somehow the young Western-educated Chinese have failed to grasp it. Instead, while the patient agricultural masses continued to be the prey of the rival war lords, they sat around and talked bitterly of their thwarted lives—and with particular bitterness of the foreigners making fortunes out of China.

It was this type of young man—and of young girl—which Moscow took to its ardent revolutionary bosom. Into their ears it whispered its exciting shibboleths. "Economic Communism" was not one of them. "China a Nation," "China for the Chinese," "Expel the Bloodsucking Foreign Imperialists" were the approved and far more seductive formulas. In addition, while teaching the gentle arts of terrorism and mob management, Moscow took care to instill that vehemently fanaticized hatred of Christianity which, to judge by its acts in Russia, is its most deeply seated motive. In the past seven years many finished revolutionaries have been returned to China—to work and wait for the day.

It may not yet be clear precisely how Moscow—following the gospel of the all but deified Lenine—proposes to overthrow the British Empire in China, and incidentally to produce the desired corollary of world revolution. We will take up a time position in 1924. At that date China—like Cæsar's Gaul—might be broadly divided into three parts. In the north, backing openly or

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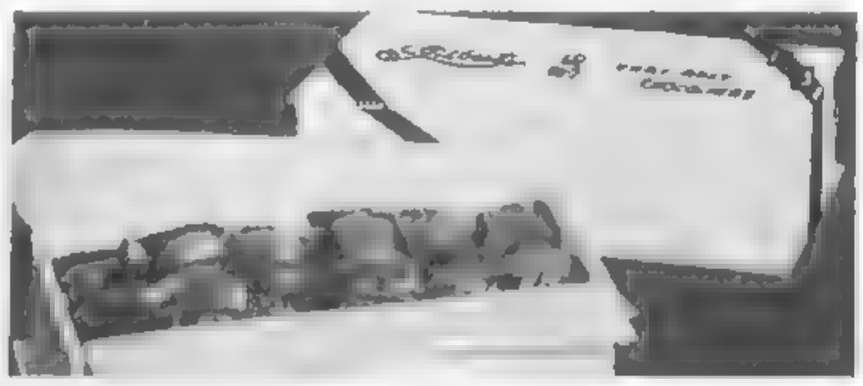

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covertly the successful Chang-Tso-Lin, Japan was virtually supreme in Manchuria. In the center, China was a battleground for numerous war lords of fluctuating fortunes, with Peking plus the exiguous revenues of the central government as a prize for whoever happened to be temporarily lucky—the Anfu government had been thrown out on a wave of popular indignation. In the south, Canton—always antagonistic to the north, where, save for the official mandarin tongue, common to all China, its language was incomprehensible—was an independent although unacknowledged republic under Sun Yat-Sen, but with very strong Bolshevik affiliations.

Commercially Britain had the lion's share of the trade up the Yang-tse and up the great river from Canton; a share so large, indeed, as to be an appreciable proportion of the totality of her commerce. North of that area, Japan dominated the market right up to the Manchurian border, where she was in a perpetual squabble with Russia over the Chinese Eastern Railway from Harbin.

Bolshevism was by no means encouraged in that sphere of influence; indeed, Japan was becoming unpleasantly aware of a red infection among her own proletariat. The revolution graduates from Moscow mostly came from and returned to Canton. That delectable republic had established a school for military cadets at Whampoa, under Russian military teachers, and had taken to itself Jacob Borodin as political adviser. In addition, General Gallent, or Gallents, of the Russian Red Army, had arrived as chief of staff.

There was clearly the makings of some very pretty trouble in the locality of Canton, but that was scarcely sufficient. British trade in the south might be damaged, but Britain would probably sit still and wait until the storm rolled by, as she had done on many previous occasions. At such a distance from their home bases, regular Russian troops as assistance to the Cantonese were out of the question, yet what was wanted was some provocation into a real war that would most uncomfortably entangle Great Britain.

The Russo-Japanese Treaty

Despite a politely concealed sulkiness, Japan nevertheless kept up a friendly understanding with Britain in the matter of trade rivalry, and most certainly she would view with sharp hostility any effective extension of Russian influence in the south. On the other hand, the foreign politics of nations—and particularly of nations with ambitions—being what they are, unquestionably Japan would not lament at the total elimination of British and American influence in China. The memory of the Washington Conference was guaranty of that. A gentleman named Karakhan was soviet envoy at Peking. He commenced to talk pleasantly with the Japanese representative.

What was said in those conversations is known only to the parties concerned. The result of them was that in January, 1925, a treaty between Soviet Russia and Japan was formally signed and a text thereof issued to the world.

Curiously that text said not a word about China. It was obviously the play of Hamlet with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. That small percentage of humanity which is professionally interested in the texts of treaties was reduced to suppositions.

Let us therefore suppose a little, as reasonably as we can. Let us begin by supposing that Japan has not renounced that dream of an eventual supremacy in the Orient which has been her guiding motive ever since she was electrified by the sound of Commodore Perry's guns—that dream which caused her to seize the Riu-kiu Islands in 1874, sent her to war with China in 1894 and with Russia in 1904, which impelled her to war with Germany—to whom otherwise she was sympathetic—for the elimination of Tsing-tao in 1914.

The fourth of the decade seems, indeed, a lucky year for Japan, and it is just possible that something might have happened in 1924—only the great earthquake of 1923, among other damage, fissured the great subterranean oil reservoirs at Yokosuka and the entire war reserve of oil was lost. It has now been restored.

We will suppose then that some day she might be tempted to convert that dream into a practical reality. Such a step might conceivably provoke a war with Britain. Let us be frank and say at once that it most certainly would. The annual value of British trade with China is round some £40,000,000. And Britain has no intention of conducting that trade through Japanese intermediaries, as, for example, it is at least advisable to do in Korea.

Russia's Ace in the Hole

Now anywhere within a radius of some 2000 miles from its naval bases the Japanese fleet is unquestionably supreme. Any fleet invading that area would under present conditions most assuredly be sent to the bottom. But outside that area Japan is equally powerless. She would immediately be subjected to a long-distance blockade which would be fatally synonymous with defeat. For Japan has no hinterland, and although after long experiments she has found a process to convert the iron sands of Hokkaido into raw material for steel, she could not possibly maintain a war against a first-class power without access to the munition factories of Europe. Russia controls precisely such an access—the Trans-Siberian Railway, which as a single track was the sole avenue of supply for an army of 700,000 men in the Russo-Japanese War, and is now doubled. It is at least possible that the use of the Trans-Siberian Railway for the—of course, unthinkable—eventuality of war with Britain was the card played by the soviet diplomat.

Something quite valuable, certainly, was the price of friendship between Japan and that Bolshevik government whose every principle is profoundly antipathetic to her traditional social system. As for Moscow—the sole basis for overthrowing the British Empire in China and thereby initiating the world revolution was the hope of inveigling Great Britain into a war in the Far East.

Things very soon began to move. In addition to an anti-British boycott organized from Canton, where there were some ugly incidents, a strike broke out in Shanghai—it began in a Japanese-owned cotton mill—and a howling mob of strikers led by revolutionary students was, in May, 1925, fired into by the International Police under the command of a British officer. Immediately a furious anti-British and anti-Japanese boycott and agitation raged around Shanghai and up the Yang-tse; other nations were left pointedly exempt.

It may seem odd that the agitation was directed as much against the Japanese as against the British, who were suffering very heavy losses. But it is at least possible that it was cunningly meant as a temptation for Britain to ally herself with Japan for joint action—a step which would certainly have profoundly alienated the United States in its equivalence to a reversal of the status fixed at the Washington Conference. If that was the idea it failed. Britain stood pat and did nothing whatever. The anti-Japanese boycott was called off. The anti-British boycott continued. The British merchants played patience in idle offices.

Meanwhile, in the interior of China, the war lords continued to intrigue against one another, sometimes to fight and always to pillage. The anti-British boycott began to die down for the simple reason that the Chinese traders have a natural partiality for trading. Simultaneously a great outcry was raised for the revision of the international treaties, by which, among other things, the Chinese Government was prohibited from levying customs duties of more than 5 per cent.

(Continued on Page 193)

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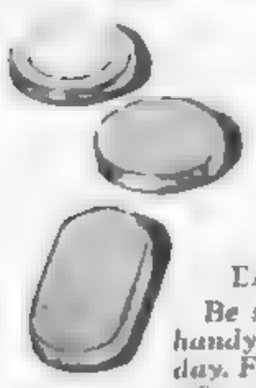

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(Continued from Page 190)

The foreign nations had, in principle, no objection whatever to such revision. It was obviously just that China should be allowed to raise what revenue she considered was necessary. They had, however, a distinct objection to these enhanced duties being appropriated by whatever local war lord happened to control the ports of entry. They wanted a strengthened central government, not an accentuation of anarchy. Accordingly the representatives of the powers met at Peking. Unfortunately there was no one with authority over the entire country with whom they could negotiate, and the negotiations fizzled out. Nevertheless, the principle of increased customs duties was eventually conceded—a concession which incidentally made Shanghai a more valuable prize than ever to the war lord in control of it.

So China went on into 1926 in a confusion that cannot here be detailed. The significant points were that Chang-Tso-Lin occupied Peking and the country to the south of it—while still squabbling with Russia over the Chinese Eastern Railway—and from Canton, a Russian-directed army commenced to move northward toward the Yang-tse River. It was preceded by a swarm of skilled revolutionary agitators, preaching to the masses the millennium which would follow the triumph of the Kuo Min Tang—originally a secret society organized by Sun Yat-Sen.

Cheap at the Price

It was preceded also by somewhat more furtive agents, who interviewed opposing generals in strict privacy. Everywhere resistance collapsed before it. Everywhere on its passage the anti-British boycott and the anti-British agitation were revived in full intensity, while the interests of other nations were left pointedly alone.

There is a German word, *Schadenfreude*, which expresses a certain pleasure in other people's misfortunes. Human nature and human rivalries being what they are, the traders of other nations were not entirely innocent of that feeling. British trade and British influence along the Yang-tse seemed to be theirs for the picking up. It was a short-sightedness that Moscow had calculated upon. Britain was being not only damaged, but isolated; the turn of the others would come in due course. According to the documents raided from the Soviet Embassy in Peking on April 6, 1927, it cost the Moscow government rather more than $10,000,000 in cash during the year. If that was all it cost it was cheap at the price.

Eventually, at the end of 1926, the Nationalist army reached Hankow. Hankow is the most important of the Yang-tse River ports, some 700 miles upstream from Shanghai. Possession of it implied a strangle hold on that greatest emporium of the Orient. There, as in other similar Yang-tse ports, was an area of foreign concessions, built up on an original mud bank by foreign traders excluded from the Chinese city.

The arrival of the Nationalist army, commanded by General Chiang-Kai-Shek, with the assistance of the Russian General Gallent and a number of Russian officers and men detached for Chinese service was coincident with a formidable and skillfully managed eruption of the mob. Though again other foreign concessions were significantly spared, the British concession was forcibly broken into and its surrender truculently demanded.

Turning the Other Cheek

British gunboats were lying in the river, and Jacob Borodin, the soviet representative, might reasonably hope that they would be drawn into action to protect the interests of their nationals.

But this did not happen. Whatever the reason, the British, with quite unusual meekness, turned the other cheek. Mr. O'Malley, the assistant of the British ambassador in Peking, was sent to Hankow to confer with the Cantonese Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eugene Chen, an erstwhile British subject from Trinidad, who did not know a word of Chinese when he arrived in China a few years previously. To the highly vocal indignation of the British residents in China, the result of that conference was the complete surrender of the British concession at Hankow. Mr. Eugene Chen—and those whom he represented—was to be trusted on his word of honor.

Hankow could not very well have been defended, anyway. But very obviously the next place on the Cantonese list was Shanghai, and Shanghai was altogether a different proposition. Apart from the interests of other foreign nations, it represents an immense investment of British capital. The British Government had not the slightest intention of permitting a repetition of Hankow on a vastly greater scale. Accordingly it at once dispatched an expeditionary force to hold the international settlement, with orders to avoid, to the utmost possible extent, any action which might lead to hostilities with the Cantonese.

Things began to look even brighter for Moscow. A British military commitment in China was precisely what it was craving for. Simultaneously it instructed its agents in Britain to rouse the British Labor Party to a united and vociferous clamor against

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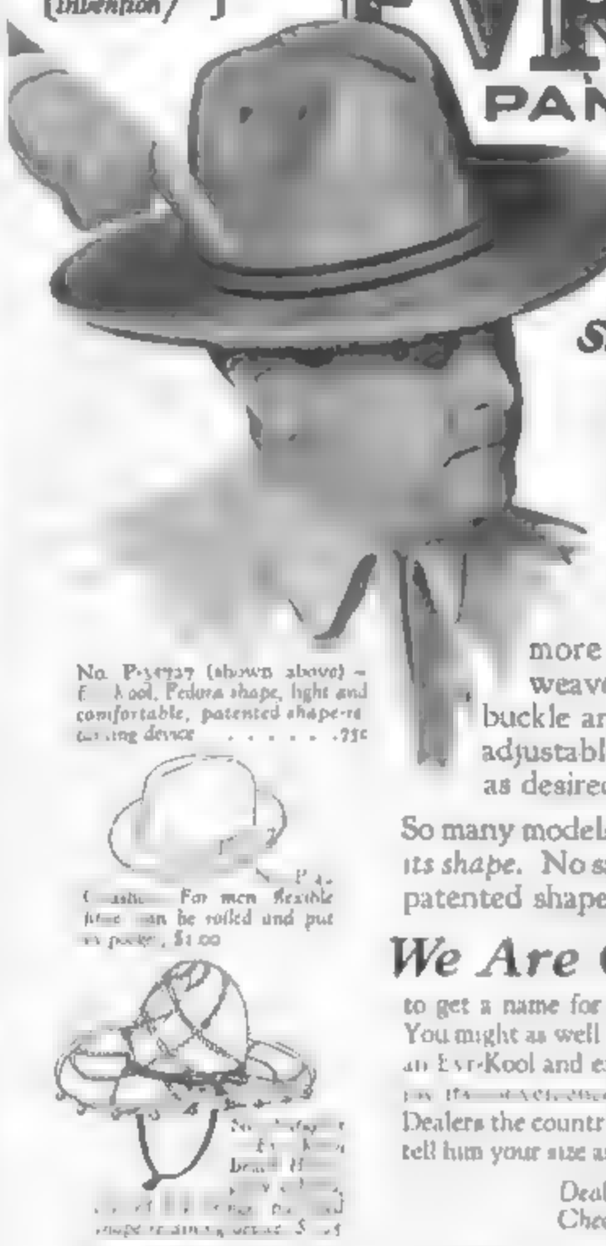

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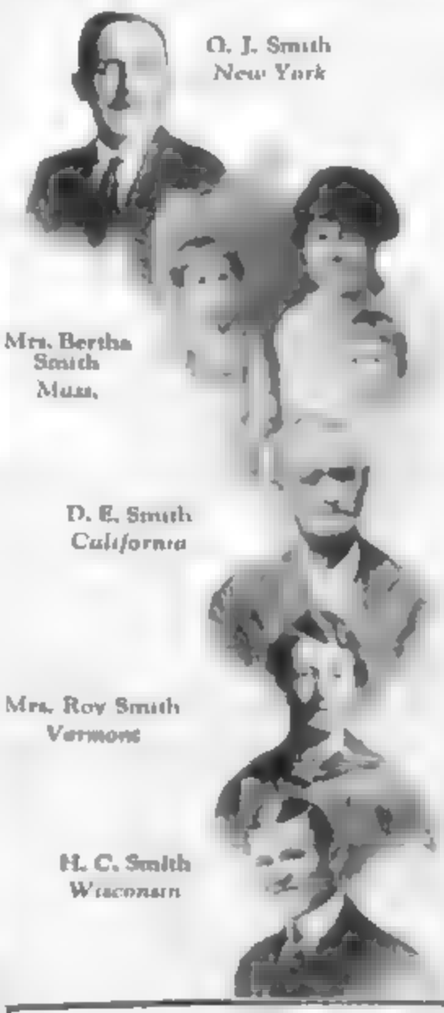

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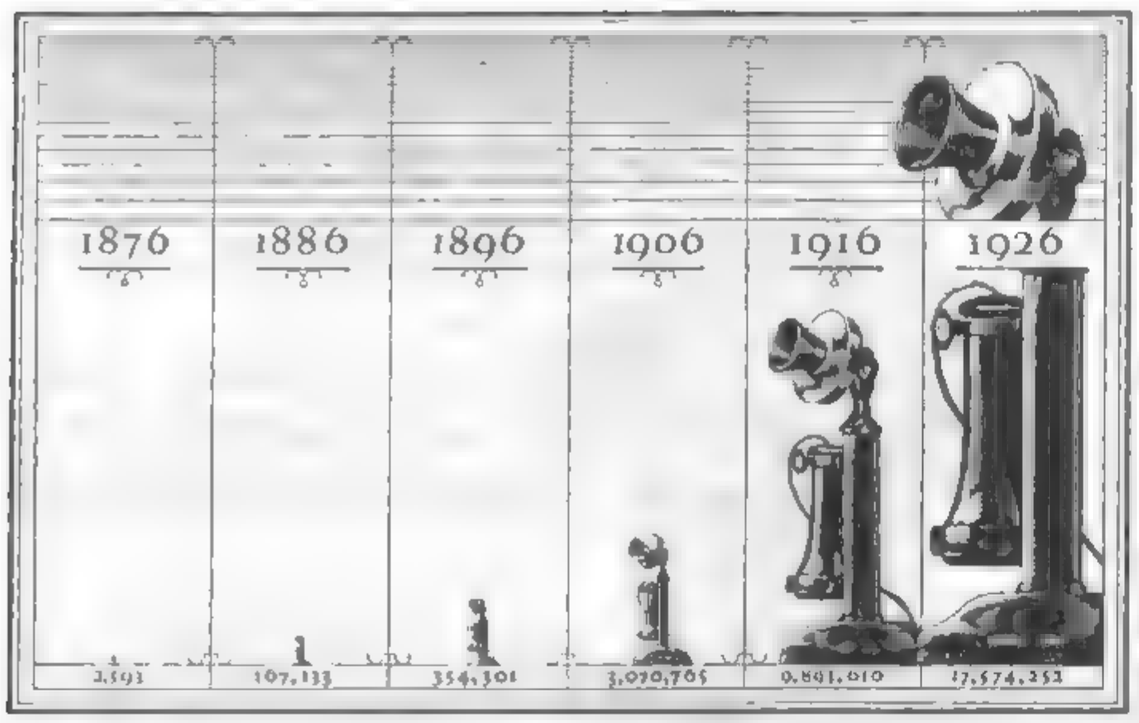

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the dispatch of those troops. The entire chorus of reds and pinks in Britain screeched or was sweetly reasonable in unison. The purpose of it was to prepare the way for an antiwar general strike—ever since last May, the entire red organization in Britain has been unrepentantly busy for a next time. I very recently perused a long list of the nucleuses held in being for it—which would hamstring any serious British war effort in the Far East.

Furthermore, the Labor Party of every British dominion enthusiastically passed antiwar resolutions which were, to say the least of them, curiously identical in their wording. In every country, the pinks were supplied with ample propaganda material.

Translated into factual terms, these maneuvers were fairly successful. The British expeditionary force arrived at Shanghai just in time; the native city fell to the advancing Cantonese, alien to the Shanghai population, but the international settlement was too tough a proposition for troops which had never yet fought an authentic battle. Nevertheless, Britain was left—save for the slight assistance of Italians and Spanish—in virtually sole guardianship of that settlement. The United States, indeed, sent some marines for the protection of the lives of American citizens. The French landed some Annamite troops for the protection of their own independent settlement, while refusing to coöperate officially with the British.

The attitude of France has been a little difficult to understand. A very well informed Chinese writer recently suggested that there was a secret pact between Russia, Japan and France as far as the Orient was concerned. Certainly there has been an absence of revolutionary agitation in Indo-China and French concessions and trade have nowhere been attacked.

A New Guessing Game

Japan, maintaining an attitude of enigmatic inscrutability, keeping a tight hand on her newspaper press, affected to doubt Russian inspiration and leadership of the Cantonese, and expressed herself as favorable to the Nationalist aspirations. She sent a few marines and mobilized—"for maneuvers"—her battleship and battle-cruiser fleet in the area which had been its base during the Russo-Japanese War.

Then the Cantonese captured Nanking—during the Tai-ping Rebellion made the capital of an insurgent Southern China—and with that capture came the incident of Socony Hill. As a result of that incident the Cantonese general Chiang-Kai-Shek at least purported to have a quarrel with his "civilian"—that is, Russian Soviet—advisers. At any rate, he set himself up as an independent government, with Nanking as a capital that disowns Canton. Similarly, Hankow, where anarchy had in the meantime exhausted itself into paralysis, also erected itself into a capital independent of Canton.

This kaleidoscopic change is not a little bewildering, and as this article is written, the keenest observers are left guessing at what it implies. It requires some guessing to deduce what is behind the bland mask of the Oriental. Is this apparent split merely a dodge to escape the foreign demand for reparations on account of Nanking? It is all but incredible that Chiang-Kai-Shek should dare to set himself up against Canton with no support beyond that of his own army. He would only be the last of a long succession of generals to be undermined by an advance guard of Bolshevik-trained propagandists.

A Leader for China?

For all his new vehemence against the reds, Chiang-Kai-Shek is as antiforeign as ever. In Peking, Chang-Tso-Lin, is engaged in an angrier quarrel than ever with the Soviet—but he also is muttering ominously that the foreigner must be expelled. Is Japan preparing a leadership of Chinese Nationalism? How is she going to reconcile Chang-Tso-Lin—whose capital at Peking is menaced by the advance of Cantonese armies—with those Nationalists? Or is Chang-Tso-Lin going to vanish from the scene, as so many Chinese war lords have vanished in these past few months? Perhaps by the time this article can appear these questions will have been resolved by events—not improbably by typically unexpected events. The man who propheseies about China today is not a prophet; he is a fool.

Nevertheless, certain features stand out sharp and clear, dominating that tenebrous confusion. Great Britain has been isolated and committed, with all it implies of prestige, to a fairly large military expedition in the Far East. Japan stands aloof and enigmatical, but somewhat embarrassed by a financial crisis at home. The leaders of the Russian Soviet Government in February and March talked so emphatically and confidently of imminent war that the Russian peasantry became acutely alarmed and hoarded food-stuffs wholesale, with the result that the soft pedal had to be put down hard.

There is no doubt of what Moscow would like better than anything else in the world. It is that some incident should precipitate a situation where Japan should step forward as the protector of Chinese Nationalism and at the same time offer herself as the sufficient guardian of foreign interests. In other words, that she should—no doubt, most politely—ask Great Britain to withdraw her troops from Shanghai.

If Great Britain complied it would be an end to British prestige in Asia, and instantly India would be in a blaze. If she did not comply she would find herself engaged in a peculiarly difficult war, with a fierce socialist opposition at home and a certainty of being wiped off the Chinese map in its initial stages. It would assuredly be a long war—and assuredly, once Britain was engaged in the Far East, either Russia or Germany or both would consider it an appropriate moment for a little talk with

(Continued on Page 198)

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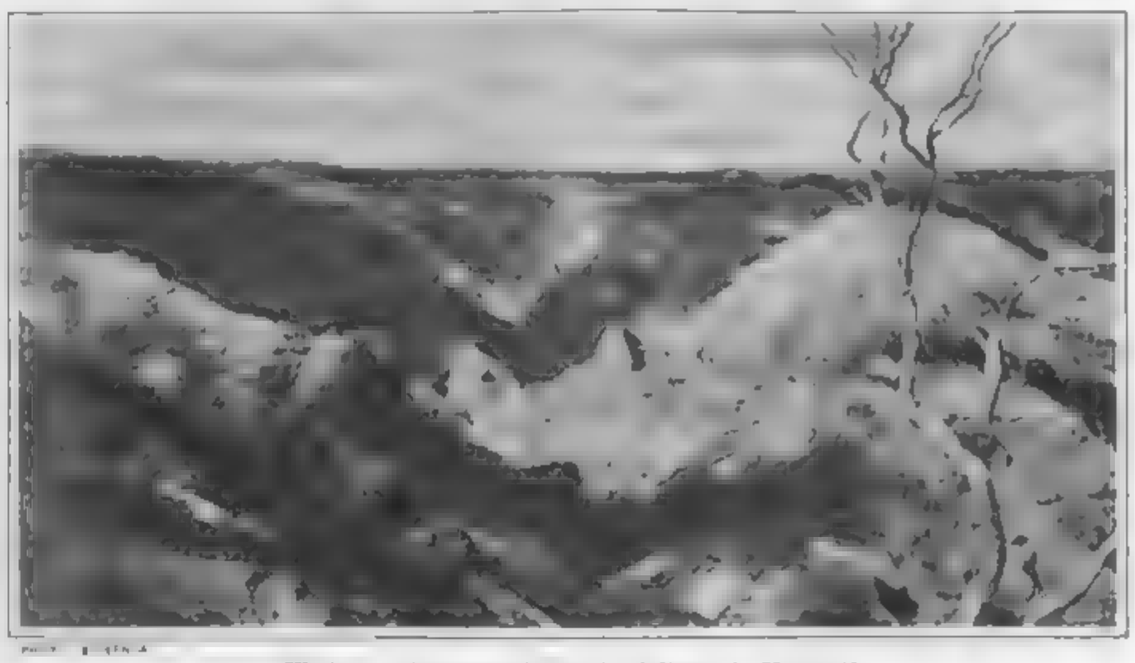

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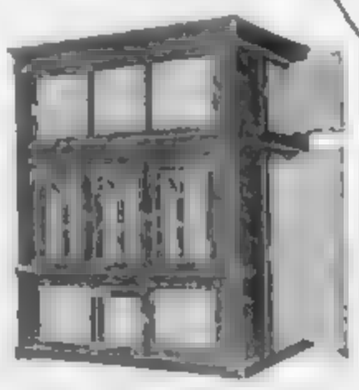

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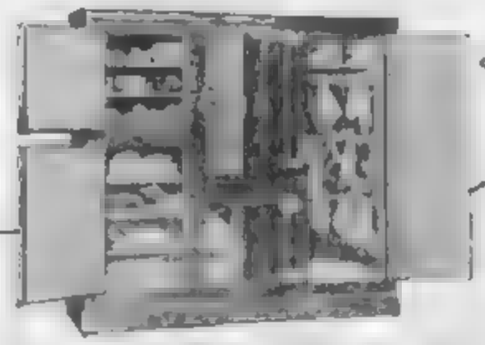

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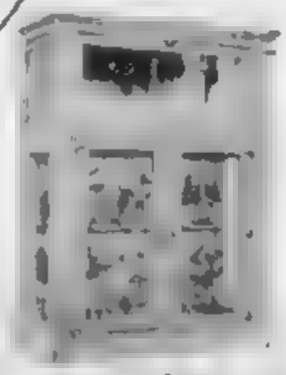

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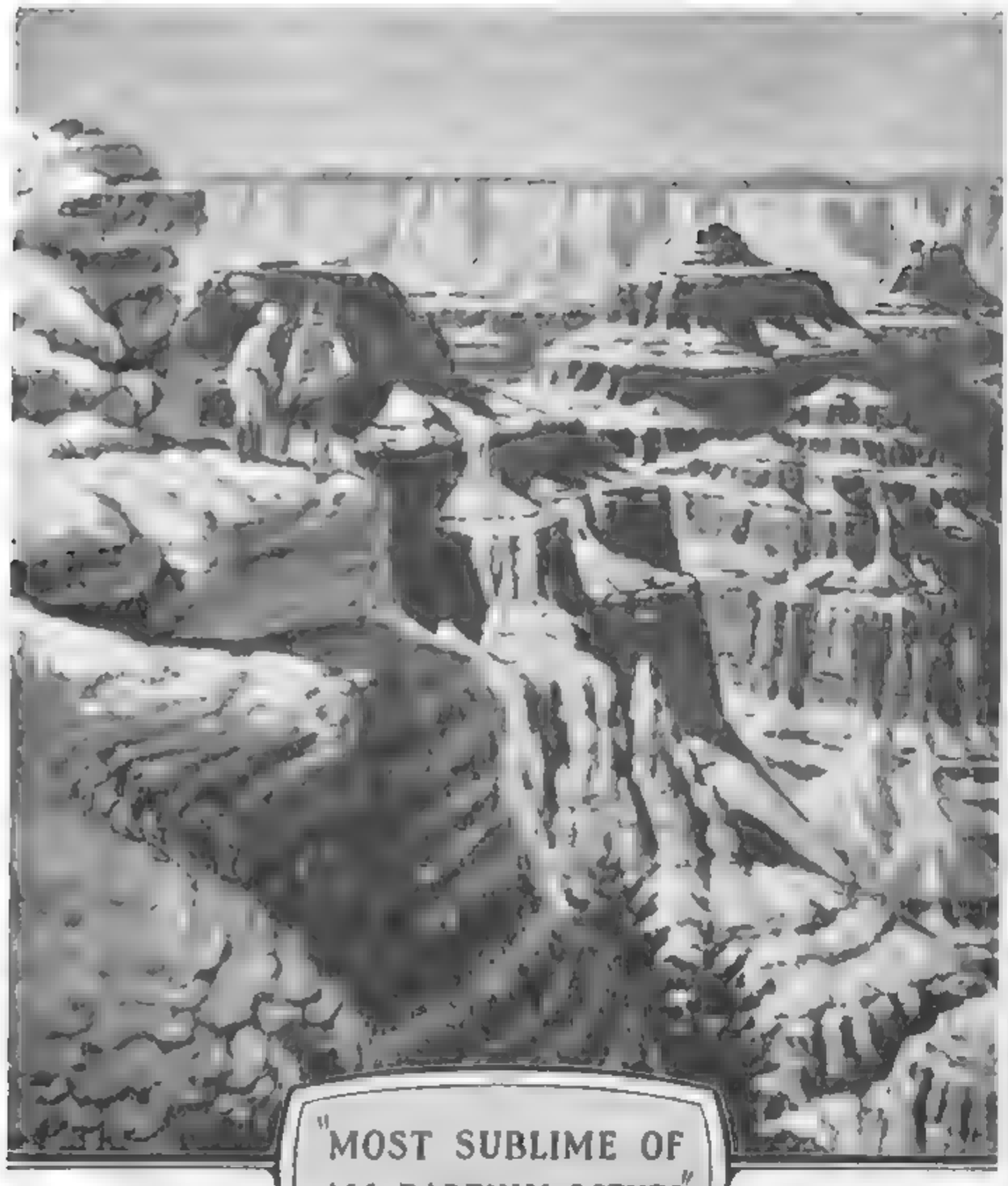

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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This material has been used by good plasterers in thousands of modern homes, where crack-free, insulated walls were desired at reasonable cost.

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Without charge or obligation, please send me your new book on REINFORCED PLASTER CONSTRUCTION and the names of plasterers in my locality who will give me prices on NATIONAL REINFORCED PLASTER and STUCCO.

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HEADS WIN
with Glover's Combination

DANDRUFF defeats most remedies, but not this. For this is the method of the trichologist, minus his fee. He, expert in hair and scalp science, laughs at feeble lotions. He knows that a hundred things clear dandruff away for the moment. Then, insidiously, back it creeps. Worse than ever!

You have noticed it. And when once dandruff gets a good hold on your scalp, hair begins to let go. To bring it back you must kill the infection that breeds the dandruff germs and then restore vitality to choked hair cells and dormant glands.

Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment (Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Medicated Soap) gets to the root of this trouble quickly. Hair and scalp respond at once to its treatment.

Glover's Combination is not a tonic! It acts scientifically to restore *scalp health.* It cleans and relieves the clogged hair cells. Its medicinal properties stimulate hair glands to normal action. And it *destroys the dandruff infection*—in the safe, thorough way that authorities recommend.

Do you want thick, healthy hair and a scalp clean and supple? Then try this combination. Not just once—for only persistency can *completely* restore the hair health which dandruff and weakened circulation have impaired.

Thousands of people have testified to amazing new growths of strong, vital hair after using Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment. It is used and endorsed by barbers, hairdressers and hair and scalp specialists everywhere.

The Clean Tar Odor Is Necessary

Its absence would mark the absence of a most essential ingredient for those who seriously want hair health.

A free booklet describing common hair and scalp troubles and the use of Glover's Combination in their treatment will be mailed on request. Address: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SCALP TREATMENT

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for beautiful hair Saveli suggests:

Saveli's salon in the Hotel Ambassador, New York, is of worldwide renown. Hairdresser and hair authority preeminent, he knows the requisites of beautiful hair as few others do. He says:

"IN the treatment of dandruff and thin, lifeless hair I recommend Glover's non-alcoholic preparation—the only one sold generally throughout the country I would endorse as bringing safely and surely that health so essential to beautiful, thick hair."

(Continued from Page 194)

Poland apropos of the Corridor to Dantzic and other matters. Either way, it would be a most unpleasantly difficult situation—and it is precisely that situation which Britain has been, and still is, stepping softly and delicately to avoid. For that situation might very well be the beginning of another great war.

In conclusion, for the benefit of those who yet doubt that the Chinese Nationalist movement is as it has been here described to be, it may be worth while to quote a short excerpt from a manifesto issued in April by a group of hitherto pro-Nationalist American missionaries—the entire manifesto fills two newspaper columns:

"Foreigners are steadily being forced out of all parts of China under Nationalist control, and the government, despite all its assurances, is either unable or unwilling to alter the situation. . . . The Christian religion is being persistently and systematically attacked, its leaders maligned and persecuted, its properties desecrated, looted and seized, and no power, no influence, seems able to check this conduct. . . . We feel that such phrases as 'imperialism,' 'toleration clauses' and 'unequal treaties' have become mere catchwords with which to explain the present situation in China.

"Foreign nations have taken actual steps in meeting China's legitimate claims and are eager to go further, but the Nationalist government has not kept its promises nor fulfilled its obligations.

"With special reference to the request that we use our good offices to present China's case in the best possible light before our home nation, it is necessary to recognize that we who have been termed idealists in our attitude toward China are today discredited before the world as a result of recent events.

"As recently as February of this year 127 Nanking missionaries, at considerable labor and expense prepared and sent a cablegram to the American Government and public protesting against the use of force in dealing with China and urging a policy of conciliation and the prompt negotiation of new treaties on a basis of equality.

"In a little more than a month thereafter we depended on the use of foreign force to save our lives. We favored the return of the concessions to China, but today a foreign settlement is our only place of refuge. We assured our people abroad that the Nationalist movement was not anti-Christian nor antiforeign, but now we are driven from our homes and dispossessed of our property. . . .

"In all these matters the facts of the situation flatly contradict our words. Everything we said on behalf of the Nationalist movement is made to appear false. For us to say more in the present situation would be futile."

The statement is signed by W. J. Drummond, A. R. Kepler, C. Stanley Smith, Northern Presbyterian; L. L. Hale, Northern Methodist; John Magee, W. P. Roberts, Episcopalian; Edwin Marks, Disciples; A. H. Reinhard, the Stewart Evangelistic Fund; D. W. Richardson, Southern Presbyterian; Ella Shaw, Methodist Episcopal; President Thurston, of Ginling College; W. R. Williams, Quaker.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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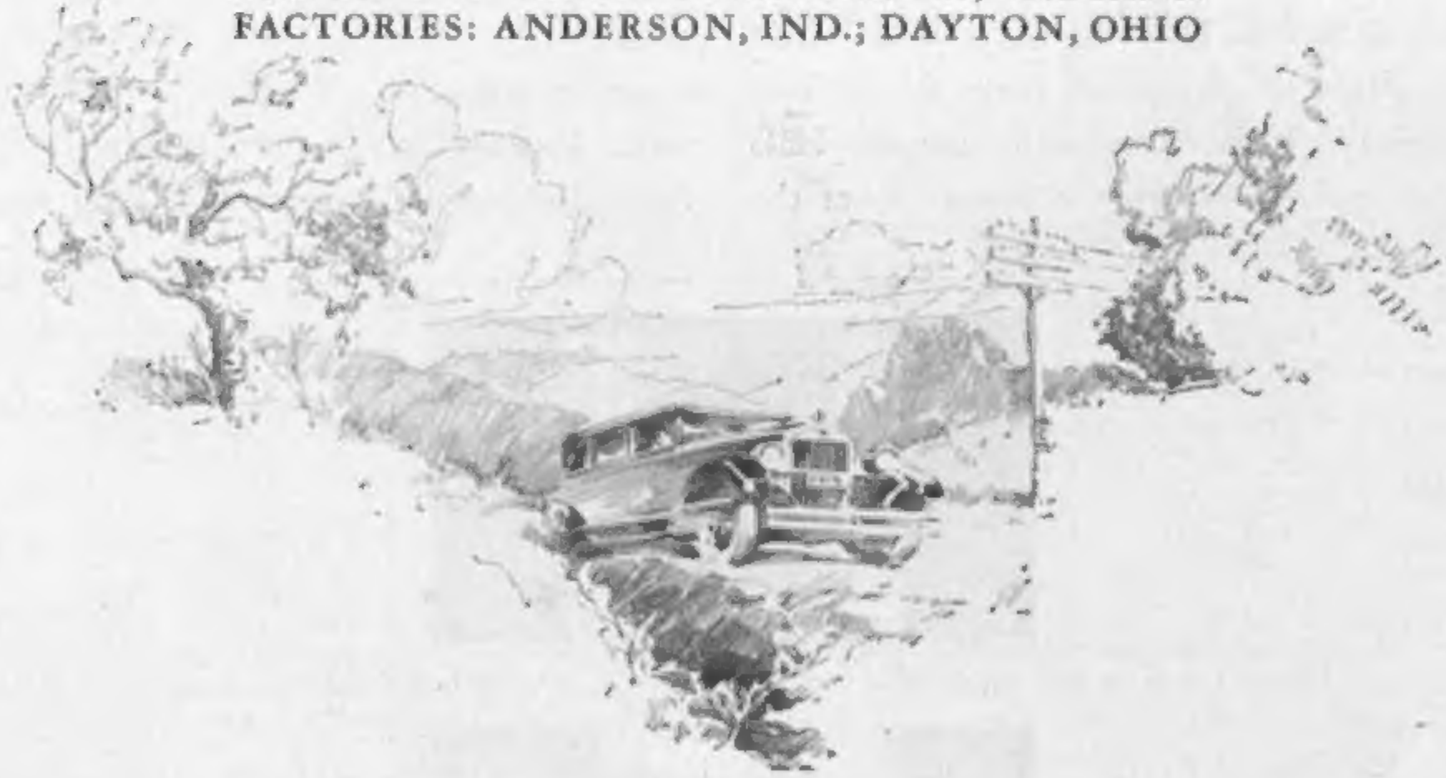

You don't have to do it Now

YOUR mother had to put up in summer the fruit supply for winter days. You go to your grocer any day in the year and get the finest fruit, freshly canned from the best orchards in the world.

Your grandmother probably kept a cow. To-day you can get from your grocer, and keep on your pantry shelf, fresh, sweet milk that is purer and richer than any milk your grandmother ever knew.

The new and better way. Our grandmothers had prejudice against food in cans. We all know now, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food sterilized in sealed cans is as safe as food can be. We know the can does no damage to the food. We know the sterilization does not harm it. We know that milk sterilized in sealed cans is just one of the modern accomplishments through which science has given us safer, better foods.

The modern housewife worries no more about her milk supply than she does about her winter fruit. She knows Evaporated Milk. She buys it from her grocer. She keeps it on her pantry shelf. She uses it for everything.

What is it? Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk in air-tight containers. Nothing is added to preserve it. Not a thing is taken from it but some of the water which is the greater part of all milk. All the food qualities of the milk are kept in it. None of them is harmed in any way.

Fresh, sweet, and absolutely clean. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition, it comes to your pantry—absolutely clean.

With better richness. 87½% of natural cow's milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of natural milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and is *also* more-than-double rich in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk Nature's most perfect food.

For every use. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve.

Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream use will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

The modern cream and milk supply. Undiluted Evaporated Milk serves as cream—at less than half the cost of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need, and costs less than ordinary milk. You can buy it from grocers everywhere. The supply on your pantry shelf is always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean.

Let us send you our free booklets telling you more about the good qualities and varied uses of Evaporated Milk.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So. LaSalle St. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

From a California valley, once barren,

come these raisins the whole world wants

LURED by the gold of the hills, Californians of an earlier time skirted a barren valley, saw no promise in it. Today from that self-same valley comes the nation's raisin supply, the whole world's finest raisins:

Sun-Maid Nectars, seedless raisins with the fragrance, the flavor and plump tenderness of vine-ripened grapes;

Sun-Maid Puffed, seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that retain all the true muscat flavor.

One may ride from dawn to dark through solid miles of cultured vineyards, heavy with their burden of raisin grapes—through busy cities where mighty packing houses, laboratories, offices, house the equipment of a great industry.

Here seventeen thousand vineyardists have combined their resources to bring their products to perfection. Upon themselves they have imposed rigid standards of quality as the price of membership in their coöperative company. Enlisting the aid of science they have perfected methods of retaining in raisins a grape-like freshness that is wholly unique.

The world applauds. Nine out of ten grocers in America and thousands of them in foreign countries sell Sun-Maid raisins.

And housewives everywhere have learned that the magic is not all in a California valley, nor in the zeal of the growers. Foods, too, may be transformed and daily they are, in countless kitchens, with Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed.

S U N - M A I D

NECTARS [*Seedless Raisins*] *in the red carton*
PUFFED [*Seeded Raisins*] *in the blue carton*

Make your own movies with a Ciné-Kodak

Just a click of the switch, and your picture is on your screen.

. . . Sight your Ciné-Kodak at waist height or eye level.

Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 pounds; hand held; spring motor driven; loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak Film in the yellow box.

Its results will delight you . . .
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IT was the simplicity of the Kodak that created amateur photography, fostered it, maintained it. The Ciné-Kodak is grounded on the "know how" gained by the Kodak company in forty years of successfully serving the amateur picture maker. It fits the amateur requirements in motion pictures as fully as did its predecessor in making "stills." It puts Kodak simplicity into the movies.

The Ciné-Kodak provides every essential to the making of good pictures, with nary a bothersome non-essential. In quality it is an instrument of precision; its anastigmat lens fulfills every reasonable requirement without the bother of shifting. In operation it is as simple as a Brownie. The film finishing is done in our own laboratories at no extra charge. Anybody can make good motion pictures with a Ciné-Kodak.

You press the button . . . we do the rest

Complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for picture taking, Kodascope C for projecting, and screen, $140. Write us or ask your dealer for the booklet "Motion Pictures the Kodak Way."

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*